

## Ceremony of Opposites

Samael

The top becomes the bottom  
The fantasy becomes reality  
The conceptions change  
The landmarks dissolve

And all becomes intermingled

To flirt with the despicable  
In a trance without end  
Where the ice burns

Like glowing embers  
And where one shatters  
By fits and starts of sperm  
The morale of men

Serve another god  
Lose another dream

Sentiments imprison and leave  
Their victims without defence  
Love is a poison which  
Flourishes in the heart of the weak

From the lower world we direct  
The attraction of the distasteful  
Makes us ignore the vile  
Since only from below  
Can one better see the heights