

Apophis

"Tear Down Your Walls"

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Who are you, man? Walking on this earth of misery
Condemned to vain existence, following low things.
The truly Grand surrounds you, though it never
reaches you
As you are a prisoner of your poor knowledge.

Who is it to redeem you? This invisible figure,
The ruler of your dreams?
Whose help do you implore when your horizon is not
enough?
Is it God?

You find yourself enclosed in this room
From which there is no way out.
There is no door that opens to your knocking
But a drawbridge that closes in front of you.

Your inner self is hidden behind walls,
The cold walls of your inner self
Shielding you from the outer world.

You determine the point of time,
At which you open yourself to this present world,
At which you allow contact by weak media -
Through your senses, that deceive you.

You see the dawn but true light never reaches you,
You sense warmth but you are
Surrounded by frost.
The Serpent, the Evil, the Lord of Darkness
Reawakens and leads the way.

Secret knowledge, forgotten over millennia,
Discloses itself to you, tears down your walls.
You receive strength but not from within yourself.

It is the contrast between darkness and light.
A dark access to the Gateway to the Underworld
Opens within the fires of Re,
That donate you light to honour the Sun:
The passage to a new Kingdom is created.

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