

Shamanic Rite

Septic Flesh

From inside a cloud with the shape of a grey owl
Scanning down the hill of an indian scared site
I can see a figure with hair white like the snow
The polar crystal breath.

Gyrating around the pyre like a planet in orbit
Around the burning mass of a life giving sun
Following the ways of the ageless
Parallel not our paths can cross
In a shower of meteor storm

As you have sung for me
Now I sing for you
As you have welcomed me
Now I welcome you

The shaman

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The shaman

Let's take our place as stars in the night sky...