

Sol Invictus

The New York Room

pilgrimage
has begun
through the passage
let us come
in your image
triumph come(let your light shine down)ascending
dark and dire
never ending
flood and fire
tempest burning
raging pyre(let your light shine down)sphere of our sorrow
hangs over sea and land
near where tomorrow's
shadow is cast in the sandgold burning fire
mother of earth and sky
old hanging spire
poised and waiting on high
to thee we cry:invocation
spirits rise up, come forth, reach out and fly
into the light
awaken and breath life, reveal to unto me
immortal soul
from the eternal deep, bring your light unto
eternity
from this deliver us, give us releasecircle of fire
protector of the crown, you are the seer
undying sphere
expel all darkness down, exile all fear
more red than blood
forged in the temple of the Nephilim
oh rising sun
your burning blades of fire, your spears of light
blossoming white
oh monarch of the sky, to thee we cry!

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