

Aenaon **"Navel"**

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I hear the woe
The crown of nature's filth
The endless source
The force of Navel's realms

The Navel of the world, the center of silence
A dynamic source of hate and decay
Universal rage
Like a vortex with never ending flames
A fount of gnosis in our hands...

Exiled for aeons like a slave without his birth
A heart of nothing in the center of the Earth
The resurrection of the cosmic holocaust
A sign of a universe beneath the human kind

A blessed ground with the energy of gods
An equilibrium of present and past
Sophisticated themes for the next arrival
A cryptic dimension that centralizes...
The whole of ion soil... the ebon fields of Nemesis
A mouth of holiness between the spheres of Hades

I hear the woe
The crown of nature's filth
The endless source
The force of Navel's realms

The balance of the cross, a sacred dimension
A systematic revolution of storms
The Intercosmic creation
As the oxygen imbued the Eternal Source

A sign between the eldest realms
A cyclone with the force of Hell
The infernal devotion
A land that was blessed with curses from the space

To protecting us, to realize, to believe, to feel again...

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