

Faith And The Muse, Vervain

A thousand dreamers crept as one
Journey'd by the colder sun
Knocked at the chamber's gate
Yet this sleeper does not wake
In the oracle overhung
With careless whispers, ivystung
Their tiny fingers cling to warmth
A home for the love weary heart
Onward sacrarium, time sojourns
Polanquin leads this path adorned
While reverent creatures soft prepare
The slumberous beauty carried there
And lay their hands on silken skin
As through these veins the gods did run
Two thousand arms in twilight
Endless dream and endless night
Past echoed ruins overgrown
Small voices drift in ancient tongue
Mindful to their deepest wish
For a home to the love weary heart
In soft embrace I now arise
And search for peace in hungering eyes
Thy faces change: my love renames
Our starlit world, the past remains
Forgotten by linear spite
One thousand pairs of second sight
Who through my eyes at last may see
We are divinity
We choose to be