

Onward Procession I. These Longest of Days

Minsk

Of Light and enlivened in solstice embrace
Knowing full the limitless nature of the all
Emboldened enmeshed in these longest of days
Embracing the infinite power of the one

Waiting for harvest cherishing growth
Eyes brightened by the sun
White as gold

The mourning has fallen and memory fades away with the fog
Shall you conspire against this mystery, and when have you the
time
Let these rays burn through and be now edified
The crash and the draw, the unchanging law, the sea rises

Memory fades away
We follow as the water finds its way
The Lethe's sweet embrace