

Your Shapeless Beauty, Le Berceau De L'ange (M

Le Berceau De L'ange (Nocturnal Call Part 3)

(music: Abate/Canavaggia, lyrics: Blachier)

leaving a cradle of light
falling into hell at the first sight
staring at this new chaos
life embraces me without desire

touched by the hand of divinity
a wisdom as blind as me
I feel the stench of a putrid life
lies and suffering are but my fate

dropped in a desert field of hate
waiting for the unknown to harvest
(my ethereal crop)
a tear that vanishes before touching the ground
I feel nothing, nothing but my futility

lies, surrounded by lies, just tell me why ?
why do we have to foresee
our desolate fate as soon as we are born ?
we are puppets but who pulls the strings ?
dusk after dusk we crawl like vermin
on a ground that we don't even possess
I live in a no-man's land
a place held by hypocrisy
the hypocrisy of god and men

let the storm brew
and blow light away
I hate this world, I hate god
I hate you

haec ubi dicta...

I contemplate this bereaved soul
and I see through this diamond
a cradle filled with passion
opening on a shadowy coffin
poetry once spoken by the innocent child
who praises spectral sentiments

all the perfumes from the inner past
entwined with the magenta sky
warp me to suffer my delight
dusk, I pledge my allegiance to thee
this is my oath
innocence kneels down towards
the tempting night
futility of wisdom enthrones
the bereavement of my life
the quest for my equinoctial desires
you preachers of the untold
feel the blood that I cum
come to me, ye faithful darkness

thus, I reveal the coming raven under the growing moon