

## Irreverent Elegy

Cadaveria

My life is made of emotions,  
passions and horrors,  
My temple is made of dark gloomy trees  
My life is made of emotions,  
passions and horrors, 'cause when you truly  
live you can even fall into deep pain  
My bed is made of small fresh leaves,  
moving slowly like a requiem  
My temple is made of dark gloomy trees,  
coming loose along a black oval path  
My chant is a desperate and irreverent elegy,  
composed in honour of those who have no reserve and fear  
Hordes of maleficent and false sins come back upon me.  
Shall I ever let my mind wander over the sad effect  
this filthy disease causes to my limbs and to my heart?  
I believe the persistence of the thin line of hope is worth thi  
s effort  
I believe its benefice can reach the intensity  
of full and perpetual delight  
Nothing is true, all is allowed  
In every dramatic situation there is  
a subtended element of absurdity and humor  
Every dogma contains something unhealthy and corrosive  
Our identities change every day with our memories  
We are not always what we really are, 'cause we reinvent oursel  
ves  
We change our skin and consistence  
And we lie with innocence, trusting our memory.