

## Bartholomeus Night

# "Theosophia Pneumatica (Vengeance Of The I)"

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Falling into an endless void  
Searching for the ultimate gift  
Your life as u knew fades away  
As darkness consume the light of day  
I call thee emperor lucifer as god of gods  
Grant thee thy infernal wisdom of the old  
Impowered me with the stranght of the young  
To praise thee name over mortal lands  
Reclaim your glory, for I will rule by your command  
We are the burning pain, salvation of man  
O-god all mercifull, will u answer the prays?  
Waking up-with the first light of day  
Wondering about the dream-what did it mean?  
Can it be-am I who I was taught to be?  
The reality I see in my eyes-a reflaction of the inner I!  
I - Release  
Dreafting apart from the self-uniting with the I

Pumped with the blood from my heart  
The true face of the world unveil before me  
Hatred and rage, for humanity shell fall  
For my wise, thus, ur will  
Eternal universal enslavement  
I call thee four names of blasphemy  
Lucifer, levaitan, satan, belial  
Know that our years are the years of war  
And our days are measured as battels  
And every hour is a life..  
He who awakens him calls thee ancient  
Vengence of the elder ones  
Upon himself and upon the world  
An old vengence.. vengence of the I  
Falling into an endless void  
As darkness consume the light of day  
Ur life fades away  
The old vengence of the I

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