

Opera IX, My Devotion

Under the moonlight,
bitter falls a tear
over the face of memories.
Oh, shining blade!
Cut my flesh,
so that be the Sacred Fire
nourished by my vital fluid.
And you! Spirits of the Air,
leave smoke as a sign of my rite.
Stone after stone,
I create my Lucus
and so I divide
the world of human dimension
from the one of Gods.
How wonderful falling into this darkness.
Blow up the last torches
and shut up your eternal chant.
Lucifer!
Helel Ben Shahar.
Shining Master of light,
Prince of dawn,
wipe the shadows out of my spirit,
banish weakness from my body,
give me the strength of Power,
let my throat
be ripped up by crying My Devotion.
In my devotion the sign of Voor.
In my devotion the sword of Hathoor.
May the four elements
become my allies,
may the faith of darkness
be my weapon
and the spirit my temple.
Son of time's forces,
deter my mind
from the wicked ignorance
of the Lambs of god.
In my devotion the sign of Voor.
In my devotion the sacred Tor.
The circle of power
be a sacred place,
shield and protection
from the followers of the nazarene.
Light in the light and light in the darkness.
I seize my nature,
the five edged star adorns my breast
and my hands clutch the club.
We are wolves in the sacred wood of life.
In my devotion the sign of Voor.
In my devotion Bathym Belem Gomor.
Take me, oh ferryman,
through the vision of my death,
the heat of the Great Black Veil.
My hearse brought in slow procession
by the No Named,
my reunion with Mother Earth,
the keeper of the dreams
last turning his clepsydra,
the breaking up of the black mirror
and The Guardians of the threshold
will open the last Portal.
Let the candles burn out,
darkness consumes light,
time divours life.

My Eternal Devotion to Darkness.