

When the parallel spiral unravelled
Before the firm grasp of my abominable
Came my birth in the well of the wretched

Novae, braggart of a last jest

My non-Sylph spread down
In the core of the hideous carnival grotto
Covering me of a Viperean mask

EnoreKiK eKarov sed xueil dSevape
TnarutpaK nom ruehlam ne snoredial
Rus ed Selpitlum SeteKaf ud tiafneib

The grand fork silence
Arising for the anchor's cell

Enu eReip eroloKni, L noisrevni ed Al eLitnel
Enu egnarte emrof, L riovuop sed sreinred-sen

A maelstrom where repose the villains
Of the bazaar of virtues

Denaturation of the ork by the Zirconyum
A grinch in the night wearing its crystals eternally

A dispirited lunatic passage
Broken by the traitors... . by this pernicious soothing

A mistake followed itself in the decisive cryptage
When the telescope fell on the inverted astron
The utopia was not mechanically very long
And logic vanished under the illogical

"If only there has been a claim for my sectimes
My poor sectimes... .they are... .they are mine!!!"

A frenetic impulsion influenced
When escaping the human yawning chasm
This globe transformed into memories

Novae, braggart of a last jest

My sylph fled...
After the (firm) grasp of my abominable
Allowing me to wear my Viperean mask