

# Kirlian Camera, Along The Avenues Of Hell

Snow stops falling so it'd like to get dirty  
at the street corners under the dreary March sun.  
I'd give my own self for this dreadful winter  
so it doesn't come to an end  
In Death... within Death...  
I've got Death... Death...  
I love this fall full of tears  
I love this useless downfall somptuos, blessed  
I won't ever come back. Let me say it...  
I don't ever want life in me again. Dreadful atrocious life.  
A finest paradise, the joy of death  
and garden full of statues without shade  
And the madness from the deepest pain  
shore... of the end  
beaches without any sound  
from the sea. Infinite and deserted  
and such unnatural possession of agony  
and then unconsciousness, so to feel its happy intoxication.  
I don't accept any sentence from these vile ones  
towards me or anyone else  
There is no forgiveness. The end is absolute  
War will finish  
I accept death from God and, in Him do I want to die  
I am the hell that few know. I'm here to meet a few  
so life falls out, falls down. Speechless.  
Within the flow of a tortured wind  
the light falls down, gives up  
I can't come out  
Now I'm afraid  
sometimes it comes back. It doesn't stay long  
Nobody ever died here inside. Yes...  
The boat is appearing from a straight canal  
There it's raining... there inside.  
Where I'm going...?  
It's raining, there inside.  
Having escaped from hell forever  
I prepare myself  
for my execution.