

Misrule

Nightbringer

By day seek the heights of the sun
And by midnight its abode in hell,
Where we are drunk upon the blood-wine
That spills from the grape wine
Of old Dionysus well
I behold self in the black of the moonless night,
Another death, another doom to foretell!
To old Baphomet
I proffer this life
Shedding blood and a dark soul to sell !

Misrule!
Misrule!
Oh , how wise is the fool
Of empty spaces
Barren places
The Devil's illumination

Misrule!
Misrule!
Oh how wise is the fool
Of empty spaces
Desolation
The Devil's exaltation

By Night we seek the sun in its nadir
And by day its glorious heights
As we glut upon the sacrament
Offered up by self-interment
Within the intellect of Old Night

I beseech the Other, my reflection,
My brother, another life,
Won through strife and the toll of Death's bell !
Before Persephone I ground all dismay
And make a paradise of the grandeur of hell !

Misrule!
Misrule!
Oh,how wise is the fool
Of empty spaces
Barren places
The Devil's illumination

Misrule!
Misrule!
Oh,how wise is the fool
Of empty spaces
Desolation
The Devil's Exaltation

Towards the gate of the Zeroth
Thrust imagination's divine key
like the spear of saint longinus
To pierce the body of his highness
And let his blood run endlessly free
To fall unto me! To fal unto me!

And now i shall know
And now I shall see
The All which revolves about the nail
Turns ever paradoxically!