

Sign of Osiris Risen

Lord Vicar

Collecting pieces of what once was me, she joins them silently
by hand

She works her way on the familiar figure, I feel the pressure,
an urge to see

Extreme heat inside the coffin home, carried through the dying
land

I know my son because I swallowed his eye; this was the moment,
my mind set free:

Lord of Love, Lord of Silence, Lord of the Dead. A process of i
mitation,

return of vegetation through the flood. His backbone and His ri
ver, a Sacred

Ram kept in His memory. The Soul of the Lord, of the pillar of
Stability.

His genitals divided, worshipped His will, His fertility. Gloom
y, solemn,

mournful actions for the rebirth of the grain. Sister in the so
rrow, sharing

His Kingdom with the Dead. If wheat and clay were transformed,
He will

always be the Perfect One.

This was all revealed to me in the movements of a ritual

Hooded figures guiding me through the moments of despair

Witnessing the sign of silence, I understand the union:

Between man and a woman there's a return

Nail by nail and bone to bone, he is to be complete again

Like a beast he is reborn: On his feet and near perfection

Blood is rushing through his veins, his heart now beats with pa
in

Shivering, this deadly form, he dreams with open eyes

Hand in hand we rise and pray for those who came before us

We will let our love burn and our slaves will lose their sight

Resurrecting heavens vast we reflect the light that once was

Horrid is the might we bear as we strike back the night

Hope that you can hear the same strong and brave voice that I h
eard

The order of the guiding signs remains the same, just like abov
e

All I said throughout the night, I did mean every word

Can you share this mystery with me, my only true love?