

Silence Of Death

Ataraxie

Here we are at the beginning of your end
Unbaptized in a fresh pool of congealing blood
Soon to be freed from what one calls life

Shut your eyes and release your final breath
Petrified now are your limbs and hollow become your eyes

Abandoned in a lonely street like a garbage that someone has got rid of
Freshly wounded, this obsession of killing by yourself is growing
But the feebleness is creeping over so much that your life's vanishing

Say goodbye to your poor and useless existence
Be prepared to meet the cursed one or the holy one

Welcome the coldness of black blood through your veins
Feel the warmth of liquid escaping from your orifices
Smell the putrid stench released by your own corpse

Empty and useless you are
Then come the weeping and the meaningless tears
Please no sympathy, please no hypocrisy

Leave this corpse alone and let it rest in peace
After awhile morticians come to bring you to the mortuary
And offer a bag as a present in a luxury hearse with beautiful leather seats

Here we are now at your final home
Surrounded by a sweet sound of death and decay
Here holy flames wait for your fresh remains
To free your soul from your mortal coil