

To Dine in the Otherworld

Waylander

Enchantment dwells still,
Where the Oak, Ash and Thorn do thrive.

A cold bead of sweat slithering,
Dread touch ices my spine
In the half light silhouettes shimmering
Soft voices magnified on the breeze.

What did I see, did my eyes deceive?
Glowing visions, I hardly believe.

Dark shrouded shadows distort what I can see
An eruption of presence enveloping me
(With) arrow true insight, emotions embraced
Beat as one with the pulse of the Earth.

To Dine in the Otherworld,
realm of the Sidhe.
To Dine in the Otherworld,
to dine is never to leave
To Dine in the Otherworld,
abode of the shining ones
To Dine in the Otherworld,
to Dine is never to leave.
To Dine in the Otherworld,
earthly bonds unchained
To Dine in the Otherworld,
to dine is never to leave.

Put aside all ego, all arrogance of man,
Lest the beings of a higher plain,
Involve you in their games.

A fey and fickle people they,
in the eyes of mortal man.
Immortal understandings,
beyond our space and time.
Spawned from the mountains,
the rivers and the vales,
All pales to insignificance,
(the) mortality of man.