

## Misc

# "Mask Of The Red Death"

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Sickness born with life  
She is a careful and patient shadow  
Man's faithful enemy  
Unceasingly transformed, rebaptized  
Behind a different mask  
I know it's always the same face,  
Always the same eyes greedy for agony  
Always the same compassionate ears  
Listening to our moans,  
To our heartbeats  
Passive and disinterested  
Like an infidel wife  
This cold and wet mouth  
Will give us the very last kiss  
Death is red,  
For those who experience her torments  
Bound to death like a daughter to her mother  
She gives her mass graves overflowing  
Of sketched life, of projects and hopes  
What's good to see her so active  
Abandoned, in the arms of another plague  
Humanity slowly disappears  
Someone prays, some others cry  
What's good to see her so active

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