

Unholy, Athene Noctua

(Blissmaster's Ball in the Hall of Twilight) opus 36, Bb-minor

And the visionary paints
black on black grey on grey
it's sad farewell and chronos won't wait
never to return to your dustbound shrine
all that you gathered buys you no time
spirit of unrest fear of the sublime
grave mystery of mortal's life
in the end will the spirit ever rise?

If freedom becomes your dungeon
reach deep within yourself
for the soul of hidden erotic
to set self recklessly free
for who's right and who's wrong
in a merry-go-round of passion
in the House of Truth and Lie
only fear of self annihilates the soul

Touch and like a torch I'll burn
cast upon your endlessness
lightning moment of rapture
my hour of passion and grace
joyfully I shall perish
in longing for your bliss

All those minor deaths I've died
All those times I've rested
weary upon your eternity
exhausted by your tenderness
flame of lust extinguished in the ocean of love

Here is the wisdom: life is coming and going
and becoming of the ones into one
symmetry of souls harmony under the sun