

Enochian Crescent, Igne Natura Renovatur Integra

We must burn to ashes
To rise again
With a threefold glory
Prepare yourself

For the unhallowed day
When our souls are fit to climb
And the fools are left behind
Unheeded

Overwhelming shadows
Massive unearthly bodies
Of their weight
Hot smoke burns the tongue
And sets the lungs aflame
The fury of the tempest
Will beat the false pride out of you

A predetermined course
Is upon you
The inescapable finale
Disciple yourself

The sightless one
When desire to live will
So abnormal seem still
Yea, transmutation

Bow down your head
That ignored premonitions, forewarnings
Save your tears
Because your tears won't save you
Be utterly ruined
Creation of silence

Igne
Natura
Renovatur
Integra