

# Opera IX, Sepulcro

I'm alone the night wind's blowing on my face  
and the branches of the trees are crying  
in the big empty of this night.

Step by step along the shadow path  
the black cloak of darkness opens the door  
in the place of eternal silence.

Wha strange emotions are striking my body  
an obscure quiet is leading my mind  
my hands are touching the wet trees  
and the undergrowth is making my way blind among  
the mossy stones in the realm of the dead.

The old ivy-mantled gate is creaking  
while I am opening the door of the whisper crypt.

What a morbid force my soul has  
a hidden god is leading my steps.

I am going down is this wet stairs in the stifing dark  
only the noise of a drop  
of water is stressing the passing time  
I'm alone in this sepulcro.

I humble being piteously observe the men's fragilty.

Putrid bones put upon marble sacella  
are waiting for nothing

while the cobwebs are covering the ancient effigies  
everything's resting in a monumental silence here  
everything is forgotten here.

I alone in this sepulcro will bring these relics  
back to life with my profane action.

This is a sacred profanation  
that will give life to death  
the eternal life of memory.

Alone in this sepulcro.