

# Moonspell, Tenebrarum Oratorium (Andamento I

The Majestic horns of Baphomet  
are indeed our occult banners proudly up in the air!  
The androgenious light of Lucifer  
is our noble passion, most dear and rare!  
Oh! Faustian spirit of conquest  
May be thy allied in this infimious battle  
Against the Arauts of Desrespect  
Those who step with muddy feet the sapient inscriptions of our cradle.  
To our strenghtening I proudly confess:  
I worship thee, for they are my weapons to hurt god.  
Oh! Great wings of Beelzebuth  
Will you honour me and lay the head  
of a son of caym, in the soft sands of Manitou  
Where I'll sleep under this neophyth Sky of Anxiety.  
For the dawn of Knowledge has a Southern Sign  
Delfos will once again desveil its light  
And those with eyes will drink this precious wine  
But for the blind, Ignorance shall be the only sight!  
To our strenghtening I will re-affirm:  
I worship thee. They are my Shield.  
And their message I shall reveal.  
Because: &quot;Quod sciptum, Scripsi!&quot;  
And this Southern blend of esoteric sapience  
This sensual Mediterranac Philosophy  
Will be the only and holy science  
And these lines both dream and prophecy!  
&quot;Ecce Homo!&quot; - Those you'll call the Wise  
Who will destroy this pitful hole of common sense  
of desrespect for the true occult devise  
Those who from, the lambs, shall feel the sharpened spears of Intelligence!  
I worship thee. &quot;Quod sciptum, Scripsi!&quot;  
I worship thee. &quot;Consummatum est!&quot;