

The Grief "First Stumble"

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Now for you, I feel myself attracted.
Now for you, my lips just show the horror.
Now for you, I feel myself possessed
Of silence that devours me down with passion.

Cutting, abrupt, impertinent,
You appear with dark visions,
You're cutting the tissue of my body,
You let me know that your abyss is here.

Your figure is calling me now,
And I'm invited to the Sun's shelter.
It's your bonfire, it's your flame,
Like a midnight moth flying into the candle fire

Now your chest is truly opened,
Now the blood slides around my body.
I understand that everything has been
A macabre dream of disenchantment,
False! With anxiety, I dare to invoke you
But you are trying to annihilate me.
Now I fight against my destiny,
Now the only thing I want is being possessed.

Hail: false raw and pleasant Death,
Embracing you was a real enjoyment. X2

Cutting, abrupt, impertinent,
The sensation that precedes you by the infinite,
Is calling me, I don't want to depart.
But the emotion that I feel, when I see you, helps me.
In the end, I embrace you! Death!
And I am able to shout-

Hail: false raw and pleasant Death,
Embracing you was a real enjoyment. X4

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