

Dolorian, Epoch Of Cyclosure

Behold, the skull-bearer -
The one who illuminates the sacred balance,
He has returned,
Black stars mark his way through the eons -
Lie down and he will sever your ties,
His dance - the movements that lack directional Orientation, in trance -
The intensity of ecstatic stimulation,
Immersed in frenzy -
Submerge and feel the pure, unrestricted force,
Feel the force vibrating through spirit,
Re-behold the black stars,
For they embody the essence of thunderbolt

Behold, the architects -
The creators of passages
That connect all the spheres and worlds,
Like swirling hexagrams above the skull-bearer -
The absolute halo is awakening, their dance -
The diversity of movements that pierces all the Limitations, in ecstasy -
Penetrate through the somnolent flames that form
The circle of bliss immersed in frenzy - submerge and Feel the pure, unrestricted force, at last,
Touch the trident and feel yourself as a skeleton