

Ad Vitam Aeternam "Dementia"

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Between Heaven and Earth
Stands up mankind little divine
And not sublime enough.
Between the unreal and the
Material arises the incarnate man
Little iridescent and Hell bends
Down the persecuted little
Idyllic and to afflicted.
Between the alert and the war
Lets himself go the frivolous pioneer
Little brave and too imprisoned.

Between Heaven and Lucifer
Digs his own grave the stiff
Little devote and too grieved.
Between the volcanos and the waters
Some burning and drowning truth,
Perfidious and so disguised.
The muddy inessential on the
Surface of consciousness,
Toemented with reminiscence
Of a life filled with bitterness.

Kind of dislocated puppet
Adapting to hearing whisper,
The harsh scoffing of the imps
There, teeming with our steps.
Dearest Dementia, attracting all
Our dull senses, such a foul elixir...
Rather than listening to the extatic
Hymm of the lyric nymphs and
Seraphins filling our spirit with delight.

Are we the mocked puppets of the evil
Ones of this world? Sure, it is easier
To stumble than makind the filth better.
Dare you cut those devilish lianas off!
Let us raise up to the strings of the
Divine harp and may you be recked
By the Eden angelical poet...

Enlightened volcanos and water full of

Grace, in your mercy, hear my prayer...
Listen to the cold dream of your life...
From the throne of the dark, what a bliss
To exhume the stiff! Carpe noctem!

Between Eden and Hell
Raises the persecuted a little
More idyllic and less afflicted.
Halfway materials and unreal
Holds up the incarnate man a
Little more iridescent and less blind.
Sursum mea terper orbem terrarum.
Dementia...

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