

Flowers in Fire

Cadaveria

I woke up from a driven coma.
Around me bewildered glances, stunned by fear,
Ghosts with bruised bodies.
Faces obscure and sting.

Who don't know anything about themselves.
The night annihilated what they built during the day.
Daylight promotes the weary comedy of courtesy,
With the favour of darkness the heroin of denial comes.

Flowers in fire.
Torturing visions.
Withdrawal of anguishes.
Blood-soaked wadding

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Torturing visions.
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I was guided by your scent, toward enchanting climes
A speedy fire ran my veins and knocked at my heart.
My brain is bleeding, pierced by surgical tool
Raped and slaughtered to make me feel good.

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Torturing visions.
Withdrawal of anguishes.
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Flowers in fire.
Torturing visions.
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stunned by fear.

I refused to modify my genealogical inheritance
'Cause I was afraid the mirror would have ceased to
shine
stiff and pitifully unsatisfied by existence
awfully crucified to life.

I woke up from a driven coma, it was necessary.
Around me bewildered glances, stunned by fear,
Ghosts with bruised bodies.
Faces obscure and sting.