

Unholy, Wanderer

In craving for the second sight
I possess the privilege of pain
perpetual motion of perpetual unrest
never ending search for the innermost ring

realms where you're a dweller
are sacredness beyond belief
ecstasy of purifying flame
once mortal flesh now divine

"worship me you loathsome ones
untouchable is the unholy one
wolflike vigour of bearsome mind
ecstasy beyond your serpent tongues"

Blind men of saturated age
praise tradition of fraudulent faith
I never shook the wolf off me
never forsake the lion within

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It's the ring of the Lupus
and I'm within
howling with brother kyon
to Sirius and beyond
Nile drawn in the velvet of skies
in the sign of Dragon

We'll all pass thru' the gate
on the golden ring of Saturn
On a journey to a Mother star
to the shores of primeval sea
to the water that once came to be