

"There are coarces of souls that sometimes
rupture to our side of reality. When we travel
the planes of dream we dare these roads
and the spirits that he dormant..."

Evocation

What is this wind we breath
Born of the nether
Eearthwomb that bleeds

First snowfall covers the tress
Over manor of Haven
something stares and breaths

Rose has crossed the coarse of souls
Where oblivious havens he unfold, untold
tales paint the rooms of old
Rose glances the jars just
to wake the dusts of cold

Samhains moon cuades so distant
Wheel of year has turned again
Mirrors prepare to rescave the dormant
greet the sun the morning comes