

Cadaveria, Prayer Of Sorrow

Imploring visage

An invisible barbed wire has encircled your wrist

Leading you to an irrepressible scandal of sincerity

I will quench your eyelids forever, so that you stop
feeding yourself with others' memory

Presage of intimate speeches and of obscure and obsessive fantasies

Unavoidable condemnation, complicity, extraneousness

I will never know your truth, nor you mine. We will always be uncertain
about life. Bold human beings with severe look,

who climb the mountains of loneliness

Trembling in the panic of desertion we librate in the luxury of a bitter calyx

To know the secret of love that doesn't ask anything

I don't want to be forced to laugh just to gratify you

I want to startle in a harmonious discretion

To dance in the funereal garden of roses, to deny a divided god

To say the prayer of sorrow, to lose myself in an angelic orgasm.