

# Horns Of Baphomet

Akercocke

Baphomet  
I am hostage to your presence  
Captive to your words  
[Sister Serena :]  
'I can hear you calling  
I can hear you calling me  
I can hear you calling  
I can hear you calling me'  
Baphomet how do you touch me  
When you are not here  
[Sister Serena :]  
'Look through my eyes  
See through my eyes'  
I can hear you calling'  
The chatter of the Caco-daimones  
And hooves upon flagstones  
Resound in darkness  
[Sister Serena :]  
'I take that which tempts'  
(clutch your rosary)  
All sense of reason lost  
(clutch your crucifix)  
Crucifix  
I call to thee exalted Goat  
Vivid and vital  
I find myself enmeshed  
Hearken and remember...  
...me...  
Reverenced by templars  
Worshipped by men  
Baphomet  
Breathing, dark one  
Breathing next to me  
Ever expected, but never coming  
My silent vespers in darkness  
Shadow of fate

[Solos- P.S., J.M., P.S., J.M.]

Look through my eyes  
See through my eyes  
One could lose a lifetime  
Praying in isolation, Hidden  
From the nature of chaos  
The beauty of it's patterns  
Beguiles  
Like a falling trail  
Of cold semen  
Upon her face and breasts  
Between the legs  
Hair shorn to sensitise  
[Sister Serena :]  
'Death is no prison to me...'