

Bestride Shantak

Dies Irae

Do you feel the night?
Bow down before Thee
Prepare for journey
Ceremony, hideous rite
Between caves, in woods
There is a secret place
Where sinister statue bears
This is your key to other worlds
Of no other even seen
When you spout the invocation
Your destiny belongs to Thee
Made one with chaos
I call you vested in rime of vault
Palfreys hatched from obscurity
Nocturnally ride for thirsty might
Myriads of ways lost in times
Tunnels ad infinitum
Blinded by impermeable darkness
Of the ancient ones
Pictures, visions made by night
When she was young
Journey for aeons and at the end the light
Cosmic vortex, everything lost
Wistfulness is the key

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