

Lux Occulta, The Birth of the Race

off the sinister heavens I strip the arc of moon
the cosmic sickle starts the deicial harvest
I am the wheel of fortune that grinds your chest
the fruit of the storm and the kingdom belongs to me
the time has come, your time, my father

this is my fate
to raise my hand
against the silver temples
that is my fate
to set up new order
the castle of clouds shakes
this is my fate
to get the sword
and paint the mountains red

the crescent of moon ploughs his breast
cry, cry all spirits, the old one is dead

drops of his blood whirling around
changing their colours, altering shapes
his purple juices transform into angels
hosts of lust, Dionysiac tribe

regicide sword, bull-horned god
brother of all spirits,
lead your troops, lead us to Earth,
feed us with flesh
feed me with flesh
teach me substance

lightnings, thunders...

he is not dead
he regains his strength
spears of royal curse
bullets of royal wrath
lightnings, thunders chase us
... but we'll be back
... some day