

# Enochian Crescent, Igne Natura Renovatur Integra

We must burn to ashes  
To rise again  
With a threefold glory  
Prepare yourself

For the unhallowed day  
When our souls are fit to climb  
And the fools are left behind  
Unheeded

Overwhelming shadows  
Massive unearthly bodies  
Of their weight  
Hot smoke burns the tongue  
And sets the lungs aflame  
The fury of the tempest  
Will beat the false pride out of you

A predetermined course  
Is upon you  
The inescapable finale  
Disciple yourself

The sightless one  
When desire to live will  
So abnormal seem still  
Yea, transmutation

Bow down your head  
That ignored premonitions, forewarnings  
Save your tears  
Because your tears won't save you  
Be utterly ruined  
Creation of silence

Igne  
Natura  
Renovatur  
Integra