

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