Cadaveria, Eleven Three O Three

Move your body to the rhythm of passion
Let senses overwhelm ratio
Don't ask anything to yourself
Don't waste this moment
The echo of weeping is armored in wind
That accomplice carries it far away
So that it could never be refracted
on your heart's walls again.
This is a gift nobody can ever steal you
A flame neither the ocean can extinguish
'till you will protect this treasure in a sacred secret
No external force could disfigure
the sweet aspect of this pulsing joy
Feed on this embrace with love, respect and hope
Consecrate the event in the name of supreme emotion
Entwine in a sacred knot the shining wefts of this harmonious desire
Then throw it into the cosmos' centre where the royal energies meet
So that it can preserve itself and vibrate forever in magnificent poetry.