

Enochian Crescent, Mortiferum (Or Ptomaine Malaise)

I have gone far beyond the pale
The invincible sun eclipsed and bound
Languid with absinthe, a muse I sought
From Demonic apparitions as pleasant deliverers

They ride the moon In echelon
The struggling souls, Seeking the spirit

For arcane ointments eerie secretions
Extracted from your dearly departed
Overwhelming malady, peculiar apparitions
Quis est iste qui venit?

There was music...religious
In a dark place where wrong birds fly
Dark, rosy liquid, entrap the potential
Offer the blood! OFFER THE BLOOD!

A dark current pulls
Cataclysmic forces enhance the view
I become the Dead and
Declare to the universe:

The wise one, star namer, decreeing the pattern
Apostate, Destroyer, dividing the poles, seed of rebellion
Warrior, Sun-king, providing the power, triumph of Sol
Nature transformed is the manifest goal

Yet, Reigns and Kingdoms
Crumble and fall Mortiferum, Mortiferum...