

Baphomet

Dark Fortress

[Music: Asvargr, V Santura, Seraph, Lyrics: Morean]

Surge, Baphomet!

Born from shade and undead desire,
In the glade, a secret fire...
Hidden from time and sin,
Ardent gods stir again,

Surge, Baphomet!
Grant me Anathema,
Purge me, Baphomet!
From worlds in denial!

Through demise and desecration,
In disguise, dwells the Lord of Ecstasy,
Defies the lie, of divine castration,
Claims his prize, the awoken few's apostasy...

Intoxicate me with ambrosia,
Thawed on mother nature's button,

Legs of lust, moist and spread,
Scythe of death, poised, agog.

If the Why
Rears his head,
Let him die
Like a dog.

Surge, Baphomet!
Grant me Anathema!
Purge me, Baphomet,
From worlds in denial...

Expectorate me into infinity,
I thirst for the obsidian venom,
Of the boundless sea of space,

"You summon me,
In childish play and insect time,
I am devoid of pain,
But I can take you there
And beyond, if this be your wish."

"Come with me ... And I show you the glow of inverted stars,
Come with me ... And burn in the furnace of inverted vision,
Come with me ... And there will be no more Me for the You to follow,
Come with me ... I am in awe of the extent of your ignorance,
Come with me ..."

"Since the dawn of guilt, my path has changed,
Last of the Nephilim, I have lingered in the seclusion,
Of wood and fear..."

"Uncaring for your woe,
For I am a god of pleasure,

I will not shed a tear
On your perished spirit,
When you return."