

Monumentum, From These Wounds

Souls in GANGRENE, deformed Human Projections
Moving, BUT NOT Living, on SANGUIS Vibrations
your Pseudo-lives, please Follow my TEDIOUS Call,
VERTICAL PAIN

I Dare you: Bury me so DEEP that I won't Smell anymore
the Disgusting STENCH of your flesh
so DEEP that I couldn't see ANYMORE
the Pale Colour of your SKIN

Down There, far from the VIOLENT cries of your Children
and JUST there, far from all your BORING questions
Questions, questions, questions
May you be DEVOURED at once by your own Curiosity
and your Mouth become the most Ruthless of all Murderers

This is the Chant of the Grand Cosmic Defeated,
to YOU, conqueror of Everlasting Earthly Frustration

Your Smile: Vulgar HORIZONTAL Contraction
had always been my Pain, VERTICAL PAIN
Ah! Your smiles...

Become Conscious that an UNIVERSE of SEWER hides inside You
Silent, but PATIENT, always your last heartbeat
to start its SLOW demolition Work: MATER PUTREFACTIO

And then this Flesh of Yours, once ILLUDED to change the world,
shall again FEED the Ground, and the ground, NEW WORMS,
counting a Grotesque CYCLE of Cosmic Gangrene
Born from the Wounds of Men,
the ONCE preacher of existential Depression
disclosed my Tenebrous DOUBLE,
with no Time, Sound and Size: MAGISTER SILENTII

I, King of a Woundless Reign, where the Feeble Memories of your faces
are just like YELLOWED pictures of Defuncts

Where your words, re-echoing far in time,
sound like Laments of a Dying Bat
And those Wounds, once Deep and ATROX
are only Dead Masks on a tragic Marble

(Lyric: R.M.)

(A.Z.:vox+R.M.:guitar,bass,keys,accordion+M.C.:drums)