

Our Ascent of the Tower

Alhazanth

Climb, climb
Make thy way up the spine
Bless the crown with flames
And midst them set thy throne
Light, light
The pyres of the sight
By the virtue of this union
The keys we now hold

The one coiled about to spring
Open that which is below
To that which is above!

The saviour within
Adored are thou

Rise, rise
From the depths of the mind
Awaken from the slumber
For the hour has come
High, high
To the arch of the skies
By the turning of the wheel
Thy reign has begun

The one dead but dreaming
Open that which is above
To that which is below!

The saviour without
Adored are thou