



Un art of power
Un arthaic darbened gleam
Shimmers through the cracks of the artane
Black sun, obsidian storm

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

In the solar lodge I found the fey That unlocked a celestial domain It gave me wisdom and the will to soar Tigh 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
Slimmers through a rift in the umbra
It rains upon the ether in a wash of quiet brood
I blackened storm, obsidian sun

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



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. The is the third, the triumvirate, his journey ends here in our temple of atavistic separation

Tis 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 Dur maligned veil enshrouds the world below

Through the corridors tide, before the light revealed our silent woe I 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 aeon Inew Sarf age of malice...and Sivinity





Remove this mortal coil
The nucleus of life, a vestige flame
Where memories are abrift 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, blee8 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
I shadow's impression which never fades
Replace it with thorns, dried with age

Vierce 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... Mate me whole again

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





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

> Purity through fire Cauterize...

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

> By scorn and the crucible Scar, burn, sanctify

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

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

> Burity through fire Wash away the burben

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





All fire burns black

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

Dielding to nothing, amof in its feral wake Godless and unforgiving with a heart of brimstone

In a purification ritual – cleanse the world of this abomination

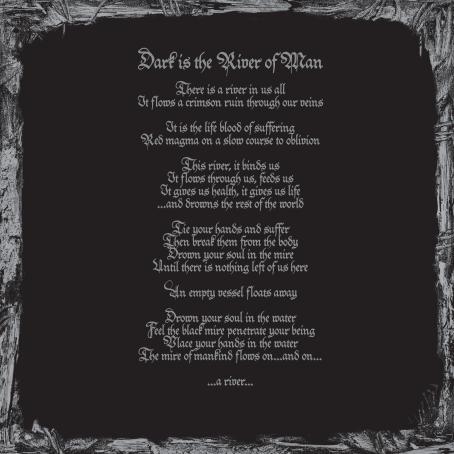
All fire burns black Nothing is Sarker...

Byre...the purest, most cleansing of flame Dielding 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

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



## There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn

- Albert Camu:

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 Klangschmiede Studio E, Mellrichstadt Cello on "The Sentient Arcanum" performed by Alison Chesley Artwork by Niels Geybels Photography by Veleda Thorsson

Logo, art direction & design by John Haughm Tied hands emblem and page borders by Chris Kiesling/Misanthropic-Art

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

www.pillorian.com

