

Absu

"Descent To Acheron"

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Pour water on thyself
Thus shalt thou be
A creator of the sun
Charon will inhibit his entrance
The fields and dwellings of relapsing ruins
Find thou thyself in every star
Achieve thou every possibility
Listen! Heed not the siren-voice of thought
The fable of river #5
Deliverme athwart the earth
Forsaken loam of wondrous slumbers
Thee spiritual and thee fertile
A spawn of full equilibrium
But whose availeth is in this,
For hereby there comenth impair

Facillis descensus Acherni
Noctes atque dies patet
Atri ianua Charnus
Sed revocare gradun sperasque
Evadere ad auris,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

There was not a formal sepulcher
Not one sector for the interment
Throth with thee empire of hope
All effects are welcome to Styx

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