

## Mythopoeia

### "Curse My Funeral"

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My shadows is creeping on the grey stones,  
Descending the stars of a forgotten castle.  
The years have past and war time is over.  
Are those steps going to Hell.  
Standing alive there leads me to anger, I hope I'm soon  
to reach the gate,  
Beyond which I'll find a mind of peace, somewhere  
fortress seems to bury me.  
Bats are showing me the way, this goddamn fortress  
seems to bury me.  
The elements open on a blacker passage marked by  
black candles.  
Out in the storms and winds, hiding from the mortals.  
Screaming as I wish to quit, cutting my flesh so deep.  
What a great artist dies with me...  
I leave, I hope you cry as I hurt you for the last time.  
You see, as that you'll remind me, poor unconscious  
victims.  
Now the pit opens to me, I don't even feel my last  
time's saviour.  
I run to the ugly mouth of death making one with  
shadows.  
You can already curse my funeral, I still vomit on your  
holy earth.  
Don't feel any compassion, I've sinned just to betray  
god.  
A spit on this rotten face, I am the Satan's carrion.

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