

Act II Beyond The Black Diamond Gate

Opera IX

Dancing flames reflect a purple light
Dyeing the room with a
mysterious stillness
Wrapped in the ineoriating haze
of the fumed incense
We were sitting at the table
pleasantly stunned by the sweet
pungent smell of storax
Martyrized with ircos, oleum
libani, commiphora
The white goddess was ruling the night
And the old bell heralded the
arrival of Kephra
Our fingers were riding the
ethereal dimension which
embraces everything

"I'm the guardian of the east
gates, master of the whirling air
I am him who opens the threshold
The portal is opened to you,
holders of the ninth key"
I think their sound and technique
In the intensity of powers
The ninth evoked energy was
waiting for us
Beyond the black diamond gates
it sounds great, and for me it's
"My name is Astharoth-Astarte"
it hurled
"I am him-her who walks in the dark
Who will lead you to ecstasy
I will give you the power of revenge
'Cause you are my sons
May the power of evil be with you
So that your souls can prepare for the call
In a place, sacred to you,
celebrate with dances, chants and fires
You will couple in rapture
And I will enjoy your lust
I am the ninth key, the ninth flame of hell
Young, chaste with innocent fleshs
You will fetch her to me"

Magic resins have worn out
Scents have faded
Tum, patient, is waiting
But He-She is still walking with us