

## Nefarium "Sin Of Apostle"

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On tiptoes, with the passing of the old wayfarer,  
Whose tongue is damned, choking in the foul salty  
blood,

To run after the cart which is consumed on coarse  
Bifurcated tongues, between squares full of  
Animals and dark alleys (without a destination);  
Dressed in glass  
To shine to a weak sun  
Of battered iron, you will soon become  
Naked

And your flesh will be soaked with the most elegant  
red,  
That one which is more deep.  
The man who sells humans will tighten ropes around  
your feet  
Let's confess your sin.

Sparkling, speechless and naïve plastic diamonds,  
Behind long sweaty fingers.

You will cut your arms and legs not to falter,  
You will sew your bodies together with (infected)  
needles,  
Looked at by astute watchers,  
Naked men, coming from foreign villages.

You will be willing to give up your soul  
To be able to still  
Hear  
The tinkling of a coin,

You will be ready to confess repulsive sins,  
To receive the acquittal of the old wayfarer.  
But the road to forgiveness goes  
Through trails too steep for those that  
Do not have any dignity left.

Legs of worthless people will putrefy with their rotten  
souls.  
Dream of the present, oh passengers,

Unbounded pride.

Puppets with a polished smile  
And interiors made of straw,  
The old dry bones will painfully break  
And an out-of-tune choir will sing.

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