

The Phosphorescent

Alghazanth

We who were lifted from the moral swamp of man
stand with eyes turned upwards and ashes on our wings
arose we like titans in this immense heat of power
that melted into creeks the shackles 'round our limbs

The blazing light of Satan with passion we adore
as there is not an emblem of wisdom more sublime
so pure in its essence that a shadow it casts not
but penetrates the body and the spirit alike

Once marked as His own... forever we now glow

Our anthems we sing to the Sun of million forms
for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved

Unharmd we'll remain by the virtue of our oath
though fangs wound the flesh and venom fills the veins

In this garden where we blossom with fully opened petals
the things long forgotten are those about to dawn
and the tips of our branches that stretch ever inwards
reach through the veil of being to touch the face of Naught

On the path of Boundless Life... death means not demise

Our anthems we sing to the Sun of million forms
for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved

How lost are they whose eyes never adapt
to the darkness that reveals the treasures of the Self
how cursed are they whose ears never adjust
to the silence that recites the words we once forgot
and how dead are they whose hearts never react
to the forces that transfix all dimensions with their call

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for it is by His rays that illusions are dissolved