

Samael, Ceremony Of Opposites

The top becomes the bottom
The fantasy becomes reality
The conceptions change
The landmarks dissolve

And all becomes intermingled

To flirt with the despicable
In a trance without end
Where the ice burns

Like glowing embers
And where one shatters
By fits and starts of sperm
The morale of men

Serve another god
Lose another dream

Sentiments imprison and leave
Their victims without defence
Love is a poison which
Flourishes in the heart of the weak

From the lower world we direct
The attraction of the distasteful
Makes us ignore the vile
Since only from below
Can one better see the heights