

Thy Antichrist "The Invocation / Transfiguration"

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From impious book I red the unholy distichon
Under the leaden night of frigid Saturn,
To Invoke the monster whose taciturn eye
Was boring the skies with his ignite gleam.

Proud was the presence of his granite being,
Hery and meander his nocturnal her
And one by one the shadows in insidious turn,
To the call come from fantastic rite.

From Alhazred book haughty I shouted the spell,
That ancient distichon of dark content
And the blasphemous hosts arrived victors.

So evilness possessed me with it's frightfulness hords,
The delirious night covered me with it's mantle
And from Azathot I glimpsed his membranous wings.

Transfiguration
I'm an ancient RoseCross manuscript:
In my symbolical death, in my journey for the four
elements
Through the inner magic circle of my abyss
I'm driven to the fire entrails of my spirit.
My microcosmos is reizing amazing
Out of the boundaries of time and space
Toward the mystical union with the solar gold
macrocosmos
Of the sextuple star.

Bihaind of veil I'll be waiting by secret black masters
Under the rays of Golden Dawn of forgotten time
Where the scarlet woman is charming me with lust.
All my desires, my freedom and my magic are
Occult secrets within the Grand Pyramid
And Ra- Hoor- Kuit keeps my dream.
I'm the transfiguration, Yes the transfiguration.

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