

Tartaros Tides

Abigor

Voices of siren-like songs
are sounding to deafen our senses
But Azazel's thundering roars
reverberate from our unconscious
against the wake of oblivion's drift

On Charon's ferry
we navigate on pilgrims' fiery path
Through the nethermost waters
Where life's erratic streams
end up in oceans of deathless gloom

Dulcet choirs call
from beds of heavenly halls
From below, pounding wardrums
down angelic whores
Horns echo down through
Nekromanteion's tunnels
To the realms behind the gates of sleep
where the gods fall, titans wail, saints weep
Let the cruel bell of ruination ring aloud!

On Charon's ferry
through the nethermost waters

We nurture the stimulus
driving all man
Further down into Hades
where all chthonic streams unite
From cavernous depths
buried within our minds
Erupt the fountains
of our conless striving