

# Baphomet

## Quicksand

Veni, domine liberator  
Dona nobis potestatem.  
Te adoramus, veneramus  
Dona nobis scientiam. You're the Horned God of Witches  
You're the adored Templar's Idol  
You're the Father Mithra of all of us! You've got different faces and powers  
We'll awake you with sex and prayers  
To help us make gold, oh Lord Moon's Dyer! Calling you I ride the lightning  
Praying you to set me free  
When I invoke you I reach the power  
In your light my mind is free. Only you can give the solution  
Helping us to accomplish the Great Work  
You will open the Arcane Doors of the Sacred Reign. And through the baptism of fire  
Mete will make all things blossom  
I abjure my faith for yours, for all your pleasures! Calling you I ride the lightning  
Praying you to set me free  
When I invoke you I reach the power  
In your light my mind is free. You bring the sign of the Holy Star  
Your bosom feeds the Eternal Light  
You show the moons of Chased and Geburah  
Solve et Coagula, oh Baphomet! Calling you I ride the lightning  
Praying you to set me free  
When I invoke you I reach the power  
In your light my mind is free.

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