

Absu, Fantasizing To The Third Of The Pagan Vis

I stood before my reflection
With a beloved adherent
Waiting beneath the cross for a purpose
To drink my tepid blood from the chalice
Impart thou in the text of Scourge
And cleft through the veil of the virgin
Purity is to live
To the highest; and the highest is unjust

[chorus:]

Fantasizing to the third of my gentile sight
In the gate of the mind appears
And arise with turbulence called I

[repeat chorus:]

The artfulness of the blind Shabbathai
For thee have I worshipped the Stars
I cried, while you perpetually died
...On top of Black Montanus of thy Septentrio
Animus of an aged Tetragrammaton
With stains, a lucid cicatrix of disgrace
With joyful, elated Endeavour
O lilywhite goat
Frail as a thicket of thorns
With a collar of gold for thy throat
A crimson bow for thy horns
O lilywhite goat
You made ma Paganal dreams erroneous