

## La Vie Est Prélude... (La Mort Orgasme)

Gorguts

The incoherent system of life  
Structured in my self dark ideology  
"But why am I sombre with pride?"  
It may be a prelude to a symphony

Through this prelude carnal confinement  
Anguish was my closer friend  
Once into the world of breathingless  
I'll be glad to meet my end

My flesh, I overwhelm  
As I rise in ecstasy  
Proceed into the realm  
Of blissful immortality

Winds of pureness I inhale  
How can they love this life so miserable?  
I neglect my being  
How can they trust this god so feeble?

The inner belief now I deny  
I structured in myself my proper entity  
Inner-prelude increases my will to fly  
Sounds of blackness, my energy

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