

Lost and blind through desert sand.
Enlighten by the secret eye,
Pale horns shining through dense black corridors,
A sacred fire burning,
A sacred fire burning inside, to self-wisdom.

A path has shown crossroads to the void.
A path has shown crossroads,
a translucid dreaming.

Quintessence: a voice of silence
crawling within the nature
of self evocative serpents fire.

I am the flame: I am the gate
and the key of hidden mysteries,
of unknown visions,
of unspoken words!

Beyond the gateless gate,
a sun... an eye... an opal eve...
lo Sethos!

I am the flame: I am the gate
and the key...
I am all.
I am nothing.

Upon the sea of stone I float,
under the desert and I shall burn.
Wooden mirrors masked
in pale faceless forms
Grey shadows, show me the path.