

Cadaveria

"The Divine Rapture"

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Bewitched by the eternal rhythm of divine breath,
perverse he smiled to the prickly knock of rain drops,
his body was cruel like beauty, his eyes incandescent
like silk.

Transfixed by an absolute lightning of freedom,
He freed himself in an uncensored dance.
Possessed by a pressing desire of being, fibrillation of
misleading welfare.

Star, unreachable demiurge, ice, frost and silence.
A light dyed with ghost-white his heart, gusts of jade
struck his memory.
Icon of collective dreams, pulverized by magic fears,
ancient gold of a waste land.
He turned his thoughts into words and his words into
actions
And his moan was like a sweet chant without words.

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