

Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio, Walpurgisnacht In The

She is older, than the soil on which we walk
She is told, to decline but still prevails
She is beauty, as the wolves that howl at dark

She is sun and moon, in perfect harmony
She is heathen virtue, and all that which is true
I love myself, and you're in love with you

She is white as pure, while the fallen snow is black
She is drunken love, the tempting elixir
She is love for us, and those who truly see

She is order, and the balance after strife
She's betrothed, the bride of perfect light
She is stillness just as well, as burning might
She is ritual, and peace in stalwart night
She is howling, for the right of lively pride
She is excellence, and goddess of the light

She is beauty, as the wolves that howl at dawn
She is glory, in this place of sterling yearn
Where the truth prevails, and thirteen candles burn

She is blossom, and the bloom for who he bleeds
She is like the stars, so luminous and bright
She is like the night, a veil of raven light

She is beauty, as the wolves we grey and proud
She's the axis, from which the world resides
She's indulgence, and righteous human pride
She is siege and battle, the endless destiny
She is swords, gentle touch of victory
I love myself, and you're in love with me

She is liberty, and insight in completion
She is splendour, and the force of heresy
She is love, we are wolves of the elite