

It came in tranquility, fumbling in reverence
Like the first snow
Dancing like the mist on a woodland lake
And reverberating like a trumpet of war
It gently divested the luster of the hopeful spring sun
And in silence devoured the delightful moment of the sweet wine
The dark night of the soul
The vivid, white smile, full of life, turned into horrible screams of lamentation
Cascades of silver droplets, flowing down lacerated features
Like a sting of pearls, they find their way to the bitter flood of tears
On his black horse, Chaos rides in his grim lance
In a sudden fury, every shred of daylight is mutilated
I - a living dead, chained to the most powerful shackles
Sealed in the inner chambers of anguish
Struggling in poverty, wrapped in thistles
This blackness
This blood stained night
This pitch dark mid-winter of the soul

Hark! The sound of ancient, whispering voices
Enter the golden ladder, climb towards the mountain peak!
There be light, there thou shalt be crowned with the noble crown of reason

Immanence, a streak of deeper darkness
poured its presence upon my cell
Everything was... different
The non-existence was no more
The light was nowhere to be found, its radiance could not be seen
My path leads from clarity to obscurity

Smitten by the refulgence of divine darkness
Embraced by the darkest of light

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritus Sanctus...
Most holy of mysteries - encircled by a billion suns
Origin of the starry firmament of the northern sky
O, transcendent! Surrounded by the haze of blackness
In the dark I found thy dwelling
To perceive the name brings delirium to the soul
My interior trembles with awe
The rich garments of language standing naked and destitute
Overtaken by the radiance of divine darkness
Embraced by the darkest of light