

FORBIDDEN PANtheon

APOTHEOSIS

Album lyrics

- I. DEMISE OF THE SUN**
- II. IMPURE BLACK ENLIGHTENMENT**
- III. GEMINI**
- IV. THE FORBIDDEN PANTHEON**
- V. TRANSCENDING THE SEFIROT**
- VI. PARADISE LOST**
- VII. FLESHBOUND**
- VIII. THE TELEMACHUS COMPLEX**
- IX. IMPERIAL CULT**
- X. AWAKEN A SHRINE TO OBLIVION**

⌘ DEMISE OF THE SUN ⌘

⌘ IMPURE BLACK ENLIGHTENMENT ⌘

I am, my self, maker of all my failures
In this misstep of evolution
While longing for an ecstatic dimension
The swamp is created by my attempts
The same that binds me every single time
And anchors me here

Mediocrity drinking from the cup of pain
The latest flash of a sad consciousness
Keeping the soul calm, satisfied, obsolete
A drafted path, always about to fall

Knowledge instilled the idea of vertigo
The awareness of downfall in human minds

Widening perspectives of the knowable
Creates a gap, the consistency of a web, the need for creation
Contempt will be your fellow in solitude, judge and avenger of your own law
Burn in your own flame
Your heretic fire
Burn hopes forever in rivers of black blood
Raping portals of time

Take for granted the open gates of enlightenment and justice, and it will follow you lame
Between fairness and black widows, I bring the sermon of death
I am the failure of my makings

☿ GEMINI ☿

Shame to men accepting their destiny
Hanging from the tree of existence
Hollow bodies embracing a promise
In a futile praise of tomorrow
They don't have strength and weak is their will
Pitiful worms crawling towards the sunset
Desire was your guidance, now your enemy
Sealing existence in a cold kiss

Hard is the path longing for glory
Lacking in honor but fighting for it
Reverse the cursed river
Your soul and virtue shining
Free for death and free in death

When death comes you'll know
It won't be a supreme act of selfishness
But the brightest sanctuary
Thus vibrating from beyond

Torn by wolves who came in a pack
Marked by the blood of a thousand wars
May serpents crush the anguish
And then make you choke
Transcend and triumph over suffering
Purged from illusions, freed from false gods
May you fall into the sweetest bliss
Failing the formula of men, forever

⋈ THE FORBIDDEN PANTHEON ⋈

There's a scent that plagues all guts
A static need to define what's full
But since void comes first, life's denied
Within this arid box filled with dead connections

Through the broken arc of dreams and thoughts
We are lifeless, led to all issues
While the box rules the matter, riding wings of self-destruction
Emptiness gives a sterile birth

We're scars that walk the earth, infecting all your thoughts
We are the sin that makes your logic imperfect
We are a plague that infects the air, shutting off all your thoughts
We are the mental illness that makes you wane

We create ourselves from a dying seed, from a detached root
What is dead should stay dead

Through the downfall from the moral altar
From blood soaked chains of revelation

Let reason guide you, in the garden of loss
Let reason guide you, in the blood-red fields of prejudice

We create ourselves from a dying seed, from a detached root
Since darkness comes from light, what is dead should stay dead

⋆ TRANSCENDING THE SEFIROT ⋆

In the naked splendour of the night
And strife!

Invoke regeneration under the stars
Worshipping fools that men adore
Equinox of gods and venom
And be the first and last to bathe in sin
Under the dove's name

Like pure flame you shall come to lay
Into the bosom of knowledge, wisdom through pain, and refuse to die

Under the serpent's sign
Freedom through pain
Sacrifices and wisdom
Freedom through sacrifices

The power I gain
Sunset's daughter, adore me with your voluptuousness
There's no god here I am
For I'm the striking brilliance that blinds the eyes
Above the wretched I stand
With strength I burn enlightened

Under the serpent's sign
Freedom through pain
The eternal ecstasy, in dissolution
Never to be slaves again, oh sunset's daughter
Burn like pure flame into the bosom of knowledge

Sunset's daughter, adore me
There's no god where i am
For I'm the striking brilliance that blinds the eyes
Above the wretched I stand
With strength I burn enlightened

⋈ PARADISE LOST ⋈

We have arrived to corrupt the minds of these sinful fake saviours of all mankind
That have sworn, sheltered from us
Look into their eyes and gaze at their faces
You can't understand that they're too pure
Chaste, sage, a whole state for them
All these things have been produced from blood
These swindlers have exterminated philologies and humility
To prove the existence of their devil-may-care god
Restless, frightened, shuddering, blinded
Perceive in their brittle ribs the stink of the lies
Of the illusion they have bloodily imposed
Their bones, not yet crumbled
Just grind for the fearful demon's army
Ready for the holocaust of their corpses
How these few cowards can represent this seamless god?

