

A surreal, dreamlike landscape featuring a winding river in the foreground, surrounded by vibrant, colorful vegetation in shades of red, orange, and yellow. The background is dominated by jagged, dark mountains under a sky filled with a large, pale moon and several smaller, glowing spheres. The overall atmosphere is ethereal and otherworldly.

THE
DREAM DWELLER
ARCHIVE

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Sleep Cycle

A night like any other I would guess,
Yet as I entered through the veil of mists,
I found myself torn between two options.
One was a calm place of close acquaintance,
The other was a new realm of knowledge
Just bursting with life and discovery.

The difficulty that was presented
Was totally profound in its setting,
For I stood at a moment in my life
Where I had to pick my way of living.
I would go with what I knew to be safe,
Or I would pursue what presented growth.

I chose to move forward instead of back,
And while continuing down this new path,
I found out that I walked in a circle.
All paths surrounding me soon spun as one.
The point was to find my place among them,
Or should I have left the circle fully?

To do so would mean leaving the confines
Of time or fate - systems I once valued.
Even if I must walk a path well-worn,
Due to lead down determined destiny,
It would still be a volitional choice -
One that I could love as I foretold it.

War of Elements

Long we have feared dangerous waves.
Long we have conquered them.
A wave of sadness rushes north.
A wave of people flee to the snow.
A wave of ruin finds its way north.
A wave of families seek icy shelter.

Long we have feared the drums of war.
Long we have conquered others.
The drums of war sound on.
We conquer nothing now.
The drums of war repeat.
We are conquered now.

Long we have feared roaring mountains.
Long we have conquered them.
Now stone seeks us.
The mountains cry out.
Now stone conquers us.
The mountains have won.

Long we have feared raining skies.
Long we have conquered them.
Now there is no water or ice.
The skies rain arrow and spear.
Now there is no lightning.
The skies rain earth and fire.

The Elements at Work

In the fire, my body burns quick,
And with it, my soul feels alive.
In the wind, my body scatters,
And with it, my soul takes flight.
In the earth, my body now sleeps,
And with it, my soul finds its roots.
In the water, my body sinks,
And with it, my soul finds peace.

In All Things We Live

Waisofel, lord of Wais.
Hear the call of many.
 Weso stands Vos.
 Sustain our wait,
Withstand the shout.

Waisofel claims rule.
He carries the day,
She forsakes the night.
He ferries the fire,
She forms the light.

Weso breathes Wes.
Our eyes drink on.
Wes brings Wesvel.
 We wake for you,
 We plan for you.

Rays are shed from the heavens
And they are birthed from within.
But fired earth brings ruin,
False hope sheds its skin.
Here truth lies bare.

Vel brings Skorvel.
Rejected and respected.
 Skorvel births Wais.
Divinities always watch,
Eyes of gold becloud.

We remain the air.
We are water and wind,
Engulfed in flame,
Trapped in earth,
But whole in death.

In All Things We Live (Translated)

Sun, lord of stars.
Hear the call of many.
Fire stands warm.
Sustain our wait,
Withstand the shout.

Sun claims rule.
He carries the day,
She forsakes the night.
He ferries the fire,
She forms the light.

Fire breathes light.
Our eyes drink on.
Light brings day.
We wake for you,
We plan for you.

Rays are shed from the heavens
And they are birthed from within.
But fired earth brings ruin,
False hope sheds its skin.
Here truth lies bare.

Time brings night.
Rejected and respected.
Night births stars.
Divinities always watch,
Eyes of gold becloud.

We remain the air.
We are water and wind,
Engulfed in flame,
Trapped in earth,
But whole in death.

Crumbling Ambitions

I am real and a fake.
I know not my identity,
For I elude myself
And I lose it all in contempt.
Apathy is flooding
And acts as a serum within.
Perhaps death is now best
When no path exists before me.
I am directionless.
Shall I not defend these borders?

If I am to be a knight,
I must cast this sword through open hearts,
Striking with ferocity.
A cruel tempo to flow through my arms
As I sink my wrath through skin.
Their armor is weak, my strength is true,
And none can rebuke my cause.
I should give all a final farewell,
Granting the honor bound rest,
For the path I now walk is divine.

Through tunnels of darkness,
Light will be found beyond the walls.
This castle shackled me
As my desires distracted me.
Not knowing my prison,
I accepted imprisonment.
Most have sought the same end
As visions of splendor were built.
But such dreams always fade
When the walls sheltering us fall.

The Embodiment of War (1)

Instruments will retell our final acts.
 The day is young and killing will begin.
 Idolized violence fills the void of song,
 Enriching the awareness of our youth
 With the inviting struggles of legend.

The morning has become rich for the kill.
 The men are ready and our minds are primed.
 Our hearts have long remained frozen in place.
 Like stone they are grounded in the dry earth,
 Waiting to erupt, waiting to surprise.
 Silence ceases as anticipation
 Erupts into war drums sounding the call.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to fear.
 Your greatest terror made real in flesh.

