

The Prayer

Baptism

All is made with human hands
Yet no laughter heard
But cracks on broken idols are smiling
When fire out-poured
Darkness became light
When you can't see Samael you're him

These words are silence, like all else
My Master, why hast thou remembered me
Kneeling at my altar of everything
Three gates below grant paradise by breaking it
Behold through me, for you are the Eye

Serpents crawl from older dusks
Soon hunting on altars of flesh
Knowing you I will become that prey
Which grows only stronger by its perpetual death
And when I will stand on the ashes

I Will see
I Will see the face of God
The edge of horizon who splits the night
Hearing the blessing
Of discordant choir

From the depths I call for you O' Lord
From the forms and names I reach for You
You are the blood and you are the nerves
You are the hands that unite in Prayer

"All of it consumed, fools gold turned to blessing
The wounds upon my palms, pierced by no shallow words
Still time to wake up, no time to look back, though"

No more waiting
Indulge on blood-baked bread
It's everything
From fertile ashes
Behind the stars
Of darkness
Of Master
For my time
I have taken