

Cadaveria, In Memory Of Shadows' Madame

Diaphanous figure who silent rides death's wisdom
It's said you came when the weary sky was sinking
into its eternal sleep
And that only your cry would have announced a new dawn
Mistress of the air shaking the fronds of icy hills
who at dawn caresses the bare branches of foggy plains
You grew up as a lonely witness of existence's foolish theatre
On your visage the signs of a gloomy memory
Your lips wound false innocents' hearing
with painful truths and biting sentences
You knew the inner pleasure of senses
the poetry of wind, the secret of fire
Your will has the strength of thunder
Your spirit the impetus of the final fight
Oh great mother who lavishes love generating hate
Enchanting muse of unspeakable fancies
You will rise again from the ashes
wrapping the great catastrophes
Pure, joyful and immortal Darkness and light will eternally
follow you in the temple of the new dreams
In memory of Shadows' Madame.