

Korova

"Awakening From Perpetual Contemplation"

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Thrown back to this Life
After Centuries of Mourning.
I gave my Youth to be immortal
But with me my Grief can't cease.

I return to a World where Baseness reigns
Subhumans control platitudinously.
Like thousand Contagions it deforms your Mind,
Obey and join Mediocritie's Void.

A shallow Existence in Sycophancy,
Replaceable Numbers, devoid of Nobility,
What warrants your Judging on my divine Feats,
Low Life without the Right to exist.

I enter the Realm my Beloved is gone
Mesmerized with Peaches in her Hand.
Before Metamorphosis came to an End
Dews touched her Pustules and she went beyond.

Phantasmagoric, scarlet Lips,
In burning Fervour I devote.
Immersed in an ethereal Kiss
Beneath the Trees where Marble grows.

Sister, Brocade in gorgeous Fanes,
In Delirium we are combined .
Rivulets of yearning Dreams
Flow to the Seas with putrid Choirs.

Concealed in a Reverie
Of sylvan Clouds in golden Skies
A Nihilist in Misanthropy
Weeps on Mirror's other Side.

Where Ants vaporize on cold Stones
Our stillborn Children play
Incorporeally mirthless Games
With wan and ulcerous Hands.

[Lyrics written in Autumn 1992]
[Music finished in May 1994]

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