

# The Triumph of Ascending Majesty

Azarath

Oh, thou of noble-birth, thine wilt have to Wander!  
The maze of nightmares  
Transgenic heredity...  
The journey of misery  
Nothing-to-do, nothing-to-hold  
Wrathful demons shine forth  
Deluded premonition ghosts in the form of the One -  
The Lord of death  
Blood-drinking Father calling thou by thine deceased name

Thou hast been given to the vultures and the crows  
And to the phantasms... human - beasts of prey  
Stricken with fear and terror, suffer pain, sole in dread  
O Thou of tormented & helpless soul

Exploited... damned... depraved...  
Thy sick mind art the key  
The Secret formula to the lock of infinity...  
Thou art to penetrate thine omen thoughts  
Thou codon's clones - slaves to thine future hopes...  
To cheat the guards of transient prison  
And thus thou dwell in a sin-like sea

Yet free of atoms of lost unity...  
To unlock the doors of perception,  
To evade, to liberate... too late!  
Isn't gods will to delude?  
To cheat, to escape... too late!

My bones rest on the rocks  
as my flesh dissolves in the Vulture's throat  
Let the earth know the secret we have held and let it go  
Ashes and dust like barren thoughts are full of mundane desires  
Let the flames clean the un-furbished Soul in a funeral pyre.