Acherontas "The Winged Skull Rising"

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I was born under strange auspices Sagitarius showed the way - Gemini was My guide. Twenty years - twenty flags of Slavery, grave was my destiny, till Tiphareth beckoned to me. Three years of torment - Adeptus Minor was my sign. In Teutonic Lands I suffered In Northern regions I froze, I cried, I fought for an olive wreath. A dead girl shown the way: I joined my destiny. I was prphesized Eternal to be. A vision of Cold, a drop of myrrh, A scent of rare incense. I rose to fulfill my Prophecy. I am Adam Kadmon. The infinite and the null-The Alpha and the Omega. The mutated gene of the coming race. Snakes entwined in an eternal solstice. My beauty denies any description: Mechanical to animical - samanistical to theatrical

BEHOLD!
MY TOWER RAPING THE SKY!
BEHOLD!
MY WHEELS CRUSHING THE KINGDOMS!
BEHOLD! THE WINGED SKULL RISING!

Corporeal to astral - erotical to apocryphal:

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