



DORNENREICH

Her von welken Nächten (CD)

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<http://www.dornenreich.com>

SELF-AWAKENING

(Music: Valnes/Eviga, Lyrics: Eviga)

In the midst of a dreamlike scenario of a forest night, a human being comes to again, and thus, subjected to his personal loneliness, he experiences the uniqueness and great value of his subjective perception, but also the incompatibility and restrictions of his being -- in the face of the nocturnal harmony of Nature, personified to express her own perception of the human being's limits and thus to point him to a provisional self-realization ...

What is it that draws nigh from withered nights?
Now feel for thyself what they might bring you,
What they do bring you ... did bring you.

(The self perceives)
Silent Seeing in the dark ... stumbling gazes in the dark ...

(Nature itself can hear it)
a Man-like cleft in the robe of withered night ...

(I)
courageous sounds are romping around ...
in darkly waving Unease ...
Floating sounds as big as shadows ...

(Nature)
a man-like listening stake ...
In the slumber-dance of withered nights ...

(I)
blue-heavy sweetness ... tasted veils of dreams ...

(Nature)
a maelstrom, silent as humans,
in the heavenly breath of withered nights ...

(I)
lurking winds are gliding near ... trembling henchmen flicker
their tongues on skin ...
a blowing coldness gushing into bones ...

(Nature)
a man-like shaking splinter in the grey wind of withered nights ...

(The self realizes)

"I am the grasping impatience
And hesitation oft-thought of.
Expressible self,

A human being before the form of withered night,
A human being in his own support."

I AM FROM WITHIN MYSELF

(Music: Eviga/Valnes, Lyrics: Eviga)

The human being gets drunk on the wondrous uniqueness of his perception and praises the withered (= late, foreboding) night as refuge and trailblazer for essential realization, yet recognising at the same moment the worldly forlornness and isolation and thus deigning to recognize in this – apparently the only – dignity of being human: his unique perception, his last and greatest burden. Desperately, the human being rages and finally freezes in the face of the numbing inexpressibility of his innermost to another (human) being, in the face of a closed-off loneliness that is just as numbing; the human being is torn between the questions how much he must, can, or may, come up with his own demands and how much he must, can, or may reach out for another human being, in order to recognize himself more truthfully – without losing himself in the process.

What is it that draws nigh from withered night?
Mostly, it lies within my senses' might ...
Shimmer and shadows assemble,
Voices crowd upon voices,
Smells and crypts arise,
Saps and poisons dip,
Thorn and quill swap their place ...

From the wild weaving of my senses
To become one – my perception.
And this is but my sole dignity,
Yet at the same time my last burden,
For when my scream of falling
Fades away – within me,
All my 'Self' was but a vain support.

What is it that further draws nigh from withered night?
Before, it welled up from my mind's shafts:
The night wanders down to be my safeguard
From the crude glare of the day
That further leads me astray,
To finish of my being myself,
To stretch my skin in all worlds,
To waste me helpfully.

The night, it passes my hand to me
To feel how I am and who,
The one who weirdly stood there for so long,
The one who recognized himself only here.

From my thoughts' own strivings
Flickers a sole – my – experience.
And more, it is my only dignity,
Yet at the same time my last burden,
For when my scream of falling
Fades away – within me,
All my 'Self' was but a vain support.

I lack myself in you,
I am lonely – I am from within myself
... and shall I remain thus!?!?

WHO IS AFRAID OF LONELINESS ?

(Music: Valnes, Lyrics: Eviga)

Taking the outward appearance of the children's game "Who's afraid of the bogeyman!", the inner voice (of the withered night or of the human being himself) implores the human being, the 'I', to recognize his personal uniqueness and, with that, his personal loneliness as something naturally inherent to his nature, and to abstain from his solitude that disowns the value of the known self and prevents the human being from becoming a friend to himself, thus denying him the opportunity to consciously, sincerely, and freely face life as well as death. In this turn towards complacency, however, the question after a subtle overbearing remains.

Voice: Who is afraid of loneliness?

I: Someone.

Voice: And if it really comes?

I: Then I shall die from it.

Voice: And if it always has been there?

I: Then I shall just feel the last stab,

I die more wretchedly ...

Lethal – sure ... lethal me.

Voice: Human is lonely – is from within himself,

Call thy name – liberate thyself!

From loneliness that suffers all,

That clothes every gaze in tears,

And doing so, all too weepy

Envies each and all, but not itself.

Call thy name – liberate thyself!

Here – Now – Deliberately

Who is afraid of loneliness?

I: No-one

No-one

Voice and I: Overbearing!?!

