

Opal Of The Stream Beneath The Hills

Mournful Congregation

It was and shall ever remain
As distant as the stars
For the darker planes and us
Lie and sin embrace beauty
Together and alone are one
Of hope and destiny

Foretold of the symbol
Brought forth by wings
And carried to the land
Beneath the hills

It's opaque vibrations
Mesmerize and reveal
A reflection of heaven

Those prophetic ones
Standing amongst age old trees
And their monuments
So great is the power
Those ancient woods shall prevail