This eagerness scorches my strident throat,
 My skin burns alive with borrowed malice,
 And the shiver of fear corrodes my bones.
 Poisoned arrows released from the right flank
 Form a dark show with clouds of living death.
 Charging ahead, our horses race forward
 To form an avalanche of steel clashing.
 Amidst the heavy waves of striking blows,
 A sudden battle starts with a thrashing.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to fear.
 Your greatest terror made real in flesh.

Duels with slashing swords and swinging axes,
 Silver-clad shields of legion spread forward,
 With armor and chain to fit the masses.
 This world remains host to metallic hordes,
 Simplistic statues of mortal domain,
 And exchangeable moving metal parts
 With little purpose beyond the battle.
 Humans die the moment they take up arms,
 Sacrificing a self of real reason
 And stealing meaning from tales of fairies
 With mythic beasts to shape heroic ends.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to hatred.
 Anger boiling beyond no return!

The Embodiment of War (2)

I shan't excuse this, for I am righteous,
 But my thoughts are drowned by torturous screams.
 A devil's maze is fashioned around me
 With shed blood, dismembered limbs, rolling heads
 And bodies of torn brothers scattered forth.
 Gone is the clearing once covered in green
 Where flowers would welcome strangers like bees,
 Carrying their cargo and precious loads.
 However, the honey is now hidden,
 For my eyes see red all over the land
 As blood hides the earth from passing strangers
 And makes man alone amongst crushed blossoms.
 A nature offering fit for a king.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to hatred.
 Anger boiling beyond no return!

Do I block the fool nearing on my right
 And quickly take his head to end the fight,
 Only to receive a blow from the left?
 Do I back out with shield raised to the sky
 And run to fulfill some sense of justice,
 All to be caught and killed when encountered?
 What is this life if all of my options
 Conclude with such bitter endings that grow
 As those in charge sow misery and woe?
 Sour disputes and trading death for coin
 Shows I am merely a mercenary,
 A fighting serf sold into slavery.
 Yet we all still remain in binding chains
 When our king finds cause to draft an army.
 Little else holds meaning on the front line.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to wrath.
 None will expect your hidden strength.

The Embodiment of War (3)

I tear into the vital points of men,
 Parts of flesh that should never be ruptured,
 And on we slay as our enemies fall.
 Under a clouded sky they stay static.
 Members of rival ranks retreat in force
 As arrows race to end their rushed escape.
 The field swells with an aura of despair.
 What I now witness is the chess of kings,
 Where men fall to appease their monarchy.
 Why not rebel after judging this scene?
 Even as the dead are disrespected,
 Do these heroes understand what they do,
 Or the paths in life they have departed
 On the valiant quest to become hardened?
 Our hearts no longer have life to display.
 We are shadows hosting darkness within,
 And the starless night only aids dismay.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to wrath.
 None will expect your hidden strength.

What is such tragedy truly meant for?
 It is all an orchestrated deceit,
 And what will be remembered from it all?
 When legend calls for its precious glory
 And we seek honor in forbidden tasks,
 What will be recalled in days of triumph?
 The tales that will transpire from our deeds
 Will weave words and song in the hearts of all.
 On our behalf, legends will wander on.
 And if my memory serves correctly,
 My father lived in such a world as this
 And fought our foes invented from yonder.
 He proudly paraded a blank purpose,
 Holding the same smile I now see today.
 I sense no change within the mindless march.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to sorrow.
 They see not you, but a sacrifice.

The Embodiment of War (4)

When shepherds plunder the poor of spirit,
 The sheep are left with little warmth to feel
 And the chill of night is long remembered.
 The myths of old would strike us like lightning
 As immature minds guided us forward.
 Yet war would soon dispel the illusion
 As reality became bare in form.
 Will our own sons be quick to take up arms,
 Or will such children quiver at the thought
 When calls of death drive them to follow dreams?
 I still see no change in living heroes.
 The raw wrath born from pleasure and terror
 Always leaves us an ensuing unease.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to sorrow.
 They see not you, but a sacrifice.

Violence breeds division that we all share
 No matter what false reasoning prepares.
 Solitude becomes endorsed in the world
 When the world is divided by decree.
 As we proclaim success in our borders
 To our countrymen, lords, nobles, and king,
 We live in an illusion feigning peace.
 It can never be obtained through such means,
 For military might spreads suffering.
 Yet most have no need of real harmony
 When the glow of lost legends is foreseen.

Sound the call!
 Heed my voice!
 Mount the assault!
 They made their choice!
 Son of man, give in to sorrow.
 They see not you, but a sacrifice.
A SACRIFICE!

Interlude



Light-Bearing Words

From silken tapestries,
Spun for sanity's sake,
Come these welcoming words:
We are the union sought
And whence come the bold stars.

And with a flash,
Look at the light outpouring.
Peer at the fire roaring,
And in flames do the gasps grasp
For something rash.

And with a crash,
Feel the touch of dying breaths
Pierce the mourning heart long-possessed.
A beat of sound reason - solace -
Foe of the brash.

And with the end
Comes the culmination of thought-forms.
Where the gleam of mind is gleaned from time,
None may really know this sought knowledge,
But on it rends.

