

Solitary and imposing the sacred tree wait the spirit's circle
Night receive the silvery lightning star
Take my hand, brother! And give it to a sister as we can close
the spirit circle
High perfumes spill in the air, celebrating again the time wheel
The great golden serpent wrap again his throne
Here his royal look meet his opposite, two visages facing themselves
in the eternal fight for
equilibrium
From his wooden throne the black goat of the woods wait his dismemberment
as a rite for a
continous fertility
The nine knights surround the sacred enclosure, careful guardians
from the profane eyes
The virgins dance following the way of the mother
For the ancestral rite give again gift of continuity at his nation,
his ancient nation
Who have protected his cult for centuries
Fires shines in the dark night and the torches accompany the whirling
dances as a serpent that wrap
his pray
Take my hand brother and give it to a sister, for we are the sacred
circle of the spirits
Protector and guardians of the ancient knowledge
And turn your voice to thunder, because this night the mother will
unite with the god
And we'll have a new life and a new king
The light of the fires shine on the Anphisbena, that is the millenary
lady of the underworld
She will welcome the new initiated in the eternal circular dance
Magics and maledictions from the stone temples will be able to
make nothing against
The most ancient wisdom, neither the new knowledge
And even in the knights of the cross will cut the sacred tree and
will banish the serpent
The ancient seed will germ again infusing new roots
And a new and imposing tree will rise again under the double golden
serpent sign