

## **Cadaveria**

# **"Before The Apes Came"**

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At the foot of the high mountain  
There's a land where you can speak with your mind.  
Along the streets a multitude of temples, consecrated  
to  
grotesque idols, burn incenses to celebrate the time of  
forgiveness.  
Creatures living in this place  
can teach you how to read dreams.  
Rivers flowing through this ground  
carry the purity of silver.  
Androgynous beings card an innumerable variety of  
precious silks, used  
to dry tears of joy.  
I can perceive the majestic presence  
of the bull-man, who reigned here for centuries,  
before the apes came, before the apes came.  
He was adored by legions of half-fish beings,  
later absorbed by the sea bed and sunk into the sweet  
wool.  
Now he's sleeping forever in the red house,  
near the magnificent stream.  
The gong rings to remind  
the interrupted rhythm of his noble breathing.  
The gong rings to remind  
the interrupted rhythm of his breathing.

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