GARISHLY AND DARK, LIFE IS FLOWING

(Music: Valnes/Eviga, Lyrics: Eviga)

Here, the human being takes a very sober and unmasking look at his rather limited and faulty sensual perception as well as his confused and uncertain lines of thought, his only mainstay in his weltenschmerz and his seeming realization of self and world. Again, a voice (of the withered night or of the human being itself) advises to not overestimate the human being's will to realization and to take into account human apathy and the self-righteousness of many. All this culminates in the central metaphor of human eyes that are only able to see in light, while all the seemingly garish lies and dark truths flow past the human being like a great river ... and thoughts die too quick to be able to follow that river anyway ...

I: What is it that draws nigh from withered night?

It is myself, and so I take heed

That no-one makes me understand:

Though my senses point at me

They are true only to themselves,

I always take what they may give me

As it's always been enough for surviving.

Voice: Yet, human, please

Do not think of greater things!

A mere survival is all
That shall remain.

I: What is it that draws nigh from withered night?
It is myself, and so I take heed
That no-one makes me understand:
It is I who conceived all this,
It is I who thought too much,
Death suspects me of never
Having awakened to life –
Seeking yet blacker dreams today.

A lie is garishly shining,
My truth is dark in far
What draws nigh from withered night?
My eyes just see in light ...
My thought is dying too soon ...

INNER-WILL IS MY WICK (Music & Lyrics by Eviga)

In spite of the previous lyrics, the human being here believes himself – for the moment – to be on the track of the correctness (the reality and honesty) in himself, by approaching the seemingly radiating terms “intuition” and “inner voice” in his own poetic versions (“inner-will”, “flicker-door”, “blaze-castle”) and by trying to consolidate these as an indubitable means to an absolute and straight self-realization, yet at the same time revealing the human incapacity to actually reach the said inner-will – because of a certain cowardice and because of a false weakness or rather modesty (“For even one door can harbour joy”). At the end, though, the ideal becomes reality, in the metaphor of the burning candle combining the outer life (world) with the inner life (courage, will, inner voice) of the human being – within the passion of all beings’ finitude, as the candle as well as the light will fade away ...

... flicker-door, palely obtained by devious means ...
... blaze-castle, palely marvelled at ...
No fear will open you,
Another option you are,
I sense your importance
But I choose dead safety.
Courage is what you demand,
As courage is trusted by
The correctness.

Courage, my glitter-key,
Opened every door
To my inner-will
When I felt it more pressingly ...
For even one door can harbour joy,
Yet only the flicker-door tends my bliss.

If a moment is my greatest choice,
The flicker-door is closed still,
Only in a moment that is mine at random
My inner-will is disclosed,
My life free and fully enjoyed.
My inner-will lives solely me,
It feels but one – my – option,
And if a choice would devour me,
It leaves vividness with the moment,
As I live in teary reality.

My inner-will is my wick
My courage is my flame
In will, passion blazes
"Life" is this fire's name ...

A MOMENT IS BLOWING HERE

(Music : Eviga/Valnes, Lyrics: Eviga)

Now the human being is faced with possibly the last realm of indubitable truth: the attaining of eternal peace of mind, granted to the human being in a consciously lived moment if he manages to perceive in this moment his most immediate personal reality. In addition, the self strives to awaken his perceptive abilities to invest the moment with happiness and to attain the essential satisfaction of his own thought, being personified as an immediate self. Above all, however, the vague and unfathomable character of it all is enthroned: "A moment is blowing here."

Keep still and sense thy feelings!

This moment am I in my life.
This moment is I in my life.

Feeling is I in my life.
Thought is I in my life.

What draws nigh from withered night!
Eternal peace in a lived moment!?

BLACK VIEWS DEEPEST BRIGHT LIGHTS

(Music: Valnes/Eviga, Lyrics: Eviga)

A remorseless fall of the masks ...

The human being takes himself to task – at the edge of nothingness: the madness that just has been named as the reason for the aversion to the day and its garish bustle is unmasked as a diversion from the human being's own inherent madness, as a rational incapability of the human being. Yet, as for this human being seemingly subjective perception and objective reality are one and the same, madness seems to be the genuine face of the (world's) truth in the final account. Blackness – here personifying a remorselessly perceptive human being – doesn't spare the night that has until now been celebrated, but demystifies its alleged poetry and depth as nothing else but a projection of the profundity possible to man, a suppression of the unbearable conclusion of an emptiness surrounding each and everything, including the human being. But is it not the case that objective reality and subjective perception go hand in hand again? Or is the profundity possible to man truly a divine spark in his inner nature, finding no real counterpart in the outer nature of the world? So many questions ... speech and contradiction within one sentence ... and the sad hero is blackness, the yearning human being that sacrifices everything, and above all, himself, believing and feeling to see through all the evil games, the lively dangling over the abyss of this worldly being. And even though he is threatened by self-doubt and world-doubt, he pines for something ... something he is not able (or not allowed!) to name himself.

