

# Absu, The Infinite And Profane Thrones

As we journey over to the summit  
We hear the echoes of dispossession  
Who is to worry about our affliction  
When my body departs from the shame  
The wickedness my sinfulness  
You may swell to the elysian fields  
But the befall of Marduk will trace the literal truth  
The Utuk xul! Wine's Holy Fool!  
Whereby to capture and atone the clouded soul  
The weeping apparition looks for duration  
Conjectures of being vulgar, then godless ways  
Euphony sounds the sanctum bell  
I will structure the ordained spell  
Guide the mistress versus the throne  
Here's the first seed of the inquisition  
Black lake current sailed past the rushes  
Dismal heights will melt the scarlet snow  
I'll give my sorrow to the lady in white  
'O' pale flower, you'll feel the vein in depth.'  
The wanderers of the eroded  
The gates of Ganzir!  
The Magnum Opus  
The Xenolith!  
Monuments of a vanquished civilization  
A cenotaph of theomorphic conjurations  
Sempiternity of the ones of our underworld  
Archetypal images awaits the declivity  
Infinite and profane thrones  
Absymal sighs of the damned  
Feel the intention by depressing your own god.