

# Cadaveria, The Magic Rebirth

Celebrate and praise the dead spirit  
Bury your hopes with him  
Nobody and nothing can rejoice me  
except the world of pretence.  
The god doesn't deserve my sacrifice  
and his image must not be  
transfigured in divinity  
Let me make experience of me  
relish the horror of a bloodshed  
feel an instinctive pleasure before  
what commonly stirs up disgust.  
And then I could approach  
following existences  
disembowel the unconscious  
Express my verity, hidden or denied  
that will appear like a blind enigma to you  
And I will find childlike purity again  
amorality that hurt the false minds  
I will essay the elementary pulsations  
those you have secluded in dreams  
Or destroyed with a symbolic castration  
I prepare my magic death  
I enter the reign of imagination  
I enter the thunder's memory  
and my body revives, my spirit is in peace  
my heart is ready, my essence plunges into warm earth

and my mind blends with the cosmic energy.  
We all raise with the sun  
and we'll return to death  
like a drop of rain towards the wide ocean.  
I've dreamt a winged snake  
eating its own tail, encircling the earth  
And a mountain of crystal  
bearing the child of an old witch who died confessing her sins  
I woke up and I looked at myself in the black mirror  
and I felt a new magic strength  
enliven the blood time had frozen in my veins.  
Now I follow my religion and the brightness of my mind  
Since now I revive  
I honour and respect the choices I made  
I don't let silence dominate my heart  
I don't let fear suffocate my shout.  
May the queen have new desires  
that come true with the heat of fire  
I close my circle lightning the candles of stars  
I celebrate my rebirth