

## Imago Mortis "Three Parchý"

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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 TrÃ½gica!

[Witchat:]

MÃ½tica LÃ½gica Qu'ntica TrÃ½gica  
PÃ½rfida SÃ½rdida PÃ½trida TrÃ½gica  
MÃ½gica CÃ½tica CÃ½nica TrÃ½gica  
LÃ½pida LÃ½vida LÃ½dica TrÃ½gica

Germinal Terminal

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