

# Ancient Ceremony, Amidst Crimson Stars

Silently the Moon fulfills Her Move  
amidst lovely crimson Stars  
He (She) who has Wilt will reach the Gate  
through the Moon, through me, through the proud Angel

Now Silence ends, lunar Beauty ascends  
in charming morbid Glance

The Kiss of Isis, as sweet as Honey  
leads me into a World beyond  
In bloody Triumph I found my Wilt  
Here I rule as my only God

Glory to Thee who gleams like Jewels  
from Alpha to Omega  
May none fall who desires  
the Sword, the Balance, the Crown!