

Death Vision

Cadaveria

Spectre of death influencing our lives, you hang over us
You bite our hips we undergo your second level effects
You sunk us in your vortex, you cyclically return
to molest our certainty.
I reject repetitions, I cannot keep abreast
of my thoughts, too fast...

I don't check my weigh, I hate all pre-arranged feasts
I'm used to writing when I'm alone, I hate chewing people
I sink you in my vortex, I cyclically return to molest
your certainty.

Snow falls attracted by earth
An inner passion moves it,
Like the passion between the seeds and the ground.

Black vision, lack of pressure and collapse
Red vision, blood up to brain.
I live in a marsh of crimes and nerves
Hybrid of happy sprawls
Lighted by invention.
My breast of tenebra feeds the silence.

Black vision, lack of pressure and collapse
Red vision, blood up to brain.

...e nella notte vaghi tesori rifulgono.