

## Gorguts

# "La Vie Est Prelude... (La Morte Orgasme)"

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The incoherent system of life  
Structured in my self dark ideology  
"But why am I sombre with pride?"  
It may be a prelude to a symphony

Through this prelude Carnal Confinement  
Anguish was my closer friend  
Once into the world of breathingless  
I'll be glad to meet my end

My flesh, I overwhelm  
As I rise in ecstasy  
Proceed into the realm  
Of blissful immortality

Winds of pureness I inhale  
How can they love this life so miserable?  
I neglect my being

How can they trust this God so feeble?

The inner belief now I deny  
I structured in myself my proper entity  
Inner-prelude increases my will to fly  
Sounds of Blackness, my energy

Through this prelude Carnal Confinement  
Anguish was my closer friend  
Once into the world of breathingless  
I'll be glad to meet my end

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