

# Argentum, Pax Horiendi

...Mortuum istum componi corpore, spūritu et anima,  
eumque natura elementorum omnium et obscuritatem  
assumisse... egosum qam sum de stirpe  
diabolica pro liberatione et dissolutione generis  
humani peccato captivati ex transgressione adae, naturam...

we saw in it all the art of dread  
splendid procession of grieve  
gloom the blank wet without  
a grimy kind of dream, we could imagine ourselves  
throwing infinitive breavement, if I deserve to die...  
I'll die dejected

...In pax moriendi

...non prius conatus misericordia allis commovere quam  
misericordia sum ipse captus, per ignaviam magno metu  
novis opus est timor mortis... anima mortuus est secretus  
iignis nostrae philosophiae, oleum nostrum nostra opus  
macabra, sphaera quam tenebrarum vocamus, transmutemini...  
mother of all miserables, take my deplored soul  
deflesh the ephemeral body, collect the bones and limbs  
put an end to my penury, mater misericordiae  
the ether of somber divinity, nostra gloria est.