

# Lux Occulta, Homodeus

I have crucified a flower, a red rose.  
It withers all the year round and blooms only once a year.  
On day which will be my birth for all worlds that I don't know.  
Which have been waiting for me bombarding with the light of stars.  
Lashing down with frost and embracing with tongues of rain.  
I will die when the rose blooms.

The gate is big. It reaches to heaven. And hell.

The first step is difficult. Feltering and uncertain.  
Drunk with the new experience.  
The gate is big but only a light push is enough and the demons  
of dreams become my shield and armor.  
The guardian angel put to shame falls into the hood of night.  
Black mirrors reflect hundredfold every silent breath of my thoughts.  
Feltering hope becomes my command.

Is the crown for me? Yes, it is! I deserve the throne, the  
sceptre and the cloakwoven out of blood.  
Is the crown for me? Yes, it is! I deserve the cloak woven out  
of blood, because of blood I've made the sacrifice.

I am the beginning and the power. Prefather. Cosmose.  
The gate is big but I move it with a breath of my will.  
Light kiss of my imagination's lips.

Does the night wake up the power? Can the spirit be invoked only  
by secular rites? Is there only one path?  
The answer is my name.  
Name written in all books and fragrances of all flowers.  
Extracted from the inside of woman body. Moist and hot.  
My name - Man! Kneel you idiots, prophets! Kneel you gods!

With a hand stretched out I reach the fruits of knowledge.  
Bitter. Hot. Sweet. Titbits of the nightmares.  
I have crucified the rose. The gate is big, there is only one path.  
Kneel you gods! I am the Man!

In a stretched out and weak palm I hold gifts for you.  
I hold storms, lightnings, rain and sun. Incorruptible and eternal.  
I shall reign again. I have always reigned.  
I am The Man. I Am. This is how my name sounds.  
I damned fruit and sceptre, sin and throne. Kneel!

And the kingdoms fall and helpless elements cry.  
Mothers swallow their children because there's nothing left after me.  
Beggars stretch out their dead hands, women are open and waiting.  
I enter the beggars, i give alms to the hot wombs.  
I lay down a new Law. Law-Me. the gate is big. Only I can push it.  
So kneel you gods, kneel you animals! And kneel you, the farger of the world's history! It's your turn

In return I shall wash your feet. And I shall pierce my side  
and flow down only with purple, only with blood...  
In return I shall forgive you your sins.  
In return I shall adorn my emples with thorns.  
In return I shall die three deaths.  
Kneel you liar!  
I am The Man!  
I am Everything!