

To the Pearl on High

Alhazanth

[What else is worship at its core but love and passionate adoration?

What is devotion if not desire and striving for union?]

Nearer and nearer draw the hours
that re-join the Moon and her kin
ignited by this longed shift of power
the conflagration of hearts begins

With the sap from the wound of Night's saint
the back of my head I anoint in your name

Your grace captured in the waters of the soul
the mortal vase stands holy and pure

As naked as are the cloudless skies
again I've entered your age-old shrine

I proclaim
with adamant belief
no thing profane
can dim this love I feel

Serpentine shapes of swirling smoke
move in rhythm with the tide
they slither upwards to the stars' abode
as my gift to the Pearl on high

I proclaim
with adamant belief
no thing profane
can dim this love I feel

In circles we dance like wraiths
shifting between bright and grey masks
until the last gate we penetrate
and deep into your darkness pass