

Cadaveria, Irreverent Elegy

My life is made of emotions,
passions and horrors, 'cause when you truly
live you can even fall into deep pain
My bed is made of small fresh leaves,
moving slowly like a requiem
My temple is made of dark gloomy trees,
coming loose along a black oval path
My chant is a desperate and irreverent elegy,
composed in honour of those who have no reserve and fear
Hordes of maleficent and false sins come back upon me.
Shall I ever let my mind wander over the sad effect
this filthy disease causes to my limbs and to my heart?
I believe the persistence of the thin line of hope is worth this effort
I believe its benefice can reach the intensity
of full and perpetual delight
Nothing is true, all is allowed
In every dramatic situation there is
a subtended element of absurdity and humor
Every dogma contains something unhealthy and corrosive
Our identities change every day with our memories
We are not always what we really are, 'cause we reinvent ourselves
We change our skin and consistence
And we lie with innocence, trusting our memory.