

Akercocke, Horns Of Baphomet

Baphomet

I am hostage to your presence
captive to your words

[Sister Serena :]

'I can hear you calling

I can hear you calling me

I can hear you calling

I can hear you calling me'

Baphomet how do you touch me
when you are not here

[Sister Serena :]

'Look through my eyes

see through my eyes'

I can hear you calling'

The chatter of the Caco-daimones

and hooves upon flagstones

resound in darkness

[Sister Serena :]

'I take that which tempts'

(clutch your rosary)

all sense of reason lost

(clutch your crucifix)

Crucifix

I call to thee exalted Goat

Vivid and vital

I find myself enmeshed

Hearken and remember...

...me...

reverenced by templars

worshipped by men

Baphomet

breathing, dark one

breathing next to me

ever expected, but never coming

My silent vespers in darkness

Shadow of fate

[Solos- P.S., J.M., P.S., J.M.]

Look through my eyes

See through my eyes

One could lose a lifetime

praying in isolation, Hidden

from the nature of chaos

The beauty of its patterns

beguiles

Like a falling trail

of cold semen

upon her face and breasts

Between the legs

hair shorn to sensitise

[Sister Serena :]

'Death is no prison to me...'