

# Lux Occulta, Blessed By The Rain

Only the old ones remember  
the night of the holy rain  
the Earth flowed with milk  
flowed with blood-red wine  
flowed with the nectar of bees

Only the old ones remember  
the night that became a day  
when in the glare of bursting forms  
the god had become a man  
breaking the cosmic chains

Only the old ones remember  
the storm that turned worms into eagles  
the storm that woke us up

that was the day when the heavens crashed  
we fell on our knees, skies fell on our heads  
gods have appeared in flesh

invisible drums and pipes announced his triumphant arrival  
lustful satyrs, raging bulls guide his shiny litter  
women that hunger for life open wide their tender treasuries  
heavenly terror, holy grace,  
the Aeon of Light came into the world

and the generations rose  
thousands by thousands  
with their wings and horns  
imperceptible