

Depressed Void

Baptism

I set off to wander in the night, going somewhere
pondering the swamps of my minds, unexplored roads
Where seems to be even too much time
It is extremely hard to feel anything that would be
in this world

From emptiness and despair
total hate
shadows reflecting my crumbled body
Satanic supremacy, leading my journey to the distance

"Now hard it is to understand how our souls can travel
without wounds and when once our travel takes us
to some stinging, burning, incomprehensible thorn
that tries to break our route to darkness
because the emptiness is the beginning
and the untimely end of our travel"

Your overwhelming presence conquers my heart
fascinating spirit of Satan!
Melancholic feelings, poisonous thoughts,
the enormous will of emptiness
Divine idols trampled to wet stone,
burnt in dank rain
The divine touch of emptiness, ahh.
I have come back to my roots.

"I cross my hands and pray a new fire for my soul.
I close my wounds and rip them open again,
with insurmountable hate.
Like the worms burrowing in the burial coffins,
I crawl to the darker and more anguishing"

Rekindling again the flame of soul,
to the great shining, burning like a torch
The overwhelming yearning of emptiness on the chasms'
walls, the light-oppressing trance of darkness