

## Opera IX

# "Act III: Carnal Delight in the Vortex of Evil"

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The way leading to him is  
unknown and steep  
And the bodies rests of those  
who didn't deserve him make it slippery  
But it is at the borders of my  
soul, so I know the secrets to  
walk along it staying unhurt

The threshold of his abode is  
barred by a tangle of infected thorns  
But my soul keeps its key

His throne is shielded by 12 servants' stare  
But he has called me, I felt him calling me  
And he has given me the power to bewitch them

His rooms are icy  
But he warms my naked body with  
his breath

The throb and the blood flow suspend  
In the presence of him

His eyes, diabolical larvas his pupils, scan me  
His glance captures me and penetrates my breast

Goblet of delicious vermilion wine  
I give myself up to his grim embrace  
Throb of death

He is the storm  
He is the breeze  
He is the aurora  
He is the twilight  
He is the everlasting mind in  
the timeless abyss  
He injures and sates my lips  
He lessens my hunger  
He appeases my thirst  
He is fire burning my flesh  
He is icy snow settling in my womb

Rod of viscid serpents  
Death and blood excite him  
And my blood is the balm for his  
ecstasy and his voracious delight

Putrid carrion with burnt scales  
Obscure seducer with smooth  
scented skin of infant

Now I know you  
But he has always known me

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