

Divina

"Viii. Bewitched Whore (does Belong To Eternity: Cry For Selind)"

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(So I was in a Printing-house in Hell, and
Saw the method in which knowledge is
Transmitted from generation to generation)

As it had been told...
And all of the words
Were being swept away
By the wind
Of stupidity,
It seems to me...

During your life's darkest way
You're going to be bewitched by pain
So strong so you'll have to eat your fear
Until you die and disappear.

By the way,
During your life's deepest road
You will have seen and heard a lot -
You're going to be bewitched by this.
You will have given, you'll have missed

All of the sweetest dreams of yours.
I wonder so what kind of whores
Do you belong to? I'll try to guess...
I've seen there's only chaos and mess...

That's why there's only sleepy fire
Of hunger, curses and desire
And nothing's done... Nobody's torn. -
Perhaps thou art bewitched whore...

Thou art bedevilled one!

The veil of evening does fall down...
With rustle it's approaching now
The hollow - hearted voice of time
Does make me sing to you a lullaby

There is no need to speak of the brothel in town...
One whore who used to be an archbishop mistress,

Got a daughter-in-sin, little one was called Selinda:
With the help of her priest she had left little one
Under the shelter of orphanage of St. John
She had died and begun looking for little one.
But she looked ghost alike... and it was real ghost!

SELINDA! SELINDA!

COME TO ME MY SWEET SELINDA!
COME TO MUMMY LITTLE GIRL!

Run away!
Light escapeth from the grave! -
Make me breathe again, my sentinel
Ghostly aim -
I should find my little one...
Essay to hear me, Selinda...
And so, let it be done!
Ye never know what the terrible thoughts occur...
I have not ever left thee, pretty daughter of mine
Oh, Selinda, hurry up my little one!
Come to mummy,
Essay to reach my hand

Oh... try to reach my hand, Selinda!
I am dying for thine smile
Come to me my sweet Selinda!
Come to mummy little girl!

SELINDA! SELINDA!

Thou art my flesh, my wish - thy sigh am I.
Awful nonsense stealeth my life
Thou art my dream, my essence - whore am I.
Our time doth slowly pass us by.
Every step doth push me down... Oh... well,
Vanish fast: thou art pretty well
Coming closer to the hell,
Coming faster to the hell!

ONLY WRATH SHALT DISLODGE
UGLY BEAST FROM HIS LAIR
THOU MAY LOSE THY POOR HEAD,
THY DISGUSTING SOUL
BUT THY FEARS NEVER LEAVE THEE...
AND THEY WILT BE NEXT TO THEE.
THEY WILT BE BREATHING, INDEED
TILL THY ESSENCE BE FREED.

Till you voyeur serrated crown of graves...

May my essence appear
Through pellucid array
Of the ruptured daylight!
With hiss dusk preys in glades...
Smothered by run of time -
Nascent twilight empowered
Deepest night to ascend.
May the planets confer!
May my spirit arise
From the dank filthy grave!
May the night set aflame
Cold stars upon the mire
Of the cemetery!

Come to me my Selinda!
Come to mummy, Selinda...
Oh no! -
There is only your little head
In my trembling hands!

Come along with thy mummy in hell! -
Without thee I shalt drown in a bottomless well of...
...PAIN!
I cannot be dead at all...
I hae heard thy cry, my little girl!
Oh no!
This one is not of mine...
This is someone else...
My sweet daughter, besides thee
Selinda!
Where can I find thee, little one?
I should find thy place!
And so, let it be done!

Oh...
I should find thy place my dearest! -
I had found a lot but thee
Try to reach thy pale-blue fingers... my Selinda!
Come to mummy little girl!

Poor mortal whore...
Doth belong to eternity...
Having lost all the mind of her own
By the way she's bewitched
With some of Luciferian spells
But doth not bewitched one
Have a good time in hell,
Have a nice time in hell?
It shalt arise from the tomb of itself...
Shalt be haunting for the aim
That is inaccessible

Selinda, here I am! Try to bereave
Thy mother of her pain and her bequest, Selinda...
I do belong now to eternity...
As it should be with whore bewitched by thee,
My daughter...

Selinda, dear, abandon gloomy sleep! -
We'll fly away from here to an eternity...
Selinda, come to me and may the stars
Shine in the sky and waste their light for us.

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