

# Silence Of Death

Ataraxie

Here we are at the beginning of your end  
Unbaptized in a fresh pool of congealing blood  
Soon to be freed from what one calls life

Shut your eyes and release your final breath  
Petrified now are your limbs and hollow become your eyes

Abandoned in a lonely street like a garbage that someone has got rid of  
Freshly wounded, this obsession of killing by yourself is growing  
But the feebleness is creeping over so much that your life's vanishing

Say goodbye to your poor and useless existence  
Be prepared to meet the cursed one or the holy one

Welcome the coldness of black blood through your veins  
Feel the warmth of liquid escaping from your orifices  
Smell the putrid stench released by your own corpse

Empty and useless you are  
Then come the weeping and the meaningless tears  
Please no sympathy, please no hypocrisy

Leave this corpse alone and let it rest in peace  
After awhile morticians come to bring you to the mortuary  
And offer a bag as a present in a luxury hearse with beautiful leather seats

Here we are now at your final home  
Surrounded by a sweet sound of death and decay  
Here holy flames wait for your fresh remains  
To free your soul from your mortal coil