

The Naked And The Dance

Opera IX

The fresh humidity of the green moss wets my skin,
my body laying down, as it suits to who adores a god,
over the sacred stones of the Cromlech.
Our bodies clinging each other,
what is of the One becomes of the Many.
The incense smoke dances with the candles flames
attracting the celebrants astral energies.
The choral worshipping of the Black Goddess raises from our minds,
what is of the Many becomes of the One.
The sacred wine shall fill the cup which turned was in the goatish horn,
the fertile lips shall kiss the rod which life and shape took from the walnut.
An the Nine shall come at the beginning of the dance,
the naked feet shall caress Sheela Na Gog,
the naked bodies moistened by woods breath,
the naked minds dancing in the air,
and the shrewd spirits, by sacred fire inebriated, shall turn to whirl,
and once more the Great Spiral shall be Tregenda
one and seven to celebrate the thirteen fullnesses of Levanah,
who of ancient memory made arcane magic mortal.
Simple melodies by Her Who guides vibrated,
enchancements of witches for millenniums hand down,
bodies like veils fluttering to paint the Great Dance
offered to the sky as a tribute of the soul drag into oblivion.
May I rejoin the stars, free my astral,
embrace Knowledge and in the All regenerate myself now beast now man,
till to reborn from the effluvioms of my ethereal spirit God I Myself,
God among Gods,
deserving of my devotion and of my passion!
Sacrificial victim for those who welcome me heir and part of the All.