

**Malk De Koijn****"Meditating In The Contemplation's Horizon"**

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Where are you, Nibban?

In a frozen cave  
Where will be sleeping  
A thousand serpents in a niche  
Of leather and silver

The eyes close  
Stone embitters the eternal seat  
The crystalline waters shine  
They shine and they mirror  
So unconscious  
They fight void brave of the tears

Into desecration  
The more beautiful woman layer  
Embroidered with the unholy  
And sacrilegious feeling

Reflex of Myself

With my prayers  
Come from the sharpest sheet, wisely,  
Horrible for your rhymes  
It can make you God  
A luxurious crown  
Full of fidelity  
And majestic passion

Where madonnas  
And messianic temples  
Burning in praise for you  
And your ministers  
Arriving the gloomy below will see my place  
The emptiness that will be cold and with sadness

Cry trees, cry for me  
As the fingernails of a harpia in my soul  
The Star-king's splendor  
Arise slowly  
Where is my soul?

Ah, feel the manifestation of the essence  
Into the mist of hate  
To the days exist the night  
To the pleasures exist the torments  
To the creators exist the destructors

Ah, feel the darkness  
The tranquility is the devastation of the monotony  
And the illumination's wisdom

Meditating in the contemplation of the horizon

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