

Lá Bealtaine

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

Come turn the wheel again
Come celebrate the seasonal change
Draw the circle horned creature

Fly like winds do, dance into the dawn

From mountains high, and wells below
The water flows, the fire blows and down the valley goes

Fly like winds do, fly like winds do

In this dance, around the flames,
In this dance of spring in this sacred place
Western ones of water's flow
Help to guard the ones here below
Come to us and heed our call,
By the power that made us all
By the power that blesses thee
Come to us and blessed be

Old graces, yours the answers I seek
Oh, sisters, tell me
Oh, witches, thrown into the stream
Oh, sisters, hear me
Shapeshifters, coloured fish in my dream
Oh, sisters, lead me

Turn the day & lights,
whilst crossing through the tide

Down the witches' waterfall
like ten centuries ago
Still the same, it floats by
shifting its course 'round nine

Lost within the waterfall
her charms are strong

Trapped within the waterfall
her arms are long

Quiet runs the lazy stream
lingering in thoughtful dreams
Still the same, I float by
in the blue water between

Lost behind the waterfall
her charms are strong
Trapped behind the waterfall
her arms are long

In Orbit

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

Leaving
the forest where we came
to life and where we
praised the Sun and the Moon
tomorrow brought us closer to all the hidden things
what we became

Out from the woods, with weapon in hand
- they flee 'cross the fields
Leading the tribe, into a new land
to build a home by the river

To capture the rites, the cycle of birth
- to sow and to follow
to harvest the fruits, from the womb of the earth

and the seeds of the present - Sky!

Gathering light, for the snake to unfold
down a passage of stone
Into the core, to watch it explode
Let it shine like the bright star in the sky

Wake them up now, the seeds in our eyes
in Floras name
Flora!
We do revive you

Come again with your
petals in bloom - white
as the moon that shines on the fields

We bid you to rise
and cleanse our minds
Strengthen our hearts

Daylight - silver and gold spun soaring
threads of life - bright chariot
descending on cities of stone
sensing the serpent eight within us
as moonlight breaths the dawn

Listen to the words, that fly with the wind
- that fly with the wind
The teachings of the earth, that flows from within
Let it shine like the brightest in the sky

Relieve us! Relieve them!
We have blinded ourselves and cannot see
Relieve them! Relieve us!
Let it shine like the bright star of the sky

Once, in the dark, a hand outstretched towards a spark
grasped a form, a shape, a circling square

Inside a sphere, around and round towards the signs
flowing stream of life, the floral web and the sea
Enter the core and dissolve
closer to a meaning
Orbiting

What we used to be
tells us something of where, where we belong
Orbiting
Deep down inside the greater beings' hidden laws
the reference frame of all life
Euclidean space inside the observer
Orbiting

This Past Presence

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

All this time
and still I have no answer
Hear them call
The night keeps drawing closer
in on me

Lying still
Watching while they're dancing
Secret smiles
See! - they are rejoicing
in the lights

Walking in an ancient woodland
among the sky-high trees
On playful paths
I'm searching inwards
nothing's like it seems.

Brother rabbit's burrow
secretly hidden, beneath the dancing stream
In the hour of dawn
In a dance with fawns
Within the forest palm

All this and more
Stands here from before
I sense the past in this present

The wood and me are one
we're always moving on
Travelling through ages long
eagerly we chant our songs
And when night goes black
we fall to rest

We cuddle up in feathered nests
and rise again by break of dawn

A Faeries Play

(Lyrics: Andreas W. S. Prestmo)

The presence of the summer night is all too familiar
but I won't get fooled,
I know it won't last long, till it's gone
There's nothing I can do to make it disappear

Slumbering, half asleep,
drowsing away
spiralling into a fairies' play

By the lakes and the creeks, fairies boasting their tricks
In this hour of song and dance, as the night fades to day, slips away
Feel me running on the breeze

Vivid colours in the dawning sky
and the crescent moon
Do what you want to, what you need to
Open your fruitful mind

Exalted is the summer night
as I climb the lucid stairs
By the lakes and the creeks, fairies boasting their tricks
In this hour of song and dance
as the night fades to day, slips away
Feel me running on the breeze

The River

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

From the well of origo, the serpent of aeons flows
we have given you a name
Stream of Time you are called
from the depths of the earth
you flow straight through our lives
Like the stars adrift as guiding points,
you drift also from your source
always rolling on and on
Is there a purpose at your core?

If my words in solitude could have
lingered in these rooms
her visits may have been longer
Despite my efforts to bend the flow,
it's me that stretches thin

So tranquil is your surface,
everything is at peace, in your image
the calmness in your pace
may easily fool our minds
and you may turn upon us

Always out of reach and
always in the mirror
you run wild and far
the sky within your mirror

You run wild and far
and by your banks we may find rest at last
our common life is all there is
your soul equals our reflections
constantly you drift past us
With us, beneath us
up stream down stream