

**Track 46: Section 6, lines 752 to end**

Adventuring once more in the natal mist  
Across the dangerous haze, the pregnant stir,  
He through the astral chaos shore a way  
755 Mid the grey faces of its demon gods,  
Questioned by whispers of its flickering ghosts,  
Besieged by sorceries of its fluent force.

As one who walks unguided through strange fields  
Tending he knows not where nor with what hope,  
760 He trod a soil that failed beneath his feet  
And journeyed in stone strength to a fugitive end.

His trail behind him was a vanishing line  
Of glimmering points in a vague immensity;  
A bodiless murmur travelled at his side  
765 In the wounded gloom complaining against light.

A huge obstruction its immobile heart,  
The watching opacity multiplied as he moved  
Its hostile mass of dead and staring eyes;  
The darkness glimmered like a dying torch.

770 Around him an extinguished phantom glow  
Peopled with shadowy and misleading shapes  
The vague Inconscient's dark and measureless cave.

His only sunlight was his spirit's flame.