

The cosmic maelstroms vast embrace in greed foreshadowed
Its devouring of doomed existences in sorrow
Forging fires in its gorge through tight attritions heated haze
To spew the blazing blown debris
To scatter through this timeless space.

Darkest universe lightened up by the golden dawn.
From Sirius, that sends deliverance like seeds it spreads, planted in arcane hearts.
Of the Dogon, and there the alien gift grew.
They felt the embrace by this gloom of the orbit.
The spell of life and a tight from Atargatis.
Their horizons rised, their minds were set free from hereditary lies,
They gained deliverance.
Touched the universe, so newborn and so borderless.
Without an ignorant shade in front of their eyes.

What has reached us? Felt from above?
Wheres the pain fulfilled our being?
Understanding! Simplicity!
No more confusion perverts our mind!
Satisfaction! Immortality!
No more addiction to materiality!
What has reached us? Felt from above?
Wheres the pain, fulfilled our being?

The mortal souls entangled in a strange delusion.
Too elusive seemed the words, unwanted the instruction.
Forging fires fed through rage and wrath to heat their astray minds.
To reconjure their own damnation, reinvoke recurring time.

The arcane tried to convert everybody's mind.
To improve mankind, at once doubters arised.
That called them failed, and punished them by stoning.
They took their lives, and condemned the whole mankind.