

## Death Vision

Cadaveria

Spectre of death influencing our lives, you hang over us  
You bite our hips we undergo your second level effects  
You sunk us in your vortex, you cyclically return  
to molest our certainty.  
I reject repetitions, I cannot keep abreast  
of my thoughts, too fast...

I don't check my weigh, I hate all pre-arranged feasts  
I'm used to writing when I'm alone, I hate chewing people  
I sink you in my vortex, I cyclically return to molest  
your certainty.

Snow falls attracted by earth  
An inner passion moves it,  
Like the passion between the seeds and the ground.

Black vision, lack of pressure and collapse  
Red vision, blood up to brain.  
I live in a marsh of crimes and nerves  
Hybrid of happy sprawls  
Lighted by invention.  
My breast of tenebra feeds the silence.

Black vision, lack of pressure and collapse  
Red vision, blood up to brain.

...e nella notte vaghi tesori rifulgono.