

From Silence to Somewhere

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

Part 1: Humus - All That Becomes And Perishes

From the mould, the mother womb
that dark and moist, dark and moist shield of olde
to rise again up from the tomb
and like the fragile sprout in twilights gloom
into the world unfold
ancestral gold, the line of blood
a web stretched out so long ago
built to last

Flame of 'morn, upon a face
that jewel of light, that jewel of light crisp and clear
released into this starlit place
erected from a secret, silent space
from silence to somewhere
from a heavy sleep all things appear
a web designed so long ago

The footprints of a heathen god
entwined around this bone white destined rod

Part 2: Corpus - That No One of Existing Things Doth Perish, But Men In Error Speak Of Their Changes As Destructions And As Deaths

This now, when everything never dies,
live again
burst into the scarlet skies
reshaped, resized

In this dark hour
I search the cave relentlessly
pondering grand designs
troubling me

Cloaked in the veil of light
clarity brightens my halls
proof of the undying
truth beyond these walls

Na, na
Na, na, na, na, na ,na - Nag!
Ha-ma-di!
Na, na, na, na, na, na, Nag!
Na-na-na-na

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Epilogue

Boughs of green, so gently dancing in the wind
embracing the earth, my death and my birth
By warm winds caressed and enclosed in mirth

Here I lie, at peace in solitude forever
until I am stirred
from my nest like a bird
and soar into the world once again

Fermented Hours

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

Far away, in the northernmost region
in a dark land of ice and snow
the old man dwelled in his tower
Seeking to uncover the essence of an enigma
Through the mysteries of the gnocchi - Gnocchi Gnosis

I. "Se pareba boves / In front of him, he led oxen
alba pratalia araba / White fields he ploughed
albo versorio teneba / A white plough he held
negro semen seminaba / A black seed he sowed"

One 'shroom in hand, so delicate
but yet with a pungent smell
the smallest fish, dead long ago
and soaked in the sweetest of wine

Then three onions and fresh water from the sea
Add lead and bring to a boil
some cloves of garlic and the roots of ancient trees
leave overnight to soak

Oh, barley, the food of gods and men alike

grind it to dust and mix it with beaten egg and salt from a toad
2 pounds of golden apples dug out from the earth
slow cook until tender throughout
peel gently and decompose them one at a time
it should be moist, with no lumps

II. “O di mia amatra, vita, dolce vita / Oh, sweet life of my bitter
life
cuor del mio morto cuor, che tu abbandoni / heart of my dead
heart which you abandon
di cui fia tosto, credo la finita in qual parte vuoi gir? / and which
I think soon will come to an end, where do you want to go?
qual regioni cerchi tu piu graziose che la mia? / what regions do
you seek more gracious than my own?”

Oh barley, the fool of gods and men alike, beyond compare
the saltness of the earth, the eggs in the nest, the birds of the spheres
Fermented hours like these

Closer, in the deepest of regions
The light came from within the core
An Entity expanded to pieces
Seeking to uncover the secrets of the Trifold Great
and the mysteries of the Gnocchi

Calculus Albus / Arcanum / Sophia / Sunesis

Oh, sweet life of my bitter life
My heart of my dead heart
What regions do you seek
More gracious than my own
Where do you want to go?

Ignis, Aqua, Aeris, Terra, Aether - Rebis! Monade! Henosis!

Foxlight

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo / Kristian K. Hultgren)

Bewildered here
down at the crossroads.
confronted with the choices
for my epitaph

A distant flame gives me a sign
shows me a path within my mind

Too tempting are the ways
that promise release
through blissful subjection
and foxlights leading the way

A vortex of realities
has dragged me under
all the things I believed, what my yesterdays conceived
is lost

Trapped inside a mirage of my own design

All things stand still, but for the drive inside
the rabbit can escape and reach a burrow of light
everything I've known is unveiled and defied
I let the daemons go, with the ebbing tide

Here I lie, surrounded by the imagery of man
Here I lie, wondering as clarity comes 'round
Here I lie, my soul's revived the strenght to understand

Even if the pieces change
and only the journey still remains
forever must I
clear the path on which I walk
when the foxlight shines
and tries to lure me into the wild

my compass I must find
within the palace of my mind

Tell me what is really light
what is the essence of dark?
forever must I trust the journey of man
the rabbit can escape,
and reach a burrow of light
even if the pieces change
and only the journey still remains

When the foxlight shines
take no heed to its design
even if the pieces change
and only the journey still remains