

Aerzte, Die

"Ethereal Visions Part II"

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A winding path in a quiet and cold storm.
It ascends higher and higher to an abyssal summit,
Abrupt ravines where sink the grounded souls,
The spirits tortured by the fire, the blood, the desire,
The disharmonic and intoxicating music of the impious
cries,
The chorus of a dark eternal church,
The love which dies in a nauseous rale,
Vomiting her last sweetness in a melodic and proud
crescendo,
Led through the transparent and fantastic colours,

The priest hears his last prayer
Under the broken vault of this stonework which vibrates
into
What it Is Not And Will Soon No More BE,
Insufflating him it's dying fluid
Which curdles under the rhythm of the requiem.
The piercing screams are at the apogee,
The fusion of the universe implodes under the
pressure of the tears,
The howls are near,
I feel her breath beneath the trees,
And let me lay on the damp grey grass,
Her perfume is sinking into and I indulge

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