

# The Phosphorescent

Alghazanth

We who were lifted from the moral swamp of man  
stand with eyes turned upwards and ashes on our wings  
arose we like titans in this immense heat of power  
that melted into creeks the shackles 'round our limbs

The blazing light of Satan with passion we adore  
as there is not an emblem of wisdom more sublime  
so pure in its essence that a shadow it casts not  
but penetrates the body and the spirit alike

Once marked as His own... forever we now glow

Our anthems we sing to the Sun of million forms  
for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved

Unharmd we'll remain by the virtue of our oath  
though fangs wound the flesh and venom fills the veins

In this garden where we blossom with fully opened petals  
the things long forgotten are those about to dawn  
and the tips of our branches that stretch ever inwards  
reach through the veil of being to touch the face of Naught

On the path of Boundless Life... death means not demise

Our anthems we sing to the Sun of million forms  
for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved

How lost are they whose eyes never adapt  
to the darkness that reveals the treasures of the Self  
how cursed are they whose ears never adjust  
to the silence that recites the words we once forgot  
and how dead are they whose hearts never react  
to the forces that transfix all dimensions with their call

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for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved