

# Samael, Mask Of The Red Death

Sickness born with life  
She is careful and patient shadow  
Man's faithful enemy  
Unceasingly transformed, rebaptized

Behind a different mask  
I know it's always the same face,  
Always the same eyes greedy for agony  
Always the same compassionate ears  
Listening to our moans,  
To our heartbeats

Passive and disinterested  
Like an infidel wife  
This cold and wet mouth  
Will give us the very last kiss

Death is red  
For those who experience her torments

Bound to death like a daughter to her mother  
She gives her mass graves overflowing  
Of sketched life, of projects and hopes

What's good to see her so active

Abandoned, in the arms of another plague  
Humanity slowly disappears  
Someone prays, some others cry

What's good to see her so active