

Dies Ater, Chanting Evil

Where sun refuses
to shine, a shadowed might grows unknown,

Open wounds lie
complaining, a fading Eden for lost souls

Roaming through
blazing grounds, drained by freezing winds,

The will to rise
again caressing sin-swallowed senses.

Glancing in
virginity, led by stars of purity

while sadness can
do no harm, such a veracious heart.

Stream of fire,
attempts to lighten this dark abandoned place.

A junction for
sadness and death to unite - creeping forward.

A retribution of
drowning, charming evildrunken voices

Sounds from the
depth of the woods carried by a whispering breeze

Hear the beasts
chanting a solitude spell:

"A dreadful
abyss for a lightened beauty to fall,

Barely a touch of
madness, bathing in a grey sunrise,

Wish to see winged
saints stumble through fields of evil,

Come follow me in
the night, for heaven is blind round here."

See the face shine
in the moonlight, soft as silk, pure as water.

But a dark
affection, growing hidden in lonesome moments.

When just a breath
disturbing the impermeable silence

Drink deep from
the fountain of seduction and treason,

corroding your
absurd mind, let apathy take command.

Now feel the
filthy power rising on far mental horizons.

Dragging you into

infinite worlds, catching stars and moons.

Live is here for
me - distress is here for me

Constantly, aging
romance to creep on bent knees - feeble creature

Under the
disturbing blindfold control of shaping fears

A raging new sun
is born for darkness and cold,

so far - and
dimness breathes for a storm, leaching this star.