

# The Sun of Tiphareth

[Absu](#)

Join us into thresholds of moonless light  
Xekonaphim paints your worshipped wheel of flames  
Incendere Magi Hortus Rosarum Black roses, laced with silver,  
are now the ashes of Heximeth  
The ten stars of Assiah wonders  
why the meadows are torched The holocaust of Atu brings down the pyre of Chokmah  
Chokmah fills lust into the virgin stream (silent waters)  
A Heximethian spirit looks below the edge of a cliff  
...and watches the thieves of serpents  
(worm of the eight-fold-star) Join us into thresholds of moonless light  
Xekonaphim paints your worshipped wheel of flames  
Incendere Magi Hortus Rosarum The sun of Tiphareth's circle arouses the warlock and seed  
Sephiroth plants your heart to grow his oak of VITRIOL  
Sepher Yetzirah is the deepest root of Atu  
the sun of Tiphareth's circle dances until it falls Tiphareth!  
Your lordship is the sixth sword  
that triumphs the jagged blade  
Strike it downward to a rusty point  
...and burn the earth as roses burn in the meadow "Come forth, o serpent, and take your fill of poison" I am above  
you and I am inside you  
My fierce eroticism is in yours "For he is ever a sun,  
and for he is the winged secret flame" I am the snake that kissed Gehenna's own worm  
I give knowledge and delight to the ones Black roses, laced with silver, are now the ashes of Heximeth  
The ten stars of Assiah wonders why meadows are torched

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