

# Akercocke, Becoming The Adversary

And the dark lord shall wipe all tears from her eyes  
For he said unto me- it is done  
I am Alpha and Omega  
The beginning and the end  
I will give freely unto him  
That is athirst of the fountain of the water of life  
Le Messe Noir- To deep without waking  
From the dream of brief life  
To become as one with the  
Harbinger of truth and balance  
Purity and sensuality  
In the palace of perversity  
To call the names  
Of the gods of the abyss  
Without fear  
To be one with the father  
Offered thrice to Baphomet  
Spirit of unholy progress  
I am compelled to obey the beast inside  
And the faces in the scrying glass  
Gazing back- Choronzon  
The guardian of the pit  
The sintinel of the abyss  
And the nameless- formless  
They wait- great wings furled  
Eager to be summoned  
Invisible we stalk the night  
Only through divine angles  
Impossible angles  
Are we seen among you  
Revered devils of enlightenment  
Deathless ones  
I will become as one with them  
I will look into your eyes  
Angel