

Seconde LeÁon

We entered the heart of darkness.
And in the dead of light,
The Seventh Angel poured his vial into the air.

Embosomed in my Temple is a statue bereft of life.
Sweet umberbird, lighten her eyes lest she sleeps the sleep of
death,
For she has seen the Face of God and her life must be preserved
.

We met Luvadea, Maughter of mine,
And crowned her with emeralds and innocence.
But she was wearing the cobalt raiment of the Angel of Death.

Your bloodstained hair sears me in a sea of snakes,
A sun of amaranths,
With rays crawling on the Fields of Tears.

Adorn me in your torpid Temple
And forgive me if I cannot wake this dormant smile in your eyes
.
The Cyllenian god did love my sweet music forlorn.

Elohim, Elohim Sabaoth, EloÔ ShaddaÔ, AdonaÔ,
Y H V H

When the Sun remains silent,
I will lay my angels down,
For the Arch of my Temple is a parchment of blood.

Even Death has fled from me.
I have seen the Face of God
And yet my life has been preserved.

The Bride of the Lamb poured herself into me.
And Despair fell on us,
As if we had entered the heart of darkness...