

Ritual Of Volition

Vanhelga

Crawling through entangling roots and thorns so sharp
The mist gets tighter now, my sight is clouded

Focusing my energy on all and none
Until my realization of one

Rocky stones, as I fall downhill and break my arms
With a crack my skull splits open

Focusing my energy on all and none
Until my realization of one

A reality beyond existence awaits me
My soul drowned in joy