

## The Seven Gates

Arkan

To the dwelling of Erkalla's god  
Daughter of Sin is determined to go  
Enthralled, she harks unto the cries  
And open her ears to the Great Below

Sparkling stones fastened to her breast  
A gold ring around her wrist  
If she won't return  
A lament for her by the ruins

Over the door and the bolt, dust has settled  
Go, Gatekeeper, let her in  
Strip off and take away her crown  
Such are the rites of the Mistress

Stripped of means and naked,  
Helpless as the day she was born  
Inanna turned into a green,  
Decaying slab of meat

Escape  
From the underworld  
Decrease  
In fertility on earth

God of wisdom, grieved and troubled  
Great helper of humankind  
Scrapes the dirt under your fingernails  
Give'em the food and the water of life