

Beheaded

"With The Spell Of Inferno"

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How hard to fall asleep when I miss your majesty
How hard to live when I long for your devil's warmth
A livid skies over Wittenberg
And the empty streets and pavements of the town
Everything sinks into dead tears
And craves charlatantry

Mefisto you're born inside of me again
But will you speak my name in the ancient tongues

Among thousand flames of profligacy
Naked bodies flowing in the stream of wild dreams
I strip myself of my sacred virtues
The picture of male domination (and the treat in blood)

And blood and pride old and clotted already
But I can still see it's drops on my hot face
And pain and candles everywhere and incense
And your dream which I wish to wake up in every day:

Everything so ephemeral and equally usual
And this blood and candles burnt away; and they burnt
till today

Mephistopheles thousand times I saw in sleep
The essence of eternal life, but have I found it?

If I am who I am, then I shall bombard the human race
With spell of hell!
I shall go deeper down than Dante did
And tame the snakes of mine
Phallic symbols the seed of truth
And belief in eternal life:

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