

Mass For The Dead

Devilish Impressions

Unknown, Unseen, Unnamed, Unimaginable
You draw circles with the closed ritual
And a tear hidden in your blood
Allows to grasp the order of your world

Dead skies' symbols behind you
Shining half - consciously among the words of prayer
They are like cold lips of fallen winged souls
Still looking for freedom lover -
Freedom flying towards the skies

This is the secret mass of silence
Calling non-existence from everywhere
From bleeding heaven and beautiful depths
Where flowers of death revive once more

Time spills kisses your hands
Kisses existing just in unity and harmony
You descend unto the depths of your thoughts at nights
Sensing the breath of death and look of her shroud
Ashes of sin you crushin your hand
So as to walk through the symbolic mirrors

Know that now you are just a part of the great power

Death allows to enlighten night
Allows to worship and die again
Anxiety and sadness shall rejoin in you
Re-discovering the horizon
In this march you are a well-known target
In this march you are freedom

Through ascension of death - live
Through nudity of fog - live
Through winds of freedom - live
Through bloody shroud of beauty - live

In loneliness a spark of your life
Shall conquer fickleness of time
Passage to immortal non-existance

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