

## **Devilish Impressions**

### **"Funeral Of God"**

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That was an unusual, golden autumn...  
The breath of a wind was gliding  
Cemetery's avenues with the ocean  
Of constantly falling leaves  
The trees were dying plaintively  
Crooning their last threnody;  
They have been whispering the names  
We all wouldn't like to remember

And then he came without saying a word  
Slowly sat down and lighted ever-burning fire  
For whom? I have asked  
For myself he has answered  
And streams of strange voices suddenly came down

He pulled out a rope and tied round his neck  
Stood up on a chair and silently nod his head to me  
I came a bit closer and looked at his face, asking  
him:Why?

Because this world doesn't need me anymore  
The human mankind became self-dependent  
As notion of good and evil  
Has got new, conscious meanings  
Paradise has not been lost  
As it has never truly existed  
As well as original sin, heaven and hell  
Or other fictitious worlds  
That all has been made-up to rule, rape and kill,  
To chain human's power, passion and will

Pray for quick death, You son of a bitch!  
Now You feel taste of vendetta!  
I spat on his face and hardly kicked the chair?

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