

## Your Memorial

### "Le Berceau De L'ange"

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Le Berceau De L'ange (Nocturnal Call Part 3)

[music: Abate/Canavaggia, lyrics: Blachier]

Leaving a cradle of light  
Falling into hell at the first sight  
Staring at this new chaos  
Life embraces me without desire

Touched by the hand of divinity  
A wisdom as blind as me  
I feel the stench of a putrid life  
Lies and suffering are but my fate

Dropped in a desert field of hate  
Waiting for the unknown to harvest  
(my ethereal crop)  
A tear that vanishes before touching the ground  
I feel nothing, nothing but my futility

Lies, surrounded by lies, just tell me why ?  
Why do we have to foresee  
Our desolate fate as soon as we are born ?  
We are puppets but who pulls the strings ?  
Dusk after dusk we crawl like vermin  
On a ground that we don't even possess  
I live in a no-man's land  
A place held by hypocrisy  
The hypocrisy of god and men

Let the storm brew  
And blow light away  
I hate this world, I hate god  
I hate you

Haec ubi dicta...

I contemplate this bereaved soul  
And I see through this diamond  
A cradle filled with passion  
Opening on a shadowy coffin

Poetry once spoken by the innocent child  
Who praises spectral sentiments

All the perfumes from the inner past  
Entwined with the magenta sky  
Warp me to suffer my delight  
Dusk, I pledge my allegiance to thee  
This is my oath  
Innocence kneels down towards  
The tempting night  
Futility of wisdom enthrones  
The bereavement of my life  
The quest for my equinoctial desires  
You preachers of the untold  
Feel the blood that I cum  
Come to me, ye faithful darkness

Thus, I reveal the coming raven under the growing  
moon

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