

# By the Banks

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

## Part I - Visions From Within

*"Hear me now, from a dark dream I call thee"*

By the banks of this river wide, I stand silent and unversed  
Muddy waters from a violent tide, five snakes among the reeds  
Immersed

This stream is the daughter of my dreams  
She is the silver thread that binds the seams  
Oh, stream from my darkest well  
You are the visions from within my shell

In the footsteps of Persephone, I have sought to find a way  
Searching for my queen's epiphany,  
through the caves and to the light of day

In my wake, it is chasing me,  
through these halls of blood and stone  
A lighted torch in my hand, my consciousness illuminates the  
Throne

Oh, dream from my darkest well  
You are the visions from within my shell

I seek your council, wisest Philemon  
can you tell me where to go?  
To leave, to escape, across the horizon bright  
enter into another life

Dear Salome, will you comfort me?  
Stay with me, and grant me clarity  
To rise and to fall, it summons us all

## Part II - Argentum Ormr

Silver snake, brilliant movement from another world  
deep underground  
Mountains shake, as your body pour the silver seeds  
upon the ground  
Awakened, by the sound of dragons roaring from  
an ancient keep  
Portals, open up and lets the light flow down  
into the deep

Wanna be, gonna be all

Awaited, I am greeted in the depths beneath the river Styx  
Elated, I am reseeded through the knowledge of hypostasis

Oh, my Persephone, your path has led me free  
Your light is ever bright, illuminates our fright  
A maze from dusk till dawn  
It never stops, even if the final clever curtain drops  
Life goes on, in every form  
facing riddles from whence we're torn  
Let me steal another kiss, before I reconcile with bliss

This light it is my consciousness, the only light that I caress,  
luminous from east to west  
The well of life flows from my soul, opened are the doors of gold  
I am the snake, the beast of old

# Five Rooms

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

So, it makes you think of summers end, the time of year  
when sprites attend  
The congregation of the dying vine, weaving a shroud of the  
passing time

If you ever wonder why it turns, the wheel that burns,  
the stone that querns  
Our movement is the key to change, and the change of the  
movement is the key to the strange

Waiting in five rooms of sorrow, wondering which way to follow  
which way to follow, in these rooms of sorrow  
Walking in the vale, the vale of whispers, woefully I wait within  
the cave of sisters - I'm captured in a trap of tricksters

If you ever wondered why the vale is there,  
filled with hopelessness and despair  
Like the turning of the tide, old necessities rule here  
The game was on, so long before the flickering eyes of man  
opened up and saw the prospect of these abundant lands

So, it makes you think of summers end, the time of year  
when sprites attend  
The congregation of the dying vine, weaving a shroud of the  
passing time  
The autumnal pantomime

The ancient Ones dwells within, and their law is everything  
Governs who will be the slave and who will be the king  
The water flows from the mountainside and into the eternal sea,  
washing up the spoils of man, the remnants of both you and me  
Our broken promises adrift, we are nothing but debris  
collected by the maelstrom of eternity

# Naiad Dreams

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

Listen to the voices of the Naiad girls  
Dancing by the pool, where the mighty river swirls  
Shielded by the boughs of sweeping willow trees  
Enchanted and bewildered, as the ancient forest sleeps  
dreaming ancient forest dreams

Wandering on hidden paths, beyond the meadows fair  
Sifting through the starlit night, I drink the moon god's tears  
Encapsulated in the here and now, in feathers like a bird  
A voyage through the looking glass, to see what I have stirred,  
in this world within a world

# Merry Macabre

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

## Part I - The Quarry & the Feast

Artemis! Hunt with me tonight!  
Let me escape this slow decay they call a life  
Dionysus! Let the nectar flow!  
As amorphous lovers, we'll together grow

Silk and wine, mighty fine  
the treasures of my leisure time  
Ruby red and emerald green, the colours suit the royal scene

Moments to cherish when all else collapses  
Dance with your daemons, embrace thine entrapments

Apollo! Your light is my reward!  
We sing your words to the ancient chord  
Demeter! Your bosom grants a feast!  
Some golden hours to forget the beast

Rose and thyme, in their prime  
hear the herbal bells they chime  
Botanic gold to build the strength,  
and endure the battles that will go on at length  
but I will never yield, I'll stand and fight and afterwards  
I'll drink my mead

Moments, like cherries at the peak of their ripeness,  
ripe for the plucking in this hour of brightness

Here we lie, slowly descending  
Wide open eyes, it never stops  
It's never ending, ending, ending

## **Part II - Beneath the Velvet Shroud**

Beneath the velvet shroud with pearls adorned  
a lonely traveller, a creature horned  
Lost among the leaves, in doubt he chants his grief

My path has led me to this gloomy place,  
the murky waters reflect an unknown face  
I do not know him, or the sigils on his skin  
Dark red scars scorched by the brightness of the stars

Sirius! Scorcher of the dome!  
Illuminate the meadows where I roam  
Silenus! Find me 'mongst the reeds  
Rescue me and bring me to the feast!

See the fires burning, and blooming flowers turning  
Their faces moved by yearning, in this hour of golden learning

### Part III - The Bird of Hermes

Behind the twilight gate,  
at last, but not too late  
In a field where all gods mate,  
I come to wrestle faith

Let me be plucked clean by the bird of Hermes

Arise again, arise again  
Hen to pan

Throw away the shield of clay

Snake of light  
Hen to pan

Remember when we were like children free,  
playing in the greens, laughing carelessly  
Oh, I miss those days, that strange and funny place

The serpent sleeping inside the keep,  
she enters slowly through the door of sleep  
She has always been, she is my own kin  
A grim dark torrent, waiting underneath my skin

Scorched by the flames of nihil  
Soar through the veils of air  
Lie in her fertile bosom  
Cleansed by the Water from the Deep