

Flames

Baptism

An age without fire = An age without meaning
No stains in their hands, still guiding to the purpose
They turn the wheel of life, new sparks are flying
Spinning to distance and nearer to the reality.

In the place of our destroyed sacred woods
does the new arson lighten the starry night
Its flames strike high above,
breaking the surface of the self-proclaimed sanctity
The crystal globe of sky does crack,
greater perfectness beyond...
The power of Satan's flame does burn
stronger in our hearts

With awe and wonder will be remembered
this time of re-illumination
For all that is done and sacrificed only strengthen us.
worshippers of the black cult
Us, the children of the Goat, before the bare throne
Everburning are the flames of hell, which strike the sky.

An empty room is full of life and spirit at last
In the farthest corner the unholy altar,
beginning place of the rituals
Fiery altar, fiery cross,
a mass of the Serpent has begun
It leads my soul towards perfectness
and never-dying flame