

## Quod Superius Sicut Inferius

Astarte

Before him, a red light  
Flames from fire set in benighted wildness  
Natural resemblance made from the meeting  
Devoted to the crowned mighty one

Go under the dark swales of earth  
To the mournful chambers of sad hell  
Cross the un-harvested sea of pulsing with lights

Under our roots  
Years were banished  
From the deep continent  
Our home on Acheron's shore  
Gaze the black Tartaros

Out of our roots  
Our bodies gaze the stars  
How long the beauty last!  
Till soul fall down  
The "rock" of the life-chain

Branches are the heavens  
Around our limbs  
We embrace the unchain universe