

## In Memory Of Shadows Madame

Cadaveria

Diaphanous figure who silent rides death's wisdom  
It's said you came when the weary sky was sinking  
into its eternal sleep  
And that only your cry would have announced a new dawn  
Mistress of the air shaking the fronds of icy hills  
who at dawn caresses the bare branches of foggy plains  
You grew up as a lonely witness of existence's foolish theatre  
On your visage the signs of a gloomy memory  
Your lips wound false innocents' hearing  
with painful truths and biting sentences  
You knew the inner pleasure of senses  
the poetry of wind, the secret of fire  
Your will has the strength of thunder  
Your spirit the impetus of the final fight  
Oh great mother who lavishes love generating hate  
Enchanting muse of unspeakable fancies  
You will rise again from the ashes  
wrapping the great catastrophes  
Pure, joyful and immortal Darkness and light will eternally  
follow you in the temple of the new dreams  
In memory of Shadows' Madame.