

## Xzoriath

### "Estate Of the Deceased"

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Forget the singing  
For desperate means  
Your deepest black veil  
Hanging all over the walls

Call me the Introducer  
Without running out to soil  
Meet the man  
Who was desperately fighting  
To override all the explications  
In mirror of Blackness  
In moonlight of 15th century  
Calmly undressing the bodies  
turning bleak and abused  
In front of the deaf mute Eyes

Transform the faculties  
Of the Estate of the Deceased  
Into shimmering metal,  
Oh Goddess  
For the sake of a Deaf Bird  
Who dare to scream anew

Crystal is paralysed  
As the Mother of Joy  
Without diminishing the pupils  
Of every lastborn child  
The right of primogeniture  
Derived upon the ground  
Of revelation  
Is nothing but a delay  
Caused by a miserable disorder  
In the brain  
of the Grate Inventor

Burn down the estate  
Of the deceased,  
oh Goddess  
Reach out your mighty hand  
Harmed of a fire in Miracle Eve  
For the sake of

## The Deaf Bird

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