

Argentum "Horta Funebra"

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To palido rostro en tu sombrio perfil
refleja la lugubre penuria del ser
humano, hacia 1348 hacinabas muertos
por decenas y tu vida era la muerte, arrebatasste la
flor de mi vida,
pero aun asi me funesto deseo es adorarte.

In the desolation the whole, scenario, the only sound is
the constant moaning of the
wind, overhead the immense sky is hazy black and
resurgence of life is over. La muerte
negra, spreads her ehinous wings and descending
against human race, gathering of pale
flowers, flowers on black veil,
people sleep in suffering everyday.

(chorus) Trionfo della morte
as a crack in mankind

thus, completing their cycle
in vitae in morte di horta funebra

No one will deny that bleakness, on symptom of the
seventh doomplague terrestrial cal-
vary mirrored a paradise in debris and sweetmiserly
regina matter putrefactio, the hadez
followed with her a precious ange with fluttering
dismay, seemed to become an enor-
mous teratoid

(chorus)

Ad interitum funebrarum

Having recaptured the gloomy feeling, the insight it
gave me as appallaing abyss is still
vivid to me until my death.

1996 (c)(p) Argentum

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