

Emeth "Eleven"

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The eternal recurrence is
The spiral coil of ecstasy
Eternity is the infinite
Mystery to fools
Through eternal
Deaths could one be reborn
This orgasm of coming
Into being is perfect
I have become the knowledge
Culminating in my
Appearance I am perfect
Divide, add, multiply and
Understand my number is 11
As all their numbers who are of us
Smite these fools of
Men upon the earth
Trample down the many and the known
As all slaves they serve and
Cluster to exalt me
The blind lead the cripple
Through the burning embers
None shall stand before
Those who are as once were

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