

Opera IX, Anphisbena

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 parfumes 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 rites for a continous fertility

The nine knights surround the sacred enclosure, carefull 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