

Thorns

Vomitory

Embraced by enchantment, feeble winds howl
The sun levitates through a deathbed of lights
The empty horizon, forsaken and cold
Ascends from the ashes of the vanishing sun

Under veils of oblivious skies
I wander through naked fields over cold grounds
Clawed trees stands lifeless engraved in the mist
Into nowhere that grimly reveals

Unshadowed for the dying sun still buried under desperate claws
A pale light shimmers with a cleansing brightness through the dark
The sun shall no more give us warmth
But still to haunt from empty skies
In the distant gleam lies the forgotten to be found

Among all shades of the trees the naked fields now drown
As I slowly wander into the forests grip it all opens clear
Now I see through the dim which nestles before my steps
Where the light shines so pure but still seems distant from the path

Forgiving shadows fall through the wise wind
Forever to shine with a distant thorn of light

The howling now increases when the wind grips the trees
Serenades fills the air with enchanting sighs of relief
All vanishing into the skies where the sun no longer glows
Only the breeze now seems to breathe through the night

When I reach the light tears me through the silent dark
Enlivened by the mesmerizing wind
The trees stand reaching into the sky
As a vast memory the banished sun shall rest

Unshadowed for the thorns still tearing me with desperate claws
The light still shimmers a pure brightness in the dark
Forgiving shadows fall through the wise wind
Forever to shine with distant thorns of light