

## Hortus Animae

# "Chapter Two: The Mud And The Blood / Funeral Nation"

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[The Mud And The Blood]

This walk through an endless path  
Of all the obscure shapeless  
When life is blood and blood is wrath  
Skulls with eyes so senseless  
Fire, water, essence of life  
Under the skin grow demons and madness  
In these godless years of...  
Rage: killing, dying...  
Yes, we're alone in all mankind  
All along this cold eternity  
Enduring march with no crosses to bear  
All arise from this sepulchre and stop the rest from it's  
womb  
Still the godless years are...  
I convoke to thee Mephisto, to obtain as a gift what I  
cannot have by myself, all that remains from thee after  
waltzing in the dark...  
I don't ask for rest, I don't ask for tranquillity (neither  
body nor the soul), never asked for holiness and  
neither for thy aid...  
One and all were asking (for) this to make thou feel  
weary.  
Give all that remains from thee and nobody asked...  
Give me risk, I want inquietude.  
Give me torment, I want battle.  
Give me uncertainty, I want pain.  
Now that I ask, that I have the strength.  
Just give me that, once and for all.  
Raging on...  
The crusade and the grandeur.  
With the blow of furious winds in our hearts  
Lucubrate the (he)art of murder.  
Raging fuckin' on...  
While the demons are growing and the godless years  
shall never be brought to an end (and the weak ones  
now lay down slain in the mud and the blood...).

[Funeral Nation]

The halls of infinity I walk, in shapeless body.  
Walls of silence overwhelm me, in an ocean of white  
my soul is black.  
Silent tombs where spirits do not sleep, are waiting for  
the coming, in these graves the slumber is restless, in  
my insomniac tomb I shall be back

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