

Gorguts, La Vie Est Prelude... (La Morte Orgasme)

The incoherent system of life
Structured in my self dark ideology
"But why am I sombre with pride?"
It may be a prelude to a symphony

Through this prelude Carnal Confinement
Anguish was my closer friend
Once into the world of breathingless
I'll be glad to meet my end

My flesh, I overwhelm
As I rise in ecstasy
Proceed into the realm
Of blissful immortality

Winds of pureness I inhale
How can they love this life so miserable?
I neglect my being
How can they trust this God so feeble?

The inner belief now I deny
I structured in myself my proper entity
Inner-prelude increases my will to fly
Sounds of Blackness, my energy

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