

Your Shapeless Beauty "Le Berceau De L'ange"

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Leaving a cradle of light
Falling into hell at the first sight
Staring at this new chaos
Life embraces me without desire
Touched by the hand of divinity
A wisdom as blind as me
I feel the stench of a putrid life
Lies and suffering are but my fate
Dropped in a desert field of hate
Waiting for the unknown to harvest
(my ethereal crop)
A tear that vanishes before touching the ground
I feel nothing, nothing but my futility
Lies, surrounded by lies, just tell me why ?
Why do we have to foresee
Our desolate fate as soon as we are born ?
We are puppets but who pulls the strings ?
Dusk after dusk we crawl like vermin
On a ground that we don't even possess
I live in a no-mans land
A place held by hypocrisy
The hypocrisy of god and men
Let the storm brew
And blow light away
I hate this world, I hate god
I hate you
Haec ubi dicta...
I contemplate this bereaved soul
And I see through this diamond
A cradle filled with passion
Opening on a shadowy coffin
Poetry once spoken by the innocent child
Who praises spectral sentiments
All the perfumes from the inner past
Entwined with the magenta sky
Warp me to suffer my delight
Dusk, I pledge my allegiance to thee
This is my oath
Innocence kneels down towards
The tempting night
Futility of wisdom enthrones
The bereavement of my life

The quest for my equinoctial desires
You preachers of the untold
Feel the blood that I cum
Come to me, ye faithful darkness
Thus, I reveal the coming raven under the growing
moon

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