

Gothica, Spirits of the Dead

Like a fast start is the sonorous wake,
A voice made of numberless voices.
I'm turning round, looking for you,
But your sound springs from inside.

You reality without essence,
Eternal fire and icy pallor.
Tell me where you are from,
Thou obscure inhabitants of dark.
Are you melodious and bewitching
Or terrifying and deceptive?