

# The Triumph

Aborym

As the flies and the wilds  
gathered around Tens Horns  
The beasts from all directions  
Fell the call of their master  
The winds are changing  
The sun is staying upon  
The stars are ever glowing  
The time had come you will see...

Rising up the mountains,  
Churning all the oceans

There is nowhere to hide  
The unleashed poor think they can  
Escape but there is only one way  
In fact which leads towards  
the wide opened fangs  
Made of infernal flames  
See the floating of the millions of creatures  
Towards their reconciled destiny  
And blasting all the hopes

See what is the reality in itself:  
Everything is already dead!

The ecstatic trance-dance of Mahakala  
Burning down the worlds  
Leading by the anger against all  
That belongs to God

Now its time for to the world  
To see a man with opened eyes  
Now its time to realize  
We tell ourselves the best of lies  
Now its time to see the fact  
We all are the unity  
Now its time for us  
To deliberate our aim