Magnificent judge decrees an ultimate verdict for this trial
In the name of god's morality!
The world of god has been twisted in favour of the brainless

By this manlike horror, a pollution for mankind
Surprised? sickened? sweating?
Your defensive warfare is becoming a suicide
Have you any excuse to temporize?
Thus your master let demons be killed
Thus our master destroys your pride
Your promise of redemption takes in only unaware angels
That makes you look like a fool
The idolatry of your god, let all humans burn their cross
Whole crowds of god's believers are finally exterminated
With bloody success
Only in a quarter of this day, they seem to be our slaves unaware
Supporters of lies
After the centuries the Christian rebels are continuously lessened
This means one thing: god, Satan, both want Christians to die

⋆⋆ FLESHBOUND ⋆⋆

The greatest men are born dead plagued by the knowledge
That death's quickly recognized as the only way out
Too little too late for self-accomplishment
Regret everything that you have been

Let the angel of solitude then slay upon a faithless blade
In the closest incarnation of hell
Oh mother, if you could see me now

Nail me down by the throat, oceans of wrecked dreams
Regret everything that you have done and kiss defeat
Facing demons of no return and laments of clarity
From embryonic solitude to desolation, fleshbound

Let the angel of solitude then slay upon a faithless blade
In the closest incarnation of hell
Oh mother, if you could see me now
In the closest incarnation of hell

I never cared to find a way home
Oh mother, if you could see me now

Appearing here in this void is the lord of suffering
A dress made of hypocrisy and pain
That seems everlasting
I was in a maze of self-doubts
Visions bleak
I find myself in an empty room
Begging
Begging for the end

But time has gone into the jaws of the past
I am not the only one in this room
I am none

☼ THE TELEMACHUS COMPLEX ☼

Neither Alexander knew
That horizons bend to knees
And at the end of the day
What do we really build?

Towers and churches fall
All shores will be left

Keep your hands off the map
Where kings of the red sands and traitors melt

Mirror of perdition
Keep me away from lust
Shalt I cross no border
Shalt I fear no one

'Cause it's my circle of safety
That I crave the most
A million ways to get in
What am I becoming?

Blindfolded and gagged with a hangman's noose
I am dead from birth
Replace the scars
Shut your eyes
Judge me and set me free

Shalt you greet this soil
Shalt you embrace your sea
Hear the ancestors' lament
They died for you to be

I am the comet of perdition
Set ablaze your scars of redemption

Blindfolded and gagged with a hangman's noose
I'm dead from birth
Replace the scars
Shut your eyes and stab me god

⌘ IMPERIAL CULT ⌘

Thou decaying star of winter
Have risen from the crystalline depths
Forging my morality, levelling the gap
Motus in perpetuum, neverending

Twisting among the tidal waves

Lay my purple principles

A requiem in purity

A star-scarred ship

My requiem in purity

A march into a silent grave

A march into a silent grave

The keymaster and soul digger

Lined up losses through glass caskets

Time stands still in this outworld

Let time devour its children

Existence eternally recurring

Deed and guilt

⌘ AWAKEN A SHRINE TO OBLIVION ⌘

Gazing from the abyss on perpetual horizons
Crashing against the walls of ego on a darkly lit steed

A testament to willingness
Aspiring to kings and demigods

As even Christ died like a human body
We aim at the inconceivable prospect of becoming new gods

We are suns following our inexorable will
This is our curse, this is our thirst, this is our coldness

Violent hunger in satiety
I injure those I illuminate
My virtue becomes weary.
I am craving

In the arms of a conscious oblivion
Obscure angels lift me over time and space
Ruling vile matter, my will
Pursuing our courses like storms

This spirit's unshattered
Eternal

Immaculate

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