Cadaveria, Vox Of Anti-Time

Distorted walls cannot tear the lights of thunder
and the flashes of reason
If something must still happen, it shall happen
following the rules of anti-logic
Flee from the ignoble joke of nature,
that vegetates in company of the fetid ignorance
Don't burn your energy trying
to stand your anti-you
Scratch lunacy and remember that, after all,
everything can be brought back to a ridiculous
game by the vox of anti-time.
You cannot separate happiness from your life,
as your life is not exempt form tragedy
World is made the contrary of what
the common sense is done
It leans on a ignorant and unthankful substratum,
that sings hosanna to the ones who kill
and spits on those who celebrate the excitement of life,
that worships the false prophets refusing the simplicity
of sincere feelings, to protect his own inconsistent shell
from the disappointment of raw truth.
I am against every stereotype or icons
I yearn an antiseptic space,
impatient and devoid of shame
I know it exists, it is inside me
Sometimes outside me
I've been there with my mind.