

Woodland Cathedral

Wolves in the Throne Room

In the place of abundant life and constant song
Through pores of trees spoke ancient time
And how we can know this now
These patterns tumble through our minds
Refracting themselves through this warm prism
And are found projected and manifested
In this arching dome
Here, we come to pray
Thus I have heard, here the inner world rings
In memory of what will be
And on this night
The veil is lifted from the face of a bright inner Sun