

Blessed In Sin "Melancholia"

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Paysage automnal, pluie, vent et tempete. Voile noir
sur mon ame, pleurs de mon
Coeur. Murmure spectral d'une ombre banale.

Pleure! Pleure! Pleure!
Prisonnier du sanctuaire sordide: isolement douleur
enfermement.
Somptueux monument de tristesse eternelle, j'entends
our moi, le threne du mustes

Mosaic of funest events which rules my life. You are the
cause which creates the
Work of my thought. - Sordid eternal work - Dark
prophet of distress, in the past I
Prayed the pristess for she granted me the stong
nepenthes.

Tears and sickness without reaching the death. Pain of
my soul. Pain of my body.
Ancestral pain, heart pain. I'm reaching the sheol
without passing through death.

I, the Hierophant, I, the Prophet. I don't know the
therapy for evil which is in me.
My funeral work, mortuary art, will destroy my hope
and salutary death.

You leave empty my heart, tearing and bleeding you
plunge me in a monotonous
Worrying nirvana. And I don't stop languish divine
misfortune.

Forme sans visage, vague souvenir...Ancestral. Les
myriades infernales,
Deferlantes maudites, hantent sans cesse mon reve
d'autrefois. Je ne puis
Trouver le repos ni dans mes rimes ni dans la
morphine. Je ne peux que glorifier le
Dieu inverse qui ne craint pas d'etre tente, afin qu'il me
tue dans son infinie bonte
Prisonnier du sanctuaire sordide; isolement, douleur,
enfermement.

J'entends grace a vous le threne du mustes

Meurs! Meurs! Meurs!

Prisonnier du sanctuaire sordide, isolement, douleur,
enfermement.

J'entends grace a vous, le chant funebre de l'initie

Entreating the darkness for it takes me away for I was

Healing of my

Inner evil.

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