

# Unholy, Athene Noctua

(Blissmaster's Ball in the Hall of Twilight) opus 36, Bb-minor

And the visionary paints  
black on black grey on grey  
it's sad farewell and chronos won't wait  
never to return to your dustbound shrine  
all that you gathered buys you no time  
spirit of unrest fear of the sublime  
grave mystery of mortal's life  
in the end will the spirit ever rise?

If freedom becomes your dungeon  
reach deep within yourself  
for the soul of hidden erotic  
to set self recklessly free  
for who's right and who's wrong  
in a merry-go-round of passion  
in the House of Truth and Lie  
only fear of self annihilates the soul

Touch and like a torch I'll burn  
cast upon your endlessness  
lightning moment of rapture  
my hour of passion and grace  
joyfully I shall perish  
in longing for your bliss

All those minor deaths I've died  
All those times I've rested  
weary upon your eternity  
exhausted by your tenderness  
flame of lust extinguished in the ocean of love

Here is the wisdom: life is coming and going  
and becoming of the ones into one  
symmetry of souls harmony under the sun