

Mutilation

"The Eggs Of Melancholy"

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The desartic summer fades, the black curtains opens
on a depressive autumn.
The ground gave rotten fruits this season.
The black wings of melancholy above the superstitious
mortals.
The dogs bark at the moon, children wake at night.
Since the appearance of those weird black eggs,
No chance for an exorcism in this place forgotten by
god
Some of them speak of witchcraft but no scapegoat to
crucify.
Peasants in starvation and fear, epidemics over
animals.
Each day opens on new victims, cursed by a strange
evil.
No one to bless the funeral, the priest was buried one
week ago.
Fields are changing to mass graves.
People dwell in the church which has turned weird and
dark.
Ignoring the chapel is the nest, they get close to Evil.
Curse spreads over the villages around as a magnetic
wave of sadness.
The wind carries the carrion's stench, the eggs of
melancholy.

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