Lux Occulta, Nocturnal Dithyramb

Black goatskin covers my arms
I am the hunter, at one with the forest
the moon is my eye
the air is so thick, so heavy tonight
someone is crying... or was it laughter?
I enter the fairyland

Frozen silence
Where am I?
Two yellow stars
blaze in the dark

The lion-woman did not devour me
though all my weapons have disappeared
'The poisoned fruit will give life to the dead'
I was told by the golden Sphinx

From that time I am your servant
thank you, Liberator, for opening my eyes
on wooded peaks of desolate Parnassus
I have rected altars of bones
Ecstatic dances play with the torchlight
wind from the sea hug naked bodies
the mystic feast for you is prepared
just give the sign to let down the knife

Come to us, whose name is Life and Death,
and teach us not to fear the silence of the night