

## Blood And Confusion

Cadaveria

Words confuse and create equivocal thoughts  
Thoughts silently transmit our inner essence  
The eternal silence leads to oblivion.  
I am contradiction, the boundary, inside and outside  
I am difficulty, immoderation, mannerism, simplicity,  
rigor, baroque, minimalism  
I'm like this music that twists around itself,  
that gets torn and recomposes.  
I'm the result of a test, the survivor of a living  
Rottenly imbued of my life, counterpoint to the petrification o  
f pain  
Heap of rocks, skeleton of soul, voice suspended in a dream  
Longing for entering the mystery of visible  
For tasting the sweet horror vacui.  
I listen to the silence  
I feed myself with fear, rage, anguish and unspoken sensations  
Surprised and spellbound by the grotesque and eclectic revelati  
on of things.  
I perceive something tragic here  
And my mind is blood and confusion.