

The Book Of Kings

Mournful Congregation

A morbid pageantry of our King's facade
Knelt before the sire, clasped in hand the jewel
"Soma is the teardrop of Agni"
The winding chambers, a portrayal of royalty
Secrecy deepening, unfolding enigma
Stretching far beyond the mystic dawn
Oh enchanter of the Februar winds
Spoke blue blooded tongues with rich enthronement
A lyrical trilogy was textured
Woven through ages, jade masks adorning
Grandiloquence of an earthly empire evoked
Your once regal emperor banished forevermore

Arise O' mistress of fortuitous descensions
A splendid Queen the Gods dared not name
Drapery so grand, adorned and bejewelled

Deities rose, and were greeted in shame
In their flesh was encoded secrets so dark
There stood the temple of stone so cold
Pillarless caverns cut deep in the mount
Crafted by masons in reverence of Kings
Where Kings bowed down to worship the Gods
Where the Gods chose the Kings
And to them imparted their secrecies rare

Upon baroque stone footsteps fell
Their shadows Lengthened by the burning flame
Hollow voices recite from scriptures of eld
Setting aflame some long preserved grandiose intent

Three Kings lay bare their palms
And with sacred blade cut deep into
The flesh of man, the flesh of God

Unto the mind of man that he many know wisdom not
Rituals compendium, textual codex
Initiation through torture, the cross bears no name

The union of Sun and Moon
The congress of King and Queen
Demi-gods of the Yuga
Spin your cyclic webs
Demi-gods of the Yuga
Spin your cyclic webs

Those whom Queen adored in vain
Whom ever begged to know their word
Hath darkness claimed a heart so black
Received in sin, anointed one
Thy kingdom shall ne'er come
Doom deserved shall be unto thee
Enter with glees symbolical sanctum
The priesthood of the mighty Sun
Kingship to be...

Decrepit monks chant a hollow bellow

Of tones which mortals shalt not follow
Strings of harp and rhythms shallow
Disquietude, no solace shall bring
Wanton desire, a tarnished King
A King this man fit not to be
Dethronement was sought
Famished ashes, extinguished moon
Winds carried stagnant seasons forth
A sunless Summer, a windless Winter

Turmoil permeated prana The sacred logos corrupted

Seers shed not a tear, only golden blood spilled forth
For the visions were rife, beyond even crystal oracles
Psychic pestilence now spread

Adorn the new King
For the old is dead
Deserved doom shall be unto you....