

Hendekagrammaton

Enochian Crescent

A fine star of the name of Hendekagrammaton
Manifest the forces beyond matter-a-fact
State the wretched reality established
In all these ignorants folly worth a tension of

Occult light so vibrant hidden us supernal darkness
Of bondage to the lord at the gates of matter

Free the fire
Free the blood
Azoth of hypertype transmigration
Kill me of want before
Cosmic metacentrum
Free the will
Free the twin
To free my life I command thee

Hen-de-ka-gram-ma-ton!

Name of Hendekagrammaton is known in deep
That mirrors the stars in the fields of black

Where these halls of ancient one found today a keep
Of a race drowned in dawn of our timely gap

The man is flooding in as particles give way deep inside
In the very core to the dreaded one of finer matter

It is already here

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