



By The Light Of A Black Sun

An art of power
An archaic darkened gleam
Shimmers through the cracks of the arcane
Black sun, obsidian storm

The holographic construct of being
An empty space in the glow of clarity
The sentient subconscious wraith is waiting...

In the solar lodge I found the key
That unlocked a celestial domain
It gave me wisdom and the will to soar
High in the face of the gods

I am guided by the light of a black sun
By streams of alchemy and time I am bound

An archway to the mysteries, bridge of enigmatic light
Shimmers through a rift in the umbra
It rains upon the ether in a wash of quiet brood
A blackened storm, obsidian sun

I have been gilded by the light of a black sun
By jaws of the emerald lion I am bound

Archæan Divinity

Through dust of ages, burned into ashes of the seer
The voice of an ancient echo travels across the astral plane
Before the mark of time, before the origin of life
What was and what shall be again meet at the crossroad of the divine

Masked in anguish, cloaked in shadowed ancestry
We stand in duality and await the arrival of the triad

Infinity arrived before us on a steed of morbid decay
and cast down on our plight, a looming desecration
He is the third, the triumvirate, his journey ends here
in our temple of atavistic separation

His mare of centuries bows and falls from its bones
into a pile of dry flesh, scoria and sinew
We are but heretics watching from the edge of the ruins
Our maligned veil enshrouds the world below

Through the corridors tide, before the light revealed our silent woe
A pleasant stillness that suffering could only reward
We drag the gods behind us, they perished grasping our cloaks
The serpent's venom spat upon and joined the ranks of the fallen steed

We are but travelers in a lost æon
A new dark age of malice...and divinity



The Vestige Of Thorns

Remove this mortal coil
The nucleus of life, a vestige flame
Where memories are adrift in a capitulum hollow
Remove the heart and marrow
The perpetual rhythm in a pallid cage
Replace it with thorns, dried with age

Scar me, bleed me

Remove the ghost of being
The spiritual fiber which makes a man
Lost inside, haunting this fragile cavity
Like smoke that abandons the flame
A shadow's impression which never fades
Replace it with thorns, dried with age

Pierce me, release me

Fill what is left with a coil of thorns
Fill what is left with rusty nails
Fill what is left with obsidian shards

Shatter me, destroy me...
Make me whole again

Leave a briar of thorns where once stood a man
There are fragments of wisdom in decline



Forged Iron Crucible

I have been molding this burden for a lifetime
Curved in the most exquisite form
Forged to capture my molten iron will
A vessel that shall carry me to the grave

Purify through fire
Cauterize...

This furrowed affliction is as arrow-ravaged flesh
Locked away in a chamber of voices
Haunted by the past, hunted by the present
Stalked endlessly by a harrow of shame

By scorn and the crucible
Scar, burn, sanctify

The ardor of scorn is an artist who paints with pure desire
The perfect scar is forged by pyre...

I have been molding this bitterness for a lifetime
Cradled in the most exquisite form
Forged to scoff my molten iron will
A mockery that will echo to the grave

Purify through fire
Wash away the burden

The ardor of scorn is an artist who paints with pure desire
The perfect scar is forged by pyre and crucible



A Stygian Pyre

All fire burns black

Stygian...the darkest, most cleansing of flame
The scythian light that reaps the herd

Yielding to nothing, amok in its feral wake
Godless and unforgiving with a heart of brimstone

In a purification ritual – cleanse the world of this abomination

All fire burns black
Nothing is darker...

Pyre...the purest, most cleansing of flame
Yielding to nothing, architect of austere carbon bane

Reduced to a grey, delicate ashen reverence
Erased in a seraphic scour of pitch-black fire

The Sentient Arcanum

"Aequa lege necessitas sortitur insignes et imos..."

Dark is the River of Man

There is a river in us all
It flows a crimson ruin through our veins

It is the life blood of suffering
Red magma on a slow course to oblivion

This river, it binds us
It flows through us, feeds us
It gives us health, it gives us life
...and drowns the rest of the world

Tie your hands and suffer
Then break them from the body
Drown your soul in the mire
Until there is nothing left of us here

An empty vessel floats away

Drown your soul in the water
Feel the black mire penetrate your being
Wlace your hands in the water
The mire of mankind flows on....and on...

...a river...

There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn

- Albert Camus

Music composed by Parker/Haughm/Matthews, lyrics by Haughm

Engineered by Tad Doyle at Witch Ape/Skyway Audio, Seattle
& Stephen Parker at Sprout City, Eugene

Mixed & mastered by Markus Stock at Klangschieme Studio E, Mellrichstadt

Cello on "The Sentient Arcanum" performed by Alison Chesley

Artwork by Niels Geybels

Photography by Valeda Thorsson

Logo, art direction & design by John Haughm

Tied hands emblem and page borders by Chris Kiesling/Misanthropic-Art

Noted appreciation to Sarah Beaulieu, Tad & Peggy, Nico & Ramona, Markus & Nadine, Mathias & Cornelia, Kevin, and Enrico for their amazing hospitality during the recording and mixing of this album

We also raise a glass to the following who loaned us their gear for this recording:

Bryan Sours for the Soursound prototype combo amp, Valeda Thorsson for the bass guitar & contrabass, Alex Webster for the bass compression pedals, Jake Pearce for the EGC Baritone, and Nate Carson for the Moog Taurus

Pillorian uses Elixir strings, Scott Dixon cases, and Maxline cases

www.pillorian.com

