

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
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