

Astarte

"Quod Superius Sicut Inferius"

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Before him, a red light
Flames from fire set in benighted wildness
Natural resemblance made from the meeting
Devoted to the crowd mighty one

Go under the dark swales of earth
To the mournful chambers of sad hell
Cross the un-harvested sea of pulsing with lights

Under our roots
Years were banished

From the deep continent
Our home on Acheron's shore
Gaze the black Tartaros

Out of our roots
Our bodies gaze the stars
How long the beauty last!
Till soul fall down
The "rock" of the life-chain

Branches are the heavens
Around our limbs
We embrace the unchain universe

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