

Watain

"The Waters of Ain"

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Take me home
ye beckoning ocean waves!
my vessel is prepared
eagerly, my spirit yearns
through the gates, Transylvania calls

Anointed am I
exalted on a course to man averse
cloven-hooved my footsteps be
the self withdrawn
expanding as the rays of death illuminate
the bridge and the path to the waters of Ain

Where no corner's define
to the waters of Ain
where no circles confine
to the waters of Ain
to the twilight of time
to the Death

To unmask the featureless face and know its numbing
beatuy
to remove the fig leaf from her cunt and enter
beyond!
to pluck the fruits forbidden
ye grapes most ripe, ye blessings of the underworld
unleash your bitter rivers
burn this tongue of mine
oh wormwood sweet
damnation's infernal wine

From the waters of Ain
where no corner's define
from the waters of Ain
where no circles confine
flow, ye waters of Ain
as wormwood and wine
to the Death!

Their waters as one water in a stream against all
streams

sweet and salt now intermingle in the waking veins of
Kingu
the havens tower in the yonder now
where my vessel shall set sail
a voyage without end across the ageless waters
to shine
beyond!
do not mistake me for a star
though I'll shine like them at night
but behold instead the darkness in between them
the Devil's light

Fearless I tread at the outpost
the brilliant abode of the dark
at the bridge from the known to the great unseen
I shall not linger

Saturh, great dark in the yonder
I give you my soul to devour
so that I may be judged in your deathlike glare
and purified
for thou art the wisdom's keeper
the shoreline where truth shall unwind
a truth that in life I am doomed to search
but shall die to find

And so his burning ship deaparts out from these
shores
never to return
and so he sets his sail
towards the setting sun at the end of the world

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