

In the Dreams of the Dead

Tribulation

Mysteries of nature untold
Through the ecstasies unfold
By the grace of the gods
Through the innards of the soul

We bear witness to the other
To the embrace of the great mother
To the burning in man
To transcend

Open the floodgates in the womb of the world
To the dreams of the dead
Ride the storms where the seas of chaos whirl
In the dreams of the dead

We don't abide by the narrow tunnels
Where the spirit's turned to stone
Where the face of mammon's risen
And our magic is unknown

We set sail to the edge of reason
Where the worlds are clear to see
Though we are not of the son of man
We are to be free

The veils of doubt swept away
Mysterium tretnendum atque fascinans

Open the floodgates in the womb of the world
To the dreams of the dead, the other
Where the screams are left unheard

Open the floodgates in the womb of the world
To the dreams of the dead
Ride the storms where the seas of chaos whirl
In the dreams of the dead