

## **Ix Opera**

### **"Anphisbena"**

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Solitary and imposing the sacred tree wait the spirit's  
circle  
Night receive the silvery lightning star  
Take my hand, brother! And give it to a sister as we  
can close the spirit circle  
High perfumes spill in the air, celebrating again the  
time wheel  
The great golden serpent wrap again his throne  
Here his royal look meet his opposite,  
two visages facing themselves in the eternal fight for  
equilibrium  
From his wooden throne the black goat of the woods  
wait his dismemberment as a rites for a  
continous fertility  
The nine knights surround the sacred enclosure,  
carefull guardians from the profane eyes  
The virgins dance following the way of the mother  
For the ancestral rite give again gift of continuity  
at his nation, his ancient nation  
Who have protected his cult for centuries  
Fires shines in the dark night and the torches  
accompany  
the whirling dances as a serpent that wrap  
his pray  
Take my hand brother and give it to a sister,  
for we are the sacred circle of the spirits  
Protector and guardians of the ancient knowledge  
And turn your voice to thunder,  
because this night the mother will unite with the god  
And we'll have a new life and a new king  
The light of the fires shine on the Anphisbena,  
that is the millenary lady of the underworld  
She will welcome the new initiated in the eternal  
circular dance  
Magics and maledictions from the stone temples will  
be able to make nothing against  
The most ancient wisdom, neither the new knowledge  
And even in the knights of the cross will cut the sacred  
tree and will banish the serpent  
The ancient seed will germ again infusing new roots  
And a new and imposing tree will rise again under the

double golden serpent sign

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