The Triumph

Cradle

As the flies and the wilds
gathered around Tens Horns
The beasts from all directions
Fell the call of their master
The winds are changing
The sun is staying upon
The stars are ever glowing
The timehad come you will see...Rising up the mountains,
Churning all the oceansThere is nowhere to hide
The unleashed poor think they can
Escape but there is only one way
In fact which leads towards
the wide opened fangs
Made of infernal flames
See the floating of the millions of creatures
Towards their reconciled destiny
And blasting all the hopesSee what is the reality in itself:
Everything is already dead!The ecstatic trance-dance of Mahakala
Burning down the worlds
Leading by the anger against all
That belongs to GodNow its time for to the world
To see a man with opened eyes
Now its time to realize
We tell ourselves the best of lies
Now its time to see the fact
We all are the unity
Now its time for us
To deliberate our aim

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