

Absu, The Sun Of Tiphareth

Join us into thresholds of moonless light
Xekonaphim paints your worshipped wheel of flames
Incendere Magi Hortus Rosarum

Black roses, laced with silver,
are now the ashes of Heximeth
The ten stars of Assiah wonders
why the meadows are torched

The holocaust of Atu brings down the pyre of Chokmah
Chokmah fills lust into the virgin stream (silent waters)
A Heximethian spirit looks below the edge of a cliff
...and watches the thieves of serpents
(worm of the eight-fold-star)

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The sun of Tiphareth's circle arouses the warlock and seed
Sephiroth plants your heart to grow his oak of VITRIOL
Sepher Yetzirah is the deepest root of Atu
the sun of Tiphareth's circle dances until it falls

Tiphareth!
Your lordship is the sixth sword
that triumphs the jagged blade
Strike it downward to a rusty point
...and burn the earth as roses burn in the meadow

"Come forth, o serpent, and take your fill of poison";

I am above you and I am inside you
My fierce eroticism is in yours

"For he is ever a sun,
and for he is the winged secret flame";

I am the snake that kissed Gehenna's own worm
I giveth knowledge and delight to the ones

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