

Upon winding and stony trails,
where the lead-hearted can never go,
have I found the holiest of havens.
The true North for a seeking soul.

This congregation of crooked bodies
and their motionless circle dance.
It all resounds an unending poem of ordeal
and murderous deeds most sacrosanct.

Wherever I walk, stand, leap or stumble,
it is there beneath my heels.
Forever treated but never trampled
the verdant field of our belief.

Let once again the mundane
drown in the rivers of eternity,
and may magick unlost be newly found
as I in you and you in me.

A raven's feather and my heart
placed on your scales at the darkest moon.
Which one weighs heavier,
and which is blacker of the two?