

Akercocke "Horns Of Baphomet"

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Baphomet
I am hostage to your presence
Captive to your words
[Sister Serena :]
'I can hear you calling
I can hear you calling me
I can hear you calling
I can hear you calling me'
Baphomet how do you touch me
When you are not here
[Sister Serena :]
'Look through my eyes
See through my eyes'
I can hear you calling'
The chatter of the Caco-daimones
And hooves upon flagstones
Resound in darkness
[Sister Serena :]
'I take that which tempts'
(clutch your rosary)
All sense of reason lost
(clutch your crucifix)
Crucifix
I call to thee exalted Goat
Vivid and vital
I find myself enmeshed
Hearken and remember...
...me...
Reverenced by templars
Worshipped by men
Baphomet
Breathing, dark one
Breathing next to me
Ever expected, but never coming
My silent vespers in darkness
Shadow of fate

[Solos- P.S., J.M., P.S., J.M.]

Look through my eyes
See through my eyes
One could lose a lifetime

Praying in isolation, Hidden
From the nature of chaos
The beauty of it's patterns
Beguiles
Like a falling trail
Of cold semen
Apon her face and breasts
Between the legs
Hair shorn to sensitise
[Sister Serena :]
'Death is no prison to me...'

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