

## For Thirteen Moons

Alhazanth

Thrice - anointed with the elixir of offering  
The candles around me have nearly come to life  
And as the salamanders are dancing their magic  
My eleven angles paint the walls of this shrine

Here I sit at the confluence  
Of the old and the new  
At the crossroads of all  
That is not and what will be  
Each fiber in my being  
Resonates with the objective  
This art is my temple  
And none other shall I need

Life force is spilled, the intent voiced  
Strong is my will, may all hindrance recoil

Awaken and will a flame...  
And a flame will awaken!

Words vanish from sight  
Blood becomes ash  
Amidst the thickest black  
Is seated the shining Baphomet  
Channeling the blessing  
Casting the curse most grim  
So that I may approach the void  
And be that much closer to Him

Life force was spilled, the intent voiced  
Strong is my will, may all hindrance recoil

Awaken and will a flame...  
And a flame will awaken!