

# The Sacrament of Blood and Ash

## Baptism

To the teeth of the silver lion  
The lamb has willingly bared its throat  
A husk of mud shall turn into dust  
Cast off shall be the profane robe

In the fiery belly of the iron lion  
The corpse of the lamb will burn  
Until the remains of this offering  
Float out from the bellowing urn

A pool of blood  
Becomes a crimson sea  
And thus a smouldering seed  
Grows into a flaming tree

The age-old lie of shielding feather wings  
Overthrown by the reality of forked tongues  
And a torch lit between the horns

The image in the obsidian mirror  
Shows a newly-risen luminous man  
Standing within a circle of warm ash  
With his foot upon the skull of the lamb

Like a depthless ocean is the awakened soul  
Yet not an infinity abyss of darkness  
But one embracing a single sun

A pool of blood  
Becomes a crimson sea  
And thus a smouldering seed  
Grows into a flaming tree