

For Thirteen Moons

Alghazanth

Thrice - anointed with the elixir of offering
The candles around me have nearly come to life
And as the salamanders are dancing their magic
My eleven angles paint the walls of this shrine

Here I sit at the confluence
Of the old and the new
At the crossroads of all
That is not and what will be
Each fiber in my being
Resonates with the objective
This art is my temple
And none other shall I need

Life force is spilled, the intent voiced
Strong is my will, may all hindrance recoil

Awaken and will a flame...
And a flame will awaken!

Words vanish from sight
Blood becomes ash
Amidst the thickest black
Is seated the shining Baphomet
Channeling the blessing
Casting the curse most grim
So that I may approach the void
And be that much closer to Him

Life force was spilled, the intent voiced
Strong is my will, may all hindrance recoil

Awaken and will a flame...
And a flame will awaken!