

...The depths of abjection, a throne of manure  
But even during the ecstasies of beatification  
It is by no means possible to separate them  
The den of serpents, the knot of vipers corruption-bred  
And the blazing spirit of the mystic heaven above  
Angel browed with brass  
Wreathed by a halo, sublime and infinite  
Tunneled by vermin  
... Feverish miasmas and a silent canticle...

Implemini Spiritu Sancto  
The scorching heat of the furnace inside galvanizes  
A grapevine whose roots sink deep, far into the arteries  
In contemplation the Lord of harvests long gone  
Shall murmur obscene wonders to those who ate the grape  
Desperately feeding the empty void  
Growing on innocent blood, the stronger and the greater  
In ruthless rigour, in funeral glee  
Implemini Spiritu Sancto  
The foam of nausea slowly rising to the teeth  
Yes! Truly adorned with the grim regalia of perdition

I shall hold high a bowl of gems of unseen radiance  
Enveloping spirit and will in seraphic rapture  
O deformity, hear the weeping prayers  
Arise from rot, be my child! Be my promise!

The nebulae in the superior sky howled like a starving hound  
Aboyeurs de dieu! Aboyeurs de Dieu!  
Implemini Spiritu Sancto