

## Autumn Cryptique

### Pathology

In Autumn we sleep waiting for solar eclipse  
A creator of the sun has fallen from  
His throne high atop the hills and lakes  
Energy builds and the king of Gods arise

Forgive us father we believe in the lions head  
For you have safe passage through the new kingdom  
And as we reach through to the other side  
We can feel the walls of the tombs  
Containing the text

For it is now a sunset has taken over  
The text points to the horizon  
And our journey nears the end  
An age of the empire is born  
And darkness sets over the old kingdom  
For we will reuse the blood and soi;

Near the end  
Autumn cryptique