

# Sine Macula, Swan Transfiguration

(Dedicated to all victims of capital punishment in the world)

There's something inside your mind which affects my last days  
Maybe my sadness, my bitterness ...or maybe your age  
Time is the best remedy, they say, for the pain of the soul  
But when pain is the time, who will save my mind?

Like an ancient majestic tree I suffered the labours of the history  
Betrayed by the caresses of my lovers I danced on the damnation waters  
In the darkest years I printed my mark with pain, tears, horror and blood  
Refused and isolated for all life I delivered my obsession with the fire

I feel like a peace, a strange torpor which is a great comfort to my limbs  
Sometimes it's a smile, a word or maybe your lips  
Light, in the mind and in the earth truly sensation  
Comprehension, parity last invocation...

Like a shining swan on a lake of light gazing at the immensity of Ecstasy  
Wrapped by the cloak of an endless peace I shed the divine seed  
Purged from the mistakes of a sad existence I taste the grace of a deserved happiness  
Abominable murderers, degenerates and saints, like a shining swan I do the magic dance