

O Traveler, where do you walk?
Where dost the roads take you?
Where dost Eternity's odes lead to?
Down sacred valleys, past gentle brooks.
Climb lofty heights, to the snowy nooks.
Through whispering woods of olden day,
Where verdant spirits dance.
To Airyn Fields, where wind maidens play.
Melodies drift over celestial expanse.
Wanderer, Wanderer, **whither** goes your roaming?
Thou hast tread the shadows, the World's gloaming.
Now thy feet wade in the Morningtide.
Earendel, thy Lover, **o'er** skysill doth guide.
To untrodden shores, looming in distant haze.
Worlds without end, and no end of days.
Eternity unfolding, the old world is gone.
Sorrows have fled, darkness withdrawn.
Dayspring surging over misty peaks,
Beckoning wanderers with its gilded streaks.
Wayfarer, Wayfarer, hast thou found thy respite?
Not in this World, not at this height.

Amid the stars and their silvery light?
To the boundless expanse, to the cusp of Night?
To the empyrean fields, to the azurean sea.
Tread gleaming stones, to Eden's Tree.
Where are you bound to, where do you head?
Traveler, where do thy wings spread?
Thy home is Heaven, 'twixt shining luminaries,
Yet still the roads call thy name.
Their voices, in the wind, it carries.
You do not roam to mend a broken heart,
Nor chase a dream whispered out of reach.
Adventure is the language of thy heart,
And every mile becomes a word in speech.
For Heaven is not a tethered chain,
And wanderlust is a quenchless art—
Pilgrims carry both in equal flame,
Two steady fires blazing in one unbridled heart.