

Malkuth

"Meditating In The Contemplation's Horizon (Solitude)"

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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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