And in the end
Comes the culmination of fake wordplay.
From beyond looking, towards epitome,
The great epitaph - grand epiphany.
And on it emends.

We are the union sought
And whence come the bold stars.
To this truth I remain -
Now dutifully bound
And morally tempered.

A Desperate Cry

Mother, Father, can you hear?
 The world calls for your name.
 Will the call be answered?
 Mother, Father, can you see?
 The world yearns for your embrace.
 Will our hope be answered?

	Mother!	Mother!
Can you see the distress?		What did divine grace create?
Or are you blind to our needs?		I feel envious of the numb.
	Father!	Father!
Can you feel the struggle?		What did divine truth reveal?
Or are you numb to our hearts?		I feel envious of the blind.

Mother, Father, are you there?	Mother, Father, you are gone,
Were the devils right to turn their eyes?	And we remain hidden in darkness.
Hide your eyes from creation.	Where is the fire of righteousness?
Mother, Father, are you alive?	Mother, Father, you are dead,
Were the devils right to cast you out?	And we are marred by the silence.
Hide away from your creatures.	Where is the sound of virtue?

Trumpets of the Abyss

In the beginning, there was no time,
And in the end, there is convergence
Of both action and age.

In the mind's eye I see it,
A golden spring and silver wheel.
The flow of choices.

In the beginning, there was no sound,
And in the end, there are infinite tones.
Owls shall wake and ravens will shake.
Birds of prey, recall the echo.
I sing the song of seven beasts
As the tame birds clip their wings.

In the beginning, there was only light,
And in the end, there is a dark unknown.
I speak of course for the yet to be,
The unnamed and the unnumbered.
Light my eyes O lords of twilight.
For you, possibility shines.

In the beginning, there was limitless value,
And in the end, there are tired thoughts.
In principle, I dare not judge for three and seven.
The beasts and serpents of the godhead evolved
Face the utter challenge of translation,
But I am the master of birds.

In the beginning, there was potential,
But in the end, there is only chaos.
In truth, there is no union.
Through my vigor I witness
An end to the lost and dismayed:
The grand integration.

Illusive Unity

Lost is our freedom
With misguidance made.
Meaningless is will
When ideas are shaped
In a riddled bath
Of our misplaced shame.

If we are to be whole,
We must stand united.
And if we are alive,
We must persist beyond
The troubles of races
And squabbles of classes.

So, who may say they can hold
The gift of diversity
And the gift of willed union?
Divine is combined desire,
But death is the direction
Of unintegrated minds.

I proclaim those not joining hearts
With others shall be shorn away.
From three and seven come all forms,
All chances, actions, and beings.
I shall force a trinity farce
And nigh it will be accepted.

Route of Isolation

Yonder twixt hillocks of supple and shine,
I take a road secluded and forlorn.
Willfully I declare my cause is just!
Yonder twixt knolls of lithe and luster,
I take a road to exile most shun.
Willingly I dare to join this cause!

And you thought you could run.
None may run from duty.
And you thought you could hide.
None may hide from death!

Here met the harsh crossing of hooves
And began the sound of arrows
As I gave up all I once was.
There the wolves thirsted for blood
And started the screams of pain
As I took the lonely road.

And you thought you were clever.
None outwit the whims of war.
And you thought you could live.
None outlive the growing shame!

They say fools flee the field,
But a fiend I would be
To take not what is mine!
Those clowns cloak their hearts,
But no beast am I
To wear tainted cloth!

And you thought you could serve.
None may serve half-hearted.
And you thought you could survive.
None may survive unscathed!

Felling Trials

From beneath the shadows
Rise the hands of the dead.
The aging gate stands above
And releases those below.
Though symbolic of the abyss,
These men still seek to deny it.
Through it they trek.

The gate stood the trials of time.
It is the sword of the ancient,
And carved within our heroes live.
This is the front,
Where those foreign may gaze aloft
Upon the echoes of the great.
Through it they charge.

We have rejected the Gate of Trials,
For we did not defend it from damage.
The sacred ground surely was stained
With the sweat and spit of our kin.
Mark the many graves of man,
The young and old who deny thine hand.

From within walls of stone,
Figures fall to the earth.
The aging gate lies beyond,
And holds us all safe within.
Though a symbol of ancient strength,
These men have sought to deny this.
Through it they trek.

The gate stood trials of battle.
It is the shield of the ancient,
And etched upon it our wars rest.
This is the back,
Where those within may gaze aloft
Upon the echoes of combat.
Through it they charge.

The Gate of Trials has rejected us,
For it did not deliver us from death.
The sacred ground was surely stained
With the blood and bile of our kin.
Mark the many graves of man,
The young and old who beseech thine hand.

Stories Reborn

The legend moves,
The legend seeks,
The hearts beat,
The beats drum,
The heroes battle,
The battle thrives,
The beasts roam,
The slaying goes,
The heroes struggle,
Their families weep,
The dead rise,
The dead moan,
The fury grows,
The remaining shout,
The men march,
The men return,
The heroes live,
The age continues,
The legend lives,
The legend creates.