

IDUNA'S SUMMER

This is the first garden and the sun
is rising,
This is the carnal season;
The finger pushes the button that
creates the world,
The soul drives the pleasure,
The soul defrauds the body;
But there is purpose behind this
bliss,
Here one enters the cause of the
world,
Competition begins here,
The wolf howls,
Stallions fight,
Eagles claw;
And what natural fusion makes this
glow?
Ripeness is all, Iduna is reborn.