

The Herald For Reason

Alghazanth

From the primal sediment of Athor
I've built and moulded this body
Thus, to the lower spheres I may descend
To manifest myself before thee

The rays of illumination
Like spears I cast through thee
By the burning Eye, re-awaken Sight
Beaconed thy paths will be

I, the logos of the Black Fire
For the triumph of progress do strive
Amidst the haze of obsolete notions
Bright as the Dog-star I shine

Conventionality I shall rend to shreds
To banish all morals from thy temple of flesh
For with each step beyond thy human reflection
Verge thou evermore upon perfection The rays of illumination
Like spears I cast through thee
By the burning Eye, re-awaken Sight
Beaconed thy paths will be

Wisdom is the seedling of splendour
Will - the condition for it's growth
Flourish it shall with persistence
Though dwell it might 'neath a wintry cloak

As the torch of intuition
I shall throw light upon thy way
Guiding thee into the knowledge
Of thy Three-tongued Flame