

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