

Absu

"The Infinite And Profane Thrones"

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As we journey over to the summit
We hear the echoes of dispossession
Who is to worry about our affliction
When my body departs from the shame
The wickedness my sinfulness
You may swell to the elysian fields
But the befall of Marduk will trace the literal truth
The Utuk xul! Wine's Holy Fool!
Whereby to capture and atone the clouded soul
The weeping apparition looks for duration
Conjectures of being vulgar, then godless ways
Euphony sounds the sanctum bell
I will structure the ordained spell
Guide the mistress versus the throne
Here's the first seed of the inquisition
Black lake current sailed past the rushes
Dismal heights will melt the scarlet snow
I'll give my sorrow to the lady in white
'O' pale flower, you'll feel the vein in depth.'
The wanderers of the eroded
The gates of Ganzir!
The Magnum Opus
The Xenolith!
Monuments of a vanquished civilization
A cenotaph of theomorphic conjurations
Sempiternity of the ones of our underworld
Archetypal images awaits the declivity
Infinite and profane thrones
Absymal sighs of the damned
Feel the intention by depressing your own god.

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