

Aurora Borealis, Transversing The Tides

Do you wish to be, carried over sea
To the banks beyond of the acheron

Passage, is that what you seek
Passage, admittance from me
Obulus, that is what I seek
Obulus, for you to proceed
Passage, is that what you seek
Passage, admittance from me

Hermes bring them all to me, those who seek eternity
Buried with the proper rites, thou shall suffice
Breathing souls who wish to go present to me the golden bough
Looking to the oracle, cumaean sibyl
A hundred years you may find, a hundred years lost in time
Cerebus not far behind, lingering on

Do you wish to be, carried over sea
To the banks beyond of the acheron
Transverse the tides, listen for the cries
Of the souls below, perhaps you will know

Passage, do you still seek this
Passage, assuming all the risks
Obulus, does not ensure the cross
Obulus, all you know may be lost
Passage, do you still seek this
Passage, assuming all the risks
Precarious, uncertain premises
Precarious, dependent on this

Touch the water you shall know only sorrow
Touch the water you shall feel only hate
Touch the water you shall see rancid plague
Just, just one drop

Touch the water you shall hear screaming souls
Smell the water's sweet scent of wasted life
Feel the water you shall burn, burn with fire
Feel the water you shall drown in misery
Just, just one drop