

Imago Mortis

"Three Parch"

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[Me:]

White one said to me how thin my life supposed to be
Gray one called it delusion
White one said that I suffer from a doomed disease
Black one called it salvation and sin

White Gray Black spinners of this vulgar fate
The thread of life is not broken yet
I defy you to rewrite your lines
Redefine my part, rearrange all this play

Why me?
Why me?
Why?

[Beautiful enough, Moon arises.]

[Me:]

Why, sister Moon?
Why do paint my fate so gray?
Why, Three-in-one?
Do reduce me to this play?

[Moon invites witches.]

[Me:]

Vida!
Vida Tr?gica!

[Witchat:]

M?tica L?gica Qu'ntica Tr?gica
P?rfida S?rdida P?trida Tr?gica
M?gica C?tica C?nica Tr?gica
L?pida L?vida L?dica Tr?gica

Germinal Terminal

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