

Opera IX, Alone In The Dark

Eternal suffering.

Everlasting oblivion of tears falling into the dust.

I want to die.

But the three mothers don't grip my hand
they want the cycle to be completed.

I'm walking through this autumnal mist

where everything dies

and where everything's anguish and loneliness.

I mortify my heart with love's pain

and fall into the hollow deep abyss.

I'm alone in the dark

my being transfixed by a circle of shining souls

but their laments can nothing against frost

hate and the macabre veil winding my soul

in an obscure seal.

I would shed blood but something's hindering that to me

which dark force gives my spirit strength

thou condemned to wander in this mist thick as pain

I'm alone in Mater Tenebra.

Amen.

I enjoy this event. I son of darkness drink my tears

from the calix of the god who never forsakes

who turns defeat into victory.

I raise my hands up towards the northern icy wind

and to the nothing I yell.

Th at vision is mild and pure wrapped into the torments wind

I stretch out my hand but everything disappears

so I close the circle of fire once more

and I find myself again alone in the dark.

I celebrate the ancient names of this pagan winter

looking for lymph and power

for his soul now I've lost into emptiness.

Lost in Mater Tenebra.

Satan's masses mutate the weak.