

Lam

Behemoth

Children of technocracy invoke synthetic spirits
Plastic crosses choke perspiring necks
MAAT - I cast dices, but curtain of future is still hermetic closed
Rise! Rise up my Soror, and you, my Father -
High! Towards the stars when the white fire
Which purifies and melts all false sacrament
Ashes' power equal thousands suns
Mysterys' structures are like chaos of known
Objectivism is subjective mandala of reality
Fractals - flaming spaces consume ego's order
Kaos Keraunos Kybernetos Lamipsos
Illumination in the face of thousand faces
Gnosis obtained by descending into the tunnels of self - knowing
When thunders of ecstasy strike black waves of unconscious sea
I swim, float, drift, scream... "Aiwasss"
And barriers of self change in legion of escaping bats
L.V.X.

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