

# Elend, Sopor Aeternus...

O mortis secretum, ubi finis nervorum?  
O funeris albor, ubi sonus somniorum?

The insane wine of the night misled my soul  
At the confluence of dream and of pain...  
We dance under the closed eyes of paradise,  
And our eyes tear the insane space  
of the light.

Saltemus sub oculis coniventibus paradisi!

The violence of the winter moon  
spreads a mantle  
Of cold icy pain over my petrified landscape.  
Seized by the freezing frosts  
of the diabolic winter,  
Our hearts breathe the winds of sadness.

Saliamus, saliamus aeterno,  
Saltemus, saltatum mortis!  
Saliamus, saliamus!

But what is in my heart can only be read  
by the winds  
That gathered my words of pain.  
The veil of the night falls at your feet  
Revealing the views of the fiery sky.  
Kyrie eleison.  
The gentle sapphirian night wrapped me  
in its maternal warmth  
And her hair, studded with stars,  
had a scent of sensuality  
As I lay embraced in her sweet caress.  
How tender is the night  
in her amorous delights.

Where are the flowers I gave you, my love?  
The amaranth, the rose and the lily.

Buried within the glacial vault  
of my thoughts,  
Take from me this fading breath,  
Enfold me in your veil of darkness  
To celebrate the reign of black eternal night.

And in the snows, glittering  
in the cold fragile moonlight,  
Appeared the incandescent flowers...  
The blood of angels,  
Said one of our kind.  
"Our blood".

We dance...  
...and the blowing of the winds is  
our only music,  
We dance.