

This Is Not the Silence

Cadaveria

This is not the silence, but its void
Without memory, fixed in formalin.
Sea without shores and horizons
Wind dissolving dried up remains
Obscurity of visceral holes
Sinking into remote abysses
Fragments of a stigmatized soul
Defying the other side of destiny.

Iron force digging the heart pulp
Pure diamond shining in secret on the tame limit of
imploring blood
Game of deceit and illusions
Hand that raises the curtain
Every atom of air nourishing me.

Melting the unknown
Unleashing the black cloud of enigmas.
Don't close your eyes in the face of havoc
Cure the ill sprouts!

Blind universe, hollow in which we write what we have
done
We are programmed to believe in something we cannot see
Armed with instinct of escape and defence
The dead cannot lie
Azure bruise, embrace without possess of beauty.

Immense cruet of quartz, where gold and basalt merge in
primordial vibrations.

Savage dawn, blurry stars massacre
Arcane sky, spheres in shiver.
It is the power of magic radiating from us, exiling us.
Foster the comment of birds and nature
Energy and music of stones
The theorem of the devil rustles immortal luxury.

I am bloodless and now only dust can bloom in my veins
dry like brambles.
And now the wound is thirsty of another blade.