

Him that is fallen, the physical sun  
Progenitor of the devil, serpent of time  
Adjustment at the will in Teloah we are alive  
And in darkness enabled to being-becoming the one

Death, the final release  
The dragon spreads his wings  
Telocvovim  
Death, the friend with loving arms  
And claws to rend this world apart  
Telocvovim

A cycle of cycles, always alone  
Yet never lonely, at the bed of a harlot  
Tiphereth, Saturnus, whom aeons begot  
Another time a stranger, let him be known

Death, the final release  
The draongs spreads his wings  
Telocvovim  
Death, the friend with loving arms  
And claws to rend this world apart  
Telocvovim

It was you who heard the Seraphim sing  
While I rode the sharpest banshee sting  
A toll of hellish might  
But whose is the nobler power to clain?  
The one light-hearted or of the darkest fame  
Alas, for both are but pawns in a cosmic game  
Regardless of the aim of their flight

A luminous spear brought new light into my blinded eyes  
He lives in all of you

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