

And Harmony Dies "Practice"

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Our philosophy couldn't obviously remain written
otherwise it would have been a dogma
We practised for a while many rituals in houses,
woods, fields and caves
Initiations, invocations, sessions and adorations all
scented by incense and black candles
Everything was fascinating, sensual and even
dangerous
One of the rules was: no to acid Satanism

We wanted answers, proof and tasks
Not hallucinations
Each one of us had his own duty
We moved into the darkness like packs of mice
No one had to see us
They could interfere with our missions

We were prepare for anything but we hadn't thought
about hitches
Sometimes curiosity makes people want to try and this
was our case too
But we weren't cowards...

Others were, in fact one by one they all left
And only two remained and it would have been very
hard to carry on
We were alone but even more angry

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