

Opera IX "Born In The Grave"

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The mournful sound of a bell, people in prayer.
My body abandoned in the solitude of the wood,
imprisoned
By the rags, compelled to suffer from the frostry
contact with
The ground.
In the unbroken silence I'm seized with shuddering.
I turn into matter and then into dust.
She flew up.
An imperceptible ascent in the knowledge dimension,
She penetrates the darkest maze of the infinite
universe.
My ignorant body will never know the eternity formulas.
Uh, I'm still, She's fluid. I'm frozen. She's wrapped up in
the
Warmest blows of knowledge, she flies free.
The secret will be revealed to her: the ingenious one.

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