Malk De Koijn

"Deep Melancholy's State: A Poetic Suicide In The Name Of Loucyfer"

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In the eternal land, In the sadness land, In the sado-land, In the lesbians' land, In the suicidals' land, In the sepulchral land

Just see immortal angels in majestic flights
And the swords be torn in the air,
See hideous nereids be raised of the sea's foams,
Hear the dramatic, distant and taciturn howls of the
wolves

See Medusa smiling in front of petrified foolish men, Hear trembling and moribund voices And the wisdom of the ancient messages It's the divine unconsciousness Listening sepulchral whispers...

...Of a deep melancholy's state

Feel the coldness of the serenity, Feel the winds crossing your soul And the sweet smell of wines perfumed in the taverns

In a poetic suicide in the name of Loucyfer, From the gates of Langsuyar, the death is the war

The death is the war

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