Buried with Him

Baptism

My eyes were blind for the night was mine
And the dark was the sustenance of my soul
Your sacraments down below, Lord Belial
Were mysteries of the worm for me to devour

My eyes drank your black light O King Who Roars
Imprisoned I still was ravished by You
I ate my tormentors, I laughed through dry tears of a corpse
And in this earthen cask of rot I made myself anew

The brethren, like the wind that no longer blows
Inside this scarlet tomb we have rotten
What was the sin or the quest of ours? No one knows but me
And so long ago I have forgotten

Consepulti ei in baptismo, in que et resurrexistis in Satanam
(Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him
)
Out of the tomb of Saklas
In quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiae et scientiae absconditi
(In whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge)
Out of the tomb of being

Through the flesh, through this nightmare
I remember the wind, I recall the caress
Even drowned in blood, even strangled by hair
When buried with Him in this cadaver palace

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