

Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!
Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!

We transgress the context of commonplacenes
We deny normality, trample morality
We destroy angels with sound
We destroy angels with silence

Currents of tantric anarchy seize our bodies
Into the cosmic dance of four scythes
The curtains of Absurd Theatre are raised
Synchronicity - Mother Chaos on the stage

"Wisdom says: be strong!"
Thrilling words are spreading down the spine
Vibrating... "be strong!"
Exhausted I'm running towards the last shines of consciousness
Which is absorbed by shadows of madness

Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!
Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!

Here are the star and the snake servants;
-they rise the hexagram
Sun - in the triangle hidden ; Sight - sacred visions entwined
And union with Nothingness body I'll find
Strength - go along the Mars path, fighting if we must;
Light - oh, you are Ahathoor, goddess of blue sky

There is might of dawn, in non-quality state I remain
Of commonness crippled time or sand - glass you don't see again
Sigillum dei, picture of myself I'm drawing
With life, venom and hell I'm sprinkling it
His name is Esial, I want him more