

Requiem

Cadaveria

I thought about a sacrifice
And if anyone has ever understood what I wrote
In the shadows, in blood, with blood
I thought about a sacrifice...

Actually I don't mind.
You can however drink of me,
as I was a marble fountain in the heart of Rome,

I thought about a sacrifice
And if anyone has ever understood what I wrote
In the shadows, in blood, with blood
I thought about a sacrifice...

Actually I don't mind.
You can however eat of me,
as I was a wedding banquet you were not invited to.

Mourn on my portrait,
Cry on my stone,
It's not me to pay the coffin,
neither cash, nor rates.
Mourn on my portrait,
Cry on my stone,
It's not me to pay the coffin,
neither cash, nor rates.

If god existed and I believed in him
he would be seated in this room with me.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum per sepulchra regionum.

My thoughts are too inmost for your lips.
My words are too low for your ears.
If god existed and I believed in him
he would be seated in this room with me.
The reign of fire hasn't come to its end yet
My pulsing blood is not dried in the veins yet.

(Accogliete la sua anima e presentatela davanti al
trono dell'altissimo.)