

Dies Irae

Devilish Impressions

Your name is cursed... Why? Yes, you remember now. In frantic wrath you recognize the pictures of time. Monuments of your own crime you bedew with silver tears. There's no reason to grieve, grief becomes vain. Let the sword of Macrocosmos smash the enemies of freedom. Only one is worthy of bliss, who has the seed of desire. War against the usurpers of glory!!! War against the thieves of happiness!!! The hideous vision of gratification kindle the new delights... The stream of crimson soiled a heavenly light. The landscapes of compensation painted in the blood of indifference. Hills around are overgrown with the forest of crosses but upon the one, there's no flesh of the liar... Once again you look with pride at the flower enveloped in the veil of victory. But... What's that?! Your deepest lust's crown is covered in the sperm of bitterness. Flower created in shameful jealousy wounds your tired hands. Look! How it shivers unconsciously on the wind in silent convulsions. Look at those piles of bodies covered in the cosmic dust of a Night. Silence... Only the mourning bell rings The Last Requiem.