Day – blackness shies away from glitter-rank-flood,
The dragging mill that only rests on the night-side.
Madness I apparently flee from here,
(Only) the last shield of my madness,
(Seemingly) the well of nameless fears,
The winding picture of all truth.

Night – blackness views moderate nothingness,
The heavy shine of moonlight.
The profundity I view therein
Is (but) my own profundity's reflection,
(Seemingly) the last witness of silent longing,
The last shield of all emptiness.

Blackness views deepest bright lights,
Sun – moon, the rigid dance,
Mildly shunning all paths,
Dangling to and fro in the abyss
And envying my dreams.
– Blackness sees through –
– Blackness is full of yearning –

SURGE OF GRIEF

(Music: Eviga/Valnes, Lyrics: Eviga)

*More and more, the human being realizes in all his questions and sentiments the grimace of truth, the tragedy, but by doing so, he strengthens himself and views the incredible passion and sorrowful dynamics of living in this world as the moment's surge of grief. Nature's pure intensity is now revealed to the human being, and he cries out:
"Surge of grief – I drink tears, I gather strength."*

Questions looming over questions,
And there's no-one with enduring answers
As to what is loneliness, what correctness,
What is courage and conceit,
What are love, friend and foible,
And as to what all of you ... riddles really are.

Some thoughts reach for the heart
As the force of all pains,
Yet this bittersweet trembling
Is my pulse of intense living.

Surge of grief – I drink tears,
I gather strength.

I think and question and cry a lot,
I am silent and silent and sickly vacant,
I feel and question and cry a lot more,
I keep on yearning – I am very.

Some sentiments reach for the heart
As the force of all pains,
Yet this bittersweet trembling
Is my pulse of intense living.

MY AUDIENCE - THE MOMENT

(Music & Lyrics by Eviga)

The final conclusion ...

The human being now apparently sees the light, he remembers the purity of his perception and the patience and alertness of his childhood; the human being now understands how to classify time and transience.

And now – "in the morning of withered nights" – he is able to entrust himself with an order and a security as he views time allegorically or rather personified as Nature in blazing colours, as "a play of light of a child-like being"; now, he no longer needs to feel lonely, and moreover, he wins time as a benevolent observer and witness to his uniqueness – and as a friend.

(The ideal expressed herein is without a doubt based on a considerable amount of narcissism. So be it. To narcissistically reach for the stars generally seems more agreeable to me than wallowing in self-denying depression and castigation.)

And not until the human being knows nothing more to reveal – frozen in body and mind – does the worldly time (the ceaseless curiosity) lose its interest – enter (otherworldly) Death (as a new audience) ...

(Maybe a naïve, but conciliatory and harmonious final performance.)

The child I once was used to gaze silently and longer,
It rested on the air ...
But sometime I broke out of myself.
I fell into time, yet sadly not infinitely far ...
My rock of crashing: Transience.
And while for years my gaze
Glided over pieces of broken thoughts,
Able only to widen in pain, time flew in my
Shadow, and sadly, stealthily pushed
Me.

Only in the morning of withered nights, when free of broken pieces the gaze
Stretched, I saw in all its fullness the Time that called herself
"My life", yes, the one I've known as a child,
A play of light of a child-like being, with a gaze of
Changing colours,
Desiring me, yes: me.

In soft syllables her gaze glided:

"I am thy sole audience,
So confide in my nature,
Let me see where the gaze through you ends
And let me feel myself with your skin,
I experience what is real to you.
I am thy sole audience,
So believe in my nature,
I fancy what your mind built up.
Be
I am with you within you."

Wildly, she cuddled up to my mortal remains,
Giddy ashes spoke of "wind",
She is curiosity – the ceaseless one,
The refugee from dust would call it "haste."

She took my gestures,
As I meant them most intensely,
And ere I yearned "ToBeAlone",
She streamed through my whole being,
Slow, dark, full and gentle ...

Now, I am almost a child again,
Freely I put life into every moment,
Not fearing any yesterdays,
For in time I am a gift unto myself.

The moment is my audience in this.
My eyelid's flicker challenges it,
My smile is like its applause,
And sometimes my empty gaze
Is like its disappointed horror,
For when there's nothing more I can offer
It rises – leaves me quickly,
And there is but one who likes my numb plight,
Now it is done,

For he who claps there is

Death