

Him that is fallen, the physical sun
Progenitor of the devil, serpent of time
Adjustment at the will in Teloah we are alive
And in darkness enabled to being-becoming the one

Death, the final release
The dragon spreads his wings
Telocvovim
Death, the friend with loving arms
And claws to rend this world apart
Telocvovim

A cycle of cycles, always alone
Yet never lonely, at the bed of a harlot
Tiphereth, Saturnus, whom aeons begot
Another time a stranger, let him be known

Death, the final release
The draongs spreads his wings
Telocvovim
Death, the friend with loving arms
And claws to rend this world apart
Telocvovim

It was you who heard the Seraphim sing
While I rode the sharpest banshee sting
A toll of hellish might
But whose is the nobler power to clain?
The one light-hearted or of the darkest fame
Alas, for both are but pawns in a cosmic game
Regardless of the aim of their flight

A luminous spear brought new light into my blinded eyes
He lives in all of you

686, 1409, 1345,266

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