

## Depressed Void

Baptism

I set off to wander in the night, going somewhere  
pondering the swamps of my minds, unexplored roads  
Where seems to be even too much time  
It is extremely hard to feel anything that would be  
in this world

From emptiness and despair  
total hate  
shadows reflecting my crumbled body  
Satanic supremacy, leading my journey to the distance

"Now hard it is to understand how our souls can travel  
without wounds and when once our travel takes us  
to some stinging, burning, incomprehensible thorn  
that tries to break our route to darkness  
because the emptiness is the beginning  
and the untimely end of our travel"

Your overwhelming presence conquers my heart  
fascinating spirit of Satan!  
Melancholic feelings, poisonous thoughts,  
the enormous will of emptiness  
Divine idols trampled to wet stone,  
burnt in dank rain  
The divine touch of emptiness, ahh.  
I have come back to my roots.

"I cross my hands and pray a new fire for my soul.  
I close my wounds and rip them open again,  
with insurmountable hate.  
Like the worms burrowing in the burial coffings,  
I crawl to the darker and more anguishing"

Rekindling again the flame of soul,  
to the great shining, burning like a torch  
The overwhelming yearning of emptiness on the chasms'  
walls, the light-oppressing trance of darkness