

## The Prayer

Baptism

All is made with human hands  
Yet no laughter heard  
But cracks on broken idols are smiling  
When fire out-poured  
Darkness became light  
When you can't see Samael you're him

These words are silence, like all else  
My Master, why hast thou remembered me  
Kneeling at my altar of everything  
Three gates below grant paradise by breaking it  
Behold through me, for you are the Eye

Serpents crawl from older dusks  
Soon hunting on altars of flesh  
Knowing you I will become that prey  
Which grows only stronger by its perpetual death  
And when I will stand on the ashes

I Will see  
I Will see the face of God  
The edge of horizon who splits the night  
Hearing the blessing  
Of discordant choir

From the depths I call for you O' Lord  
From the forms and names I reach for You  
You are the blood and you are the nerves  
You are the hands that unite in Prayer

"All of it consumed, fools gold turned to blessing  
The wounds upon my palms, pierced by no shallow words  
Still time to wake up, no time to look back, though"

No more waiting  
Indulge on blood-baked bread  
It's everything  
From fertile ashes  
Behind the stars  
Of darkness  
Of Master  
For my time  
I have taken