

The source of splendour in forms manifold
In whom the fathomless arcana turn aglow
Eosphoros - The brightest heavenly eye
Each tempest of doubt His grandeur makes subside

All aeons entwine for He did arise
The flame that without loss endlessly devides
Like the sharpest sword is His unchallenged blaze
That cuts from our way the cobweb of restraint

Heralds, disciples and serpents we are
The object and the channel for His powers
Driven forth by the undying lust
To surpass the frailties of ours
And to go beyond every Ring-pass-not

The true wisdom besmeared in black
Waiting to be once unravelled
By the insightful and the daring
To be finally discovered

Whereas He is the circle, we are at the center
Too abstract to be defined, too concrete to be denied

All aeons entwine for He did arise
The flame that without loss endlessly devides
You call Him Satan, the prince of darkness and death
We call Him Satan, the eternal fountain of strength

Whereas He is the circle, we are at the center
Too abstract to be defined, too concrete to be denied