

Andy Zipf

"Mother Aletheia Chapter II"

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Even though the solemn path I follow
Lies deeply concealed within worldly clouds,
And even though my eyes can not see
What dwells beyond the theatre of undivine
I believe in Thee, O' mother of abhorrent light
For I perceive beyond perception

As my colden human body shivered
I screamed in vain, cursing as I staggered
For the echoes of the world stroked into my soul
Like scars of a thousand daggers

Into the garden of withering I walked
Where shades of old still do haunt
Dancing into the night among trees of dead
A place forgotten, so mournful and gaunt

Where shades of old still do haunt,
A place forgotten, so mournful and gaunt

O' Mother Aletheia, I do follow
The distant and sacred voice of thine,
Through the unworldly halls
I do flow deep into the end of myself

Into the garden of withering I walked
Where shades of old still do haunt
Dancing in the night among trees of dead
A place forgotten, so mournful and gaunt

Thy mysteries, O' holy mother of Lucifer
Are the greatest enigma of all
And as all I see and love is Thee
Now the earthly shackles fall

Even though the solemn path I follow
Lies deeply concealed within worldly clouds,
And even though my eyes could not see
What dwelled beyond the theatre of undivine
I believe in Thee, O' mother of veracity's light
For I dream beyond dreams...

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