

## In the Flames of Black Art

Darzamat

Coming into the blazing chamber  
I am reviewing myself in the flames of black art  
I can hear the plaintively singing of an unknown song of the night  
I am divina into the mirrors overfull  
With the dark of secrets  
I find traces of past decades

I don't want the sun  
The night is eternal in me  
Like the storms of waterfalls  
I am in the flames of black art  
My heart didn't stop beating  
And my breast isn't icy  
But my thoughts are covered with the dark  
And my heart has attired the black

Where the night spreads to out the earth  
I will go there looking for the night  
In the flames of black art