

The Secrets Of The Earth

Stormlord

The eternal gates' terrific porter
Lifted the northern bar
Thel entered in and saw the secrets of
The land unknown
She saw the couches of the dead
And where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on Earth infixes deep its restless twists

She wandered in the land of clouds through valley dark,
listening dolours and lamentations

dolours and lamentations

Waiting oft besides a devy grave
She stood in silence
Listening to the voices of the ground
She stood so still

Until to her own grave plot
She came, and there she sat (down)
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed
From the hollow pit

Why cannot the Ear be closed to it's own destruction?
Or the glistening eye (to the) poison (of a) smile?
Why are Eyelids store with arrows ready drawn
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush... lie?

Secrets of the Earth

Why a tongue impressed with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to drawn creations in?
And Why a little curtain of flesh
On the bed of our desire...