

Divina

"Wrapped In Mystery"

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(In fifth chamber were Unnamed forms, which cast the
metals into the expanse)

"So I remained looking thoughtfully at the humble
grave
For a minute trying to make out
What's been hidden there for years
Hat it wants to speak to me
Stuff and nonsense!
It's absolutely mute so it is full of bones,
And worms,
And brown remains in rotten rags"

I used to comprehend all thoughts of thine
Thou wert my bond
Oh, devil's concubine
Who could not wait to die
(Neither could I)
Thou hast embodied grandeur of virtue
Which took event
When thou wert slept
Nane could perceive it till thy doom...

...Abducted thy attachment and spirited thee off.
Light in thy casements turned to deep dusk for aught I
know
"Ye wad have glimpsed the outline of her in the Scotch
mist
She wrapped in mystery so did she not e'er exist?

It takes place during the night
When ye tend to turn off the lights
Wrapped in mystery askance she looks at thee
Towards the conformity!

Thou can't deplore the bones of thine for aye
As soon as corpse decay
Ghost hath to fade away
Evince the senseless corpse -
The senseless corpse of thine
Sunk into oblivion!"

Nane shalt annoy it's rest
Nane shalt annoy it's rest
Nane shalt turn that soil to annoy!

Do let's jog as frenzy feasts
With cunning it affects us all
All sincere senses are to fall
Under it's burden

Ah, meanwhile it strides o'er corpses
Only ghost is to survive
The tedious phrases can't describe
All incarnations of...

Never-ending essence
Diabolo he was named
He's monster in the mortal flesh
Strikes in weak corpse of yours
Strikes in weak mind of yours
Penetrating all your thoughts
Never-ending essence
Diabolo he was named
Hark!

"So I remained looking thoughtfully at the phantom
For a minute trying to make out
How it could appear... What it wants to speak to me
Stuff and nonsense! It's absolutely mute!"

He's to be your eyes -
What are you to see?
He's to be your ears -
What are you to hear?
There is nothing to be done but to serve him!
If you do not mind so you're to do!

Methought thou wert departed
Methought thou'd gone without any explanation
Utterly I was proud that I wad ne'er hae seen
The "subject of my pride"
I've got to wear the same way
Because of suicide!

Stormy night sways wooden cross
Without any screed or remorse
Wrapped in mystery thou shalt beget thy sigh
Thy screech "Wha am I"?

It takes place during the night
When ye tend to turn off the lights
Wrapped in mystery askance she looks at thee

Downwards the conformity!

When I close my eyes I see
Only dead of night entirely... So dark
I am afraid to cease the dream of mine

So you ought to believe the lie
Believe in grave or you may die
Believe in cavalcade of destiny

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