

days of night by The X-Structure

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Foreword by Starrzan

days of night, also known as days of nightowl, was written somewhere between 2006 and 2007 when nightowl was still venturing alone on his journey through life's many events and perplexing questions. His discoveries during that time would later prove invaluable to The X-Structure's future missions and cleared the way forward for the rest to see that through the darkness in life the light illuminates the goodness throughout it. This album retells some of these stories where he found his name and the days were as night.

days of night

Nightowl sat perched on the rocky outcrop of the high peak he had just scaled. Catching his breath he studied the view. He sat in awe staring at the giant structures jetting out from the ground. Their presence putting his being into perspective. The sky was a perfect blue. He was somewhere in the wild mountains of the Cape. It had been a tough hike to the top but he made it in the end.

As the sun lazily began dropping to the horizon nightowl sat contemplating his life and the events that had brought him to this point. Life had not always been pleasant or easy for him, he recalled. Throughout his early years he had struggled with himself and the acceptance of who he was. There came a stage where he could not bear it any longer. That's when he changed. Not by his own strength or will did this happen. It was something else. Something he had discarded many years before. Something he had never really understood. In his darkest hour he had cried out for help to someone, to someone greater than him, to someone he had left for dead. Then it happened. In the dead of night he was saved from his inner turmoil. Saved by one who he would come to know as his greatest friend and companion. Their adventures together would go on far beyond what he had ever understood to be. So who was this mystery saviour? This ultimate friend? It was in fact, as you might have guessed by now, his creator. The one who had given nightowl the gift of life.

The sun had by now left for the day. Nightowl shifted his position on the rock. He now lay flat on his back using his backpack as a cushion. The stars were there as they always were. Another sign from his constant companion. He searched the sky for his favourite star. There it was. He found it. The Dog Star, Canis Major, was shining brightly from its corner in space, Orion's belt always close by. The Southern Cross was not visible yet so he'd have to wait till his favoured constellation came into view. Nightowl was grateful for life and the ability to perceive it. He was grateful for the life he had been given and the understanding he now had of it. After the dark times he went through he really understood the good times, illuminated by the light he now saw. He still faced bad things and would most definitely still face many more, but he had now learned a deeper truth to it all and would take on those problems for he knew he would overcome them. By midnight the Southern Cross was faithfully pointing the way south. South to where home was. Nightowl smiled and said goodnight.

At five the sun started rising over the eastern mountains. Nightowl was awake, the kettle already boiling. He sipped on the steaming coffee, greeting the morning air and the One who had made it. He felt rested and excited for the future, for he knew not what might happen but he knew that whatever happened would be for the good. His hike down was easy for he had the strength to do it and in that to do so much more. It all depended on him if he would use it. He had made his choice and would follow it wherever the Spirit of adventure led him.

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