

Tarot, State of grace

I see the hill
scattered to horizons
They've haunted my dreams
for a long time
The bones of ancestors
lay unrestful
They're calling me
to their shrine
And I struggle
With the season before the snow
The ground is hard with ice
the road beckons, I'll follow
Home must be left
to know the longing
The toes will grow numb
from the frost
I used to know
where I was heading for
Somewhere, somehow
it just got lost
I'd give anything
for the signs in the sky
Wheels of fire wild at play
spinning, ascending
To learn that there's more than
just to live and die
Some love would be sweet
before the final ending
I will dream myself alive
awaiting light
The pilgrim will arrive
to the state of grace
Where the starved souls will revive
awaiting light
This pilgrim will arrive
to the state of grace
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for the signs in the sky
To know there's more
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