



DORNENREICH

Du wilde Liebe sei (CD)

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<http://www.dornenreich.com>

SO THAT THE YEARNING MIGHT AWAKEN THEM

Today, my yearning shall find a home
And tomorrow, it shall take me away
Thus, with dread, with masks, I fool myself
Keep rushing myself into the unknown
Wearily I stop, but never to rest
My yearning shuns the land within

Yearning, thou open'st it in space
Yearning, thou bestowest me in time
In foreboding, widening it at daytime
In breathing, nearing it at nighttime

A LIGHT UNFLICKERING IN STREAMS OF CONVERSION

In the afterglow of forest and mountain
In the summer wind in waving grasses
In the chortling smile of a child
In the churning of a storm ditch
In the crunch of the snow under nocturnal steps
In the silence around the shroud of the dead
In the raw love of a rapacious animal

A light unflickering
Illuminates the source to the child

THY SKELETAL CARESS

Tracing yourself
Along your sensuality
A rich taste of life
Shame is only suited for adornment
The appetite for pleasure
Whets the appetite for more desire

Thy skeletal caress

Can you feel the choice?
When pulse sets off in the dark ...
It knows nothing but its path ...
It throbs its way up to the skin
Ensnaring the mind, surging up in heat

Profound pleasure - it thaws

There is nothing wrong with this rapture
There is nothing wrong with this exchange

Yet if it comes to an end ...

DARK NIGHT VOID OF LOVE

You who consider yourself stronger than many
Thinking great numbers are your wealth
Proudly you are declaring your aims
Not knowing what you would not possess

The dance

Dark night void of love
Only weakness is ridiculed
The only profound power
Never sparks an obtuse ego

In comparing, he is a master
In judging quickly, he feels at home
With flatterers he likes to feast
With rules he is well-versed

At the dance

A step ahead
A step too far!?
"No mistake now!",
Timidity screams

At the dance

Dark night void of love
Only weakness is ridiculed
The only profound power
Never sparks an obtuse ego

FREEDOM'S DESIRE FOR CHAINS OF GOLD

Well-travelled in the land of mirrors
Seeking, marvelling, applauded, misjudged
Mirroring nothing but white wall
Often groping for a stranger's hand
Still I remain akin to yearning only

A yearning to find stability outside
The fear of losing oneself thereby
A yearning to find some connection
The fear of freezing in these chains
Shall I remain yearning and craving forever!?

As a white wall in black sand
You may view yourself and the world
But if you turn your gaze towards the within
Soon you will gain the impression
Of white sails on an inner shore
And if you swing widely with deepest senses
The sail becomes a window - white and frameless

Within you, an outer land also begins

HOW TO MAKE A GIFT OF DEARTH

I suffer dearth, and I cry
Pining to walk among the clouds
Forsaken am I, not alone
Never will I tremble in pleasure
Less than nothing is mine
And this I will bestow to thee
Dearth shall be my gift to thee
This is what they call love life

From you I need what you do not have
And I can give nothing from within myself
You come to me in a great haste
Wishing, too, to walk among the clouds
You remain restless and unconscious
It's a labyrinth which we are weaving

Repression is a guest at our table
You can have a good life that way
Until we see each other as a burden
And rebuke each other thus:
"I have missed out on my life
And you cannot grant me a new one!"
"I so much resent your dearth
That I cannot forgive you!"

What you expected from yourself
I could never give to you
I had nearly lost it myself
Trying to keep it alive within me ...

I rest now in front of mirrors
Foregoing all delusions
I stand here now, all pale
Filled with fear - having fled my life
Only at the end have I understood:
He who has himself is able to give

THE SECRET OF HIM WHO HAS TASTED THE SOURCE

My deep breath and silence shall become my gate
And warmth wells up gently in my breast

My deep breath and silence shall become my gate

What I sought outside is gushing forth from within

My deep breath and silence shall become my gate
A conscious journey - there's nothing that I ever lost

A breath and deep silence convert me to a gate
Lost it seemed for long, a delusion I myself conjured

My deep breath and silence shall become my gate
I am one with the source of sparks - everything is apparent now

THE YEARNING OF MOON AND SUN

"The warmth and your bright light
They promise joy
I long to be you
Glorious and radiant sun"

"The silence and your gentle light
A treasure living deep within you
Let us wholly blend into each other
O mysterious moon"

But life surges far between them
They take delight in the great dance
For, as moon and sun do truly love
From both their splendour Being unfolds

TO THE BOLD ONE IN SILENCE

No-one ever deemed him fearless
No-one ever called him reckless
None of all the grey-defeated
Ever saw what he boldly saw:

Inner wealth never fades
Receiving so much in giving
Inner well never dries up
Flowing renders life

To feel yearning is so true
To sense a connection
Near in voices - rich in forms
Deeply belonging to life

Alive, fear shall kill you
You die when you yield to fear
Breathing silently forever with you
There is no death - only new life

REDEEMING FREEDOM

We knew nothing but hurt
We felt nothing but wounds
We carried many scars
And thus remained withdrawn

Often we were seized by forebodings
And settled down at the gate

When freedom we found in departure
It was redeemed by connection only

They are one with the source
They are whole by themselves
They belong to life
They tend to its splendour

They are one with the source
They are whole by themselves
They are versed in loving

Dancers fading in the dance

IN DEEP SILENCE

(Bonustrack)

In deep silence
Talking without words
In deep silence
Give me your hand
In deep silence
Always to be found
In deep silence
Humming/singing eternity
In deep silence
Always to be found
In deep silence
Loudly I feel:
Be now here with me