

Sadness, Delia

The nameless one... is calling you
The nameless one is calling you
The nameless one is calling you

Go to the entrails of the world
Go to the beginning
Go to the entrails of the world
Go to the deepest of her
Of you, of me, of the world

Dive on the way to the gardens of eden again
The sons of existence
Hold themselves there
Follow the arcanes of time and go back to them
Go back to them
Divine comedy, life sniggers...
Infinite orchestration...

Go back as far as the gardens of eden
To the entrails of the world
Go to the beginning
Go to the entrails of the world
Go to the deepest of her
Of you, of me of the world

To know