

Cadaveria

"Prayer Of Sorrow"

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Imploring visage

An invisible barbed wire has encircled your wrist
Leading you to an irrepressible scandal of sincerity
I will quench your eyelids forever, so that you stop
feeding yourself with others' memory
Presage of intimate speeches and of obscure and
obsessive fantasies
Unavoidable condemnation, complicity,
extraneousness
I will never know your truth, nor you mine. We will
always be uncertain
about life. Bold human beings with severe look,

who climb the mountains of loneliness
Trembling in the panic of desertion we librate in the
luxury of a bitter calyx
To know the secret of love that doesn't ask anything
I don't want to be forced to laugh just to gratify you
I want to startle in a harmonious discretion
To dance in the funereal garden of roses, to deny a
divided god
To say the prayer of sorrow, to lose myself in an
angelic orgasm.

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