# Acherontas <br> "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
Corporeal to astral - erotical to apocryphal:
BEHOLD!
MY TOWER RAPING THE SKY!
BEHOLD!
MY WHEELS CRUSHING THE KINGDOMS!
BEHOLD! THE WINGED SKULL RISING!
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