

# Enochian Crescent, Mortiferum (Or Ptomaine Malaise)

I have gone far beyond the pale  
The invincible sun eclipsed and bound  
Languid with absinthe, a muse I sought  
From Demonic apparitions as pleasant deliverers

They ride the moon In echelon  
The struggling souls, Seeking the spirit

For arcane ointments eerie secretions  
Extracted from your dearly departed  
Overwhelming malady, peculiar apparitions  
Quis est iste qui venit?

There was music...religious  
In a dark place where wrong birds fly  
Dark, ropy liquid, entrap the potential  
Offer the blood! OFFER THE BLOOD!

A dark current pulls  
Cataclysmic forces enhance the view  
I become the Dead and  
Declare to the universe:

The wise one, star namer, decreeing the pattern  
Apostate, Destroyer, dividing the poles, seed of rebellion  
Warrior, Sun-king, providing the power, triumph of Sol  
Nature transformed is the manifest goal

Yet, Reigns and Kingdoms  
Crumble and fall Mortiferum, Mortiferum...