

Arcana

"Iniquitous Yoke"

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Grandeur of the Self-Victored Soul

"I am the breath of Death..."

I am the noctiwhirlblast who shall gyve ye, mankind's
senate

My reveries shall emanate from these darksome weird
Palms, thy wit as a chalice shall saturate
With newborn lore it shall regenerate
Thee...

Ye subhuman chthonian bairn
My satrapy will nurture thee
Thou ne'er canst to vail
Thy sapience will be fathomless
And outsoar the astral wain
Barely by thy mental vitalized decree

"All thy deeds shall be the donaries
For my foreverness!"

My ghostly ascendancy over thee
Shall be aeonian, the fee
Is to receive the incorrigible infinity
Thou shouldst rule the theurgic sorceries!

The winds and the waves shall obey...
"It's my vow!"
Thy breath and the clouds shall swim till your hour!
Beneath thy wisest lour and scowl
Ye shall lord of beasts and fowls!

Beneath my wisest mow
Ye shall sailor on my prow!

Assume new shape in holy town
Of Gods where souls of men are sown
Beneath thy wisest lour and scowl
Ye shall lord of beasts and fowls!

Entreaty to the God of The Sun

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