

The Bitter Veils of Solemnity

Mournful Congregation

Crystal elixir, laps at far distant shores
Pastel-grey plumes, lick at mountainous peaks
Oceanic depths swell is disrupt

Sands from long lost age, upheave restlessly
Pain, its grey hues permeate cosmos
Divine hierarchies cry piteous bellows

Stand Witness to sorrow, stand witness to pain
Bitter are the veils, and solemn the oath
Does gnosis seek man, or does man seek gnosis

Few shall peer beyond the veils
When materia proceeds to melt away