

Il Giardino Di Monte Oliveto Maggiore

Akercocke

Washing the incense
And blood from my eyes
The absurdities from my mind
Bells pealing, aspersions
I fell asleep thinking of angels
My name shall be reviled
Unto the end of the world
To the last generations
Of the songs of women
Abdiel, Gabriel
Pre-figure and merge
Uriel, Abaddon
Heralding a haven of hope
And Helen was screaming
Amidst chaos and candles
Blinded by blood
We behold the sophia
The Magus, he kneels
To kiss the abbots ring
A scream of silence pours forth
From her red lips
Her arms outstretched
Into a crucifix
With aspect of a woman and man
Shedding hair and gown
Adoring the perfect Sophia
Prostrate before the icon twisted
Sabellicus worships the deviant
Spurious seraph
Sophistry, treachery
Obscene architect of dark artifice
Shivering and dancing in the breeze
The mirrors catch the sun...