

We Whose Glory Was Despised

Glorior Belli

Each man who is man, high or low,
Holds in his heart an implacable snake
Who on a throne his seat does take
And rather of his will says no

Baffles the law and scraps the lies
At the root of the knowledge tree
Gazing into this sorcery
Incites and feeds obscure desires

Whenever our bodies move proudly
The Serpent whispers in our ears
A secret thought and our arms would bravely
Be the worthy rivals of god

The Demiurge up his antic chambers,
Trying to keep us unaware

Godforsaken mortals, we forge our victory
From our too many faults, to all our starless dreams
When night carries the knives
That pave the way to end the scheme
For we whose glory was despised
Must set our spirits free

For what can awaken the beast so soon,
Whose sleep has been taken beneath the cold moon
As the spells which whirlwinds of witchery may cast
The rhythmical number (666) will exhort him to rise!

Beyond our prison lies a thought-less realm
Where light is mystery for the adversaries