

The Provenance

"25Th Hour: Bleeding"

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-From the womb of chaos I've been released,
Into a world of sorrow, pitchblack without belief
You've wandered off somewhere,
Now I can't find you
With fevered eyes I've searched,
This black posterity
A million times for you

Unique, unheard-of, suppressed by all mankind,
This 25th hour of death stands
Revengeful and divine
The undercurrent of our consciousness,
Sucking us down
Sooner or later drowning us in oblivion

-I have cries for you, a multitude of tears has fallen
This saddened side of me, my friend
Composed by death,
Will also come to you,
Handed your notes to play eternal
In time we'll see which one of us
That bleeds the most

Serene, reticent but indomitable
This symphony proceeds
Conductor: Death, Orchestra: Man, in the 25th hour;
Bleeding This blood-red undertow of
Existence, sucking hard
Dragging us all down, bleeding reality in it's face!

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