

The Moon and Sun are gone from us, and all the stars withdraw, leaving us mere reflections of astral light. As the twilight groves behind grow out of sight, I, in blind fury, in malevolent wrath, flee through the archways of self-deceit, into the starlit lands beyond the gate, where the sculptures of ice and snow await me. Northwards my paths took me, unto realms where all hope forsook me. Tumbling befallen, I was at loss on these paths everdark! Shivering, in tears I beheld the sight of shocking brilliance starbright with shimmering beams of fragmented light. In the everwhite whirlpool of the Celestial Keeper, wavering in the high domes above, She is the astral flow upon the firmament in evermotion. She is the heavenly eidolon of beauty - and despair - high above these merely mortal realms. Northstar - in solitude, in unspeakable forms manifested unto me! Polestar, my perpetual Goddess who calls out to us

Yet how could I ever begin to grasp the might that overcomes all borders and limits of existence? How could I ever be alike the celestial ones that are free of all sorrows of substance? The passing of my heart is at hand, into the vaults of the nightly sky, to dance with the four winds and the gods and goddesses of the stars. Lovesick and compelled to leave behind these lands I bid farewell. Let thee well die. For I join immortal ornaments of the heavens above, as a new day dawns on the mortal lands, beyond the sight of the Celestial Keeper.