

## Hortus Animae

# "Chapter Three: The Heartfelt Murder"

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In a slow dance, we're proceeding, into this ritual... of stillness.

As if no fate... is waiting, we are down... on our knees, melting down...

With closed eyes... we see it, this downfall... implacable.

As if no prayer... may save us, in calm... we mourn... Crumbling...

Which truth does stand for all... now?

Let us stare... to nothing.

The hopeless ones... are gathering, so please... bring flowers, decomposing...

So, I entered the room, with my cold knife I murdered all of you, for I love you more than myself

4. Chapter Four: The Virgin Whore

In a still vision, of chains and pain, she is the grinder, the dawn is hers.

There's no permission to enter back, so flesh is weak and breathless yet.

A mute awakening of blood and knife, the cage that whispers after a frightened night.

The spell is cast, new light that shines, her touch is poison and closed be eyes.

She's the ghost that haunts forever - half creator, half destroyer.

In the hands of the adorer - half creator, half destroyer.

Behold the movement and keep the secret, then light a candle, have no regrets.

A growing hunger, a passion's play, she is the hunter, mistress of decay.

So please walk softly and breathe in silence, because she's next to your own step.

Indulge with pain, the ache of heart, she is the teacher of how death is art.

She's the ghost that haunts forever - half creator, half destroyer.

In the hands of the adorer - half creator, half destroyer.

She's the beast that loves you more, come on and face the virgin whore.

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