

Mythopoeia

"Beyond The Decay Of Time And Flies"

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You're all worms and mud, just a question of time
Idealizing the past, old memory seems so beautiful
But the decayed flowers have lost their colors for ever
And what is dead will never be again

I'd like to collect those cute dead bodies
and give'm a new life through death
Where they'd stay pure and silent
But dead fruits rot so fast,
I hate those worms, I hate those flies
The ugliness which drown the past

What death gives me, it's rapidly passes away
I spit on your cemetery which even took your femineity
As soon as the eyes are gone the human identity fades
Formaldehyde infections to delay the inescapable
doom
Destroying the natural way of life,
I bring back the lovely corpse
And fight against the sand of time
Fascination and disgust are twins in the same hell
Why should it end so fast?

Tonight, beyond the gates of death,
I'll break the oblivion process
No god won't make me forget you, my dead angel
Your cadaver enshroud recalls me your wedding dress
Your body cold like ice opens for my damnation

...I'd like our dead love to last forever
...Sometimes I ever hear as if she spoke to me

And one day I'll fuck the earth itself,
that sweet stench of humus and moist
Which so often stole my lust... desire to possess you
whore
'cause death put the strike but you erase the so pure
remains
Covering my naked body with black and greasy mud,
broken nails on stones

...I'd like our dead love to last forever
...Sometimes I even hear as if she spoke to me

Raping the soil, the betrayer of time
I fill mother earth with tears, blood and sperm
And you puke me as an aborted corpse
To avoid I reach the forbidden paradises

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