

The source of splendour in forms manifold  
In whom the fathomless arcana turn aglow  
Eosphoros - The brightest heavenly eye  
Each tempest of doubt His grandeur makes subside

All aeons entwine for He did arise  
The flame that without loss endlessly divides  
Like the sharpest sword is His unchallenged blaze  
That cuts from our way the cobweb of restraint

Heralds, disciples and serpents we are  
The object and the channel for His powers  
Driven forth by the undying lust  
To surpass the frailties of ours  
And to go beyond every Ring-pass-not

The true wisdom besmeared in black  
Waiting to be once unravelled  
By the insightful and the daring  
To be finally discovered

Whereas He is the circle, we are at the center  
Too abstract to be defined, too concrete to be denied

All aeons entwine for He did arise  
The flame that without loss endlessly divides  
You call Him Satan, the prince of darkness and death  
We call Him Satan, the eternal fountain of strength

Whereas He is the circle, we are at the center  
Too abstract to be defined, too concrete to be denied