

Ceremony of Opposites

Samael

The top becomes the bottom
The fantasy becomes reality
The conceptions change
The landmarks dissolve And all becomes intermingled To flirt with the despicable
In a trance without end
Where the ice burns
Like glowing embers
And where one shatters
By fits and starts of sperm
The morale of men Serve another god
Lose another dream Sentiments imprisonment and leave
Their victims without defence
Love is a poison which
Flourishes in the heart of the weak From the lower world we direct
The attraction of the distasteful
Makes us ignore the vile
Since only from below
Can one better see the heights

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