

A Dream of War and Illumination

Baptism

Last night I dreamt of war
they handed me a black sword
winged it was, although crippled
and its price was pestilence
that followed after my rise

As I held that sacred blade
its wings were forged anew
forming a steel garland and candle
an enlightening that is to come
lord Lucifer unchained by us

Through the war and dedication
by the iron will and vivéka
through my heart and by the gods
this is where the old wars end
ascended, unmasked Master in us

Listen not the fathers' follies
gone is the comfort of lies
no more tears there are but those which flow
for the glory beheld = today I am born

This is where the tombs are shattered
this is where the sword is turned
this is where my self is kindled
this is where Satan reigns
this is where the old ways end