

Arkan "The Seven Gates"

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To the dwelling of Erkalla's god
Daughter of Sin is determined to go
Enthralled, she harks unto the cries
And open her ears to the Great Below

Sparkling stones fastened to her breast
A gold ring around her wrist
If she won't return
A lament for her by the ruins

Over the door and the bolt, dust has settled
Go, Gatekeeper, let her in
Strip off and take away her crown
Such are the rites of the Mistress

Stripped of means and naked,
Helpless as the day she was born
Inanna turned into a green,
Decaying slab of meat

Escape
From the underworld
Decrease
In fertility on earth

God of wisdom, grieved and troubled
Great helper of humankind
Scrapes the dirt under your fingernails
Give'em the food and the water of life

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