

The Night's Theatre

Cadaveria

Every night the man rises his imaginary stage
in his theatre he becomes actor, spectator of himself
Every night the man rises his imaginary stage
The man is dreaming.

I dream to float on my life's surface
I am the stranger who looks inside.

I am not the material body,
constructed by the seven elements.
I am not the five senses, the hearing, the taste, the
olfaction, the touch, the sight.

And I am not the sound, the savour, the smell, the
matter, the seeing.
And I am not the five knowledge elements, the speaking,
the movement, the feeling.

I am not the five vital breaths
nether I am the thinking mind
And I am not the memory,
concerning the residual impressions of objects.

I am a dreamer, who hates illusions
and this produces the vicious rage I'm not able to
refuse.
I lost myself in darkness.

In the obscurity I find myself again
I annihilated myself and now I get
conscience of my power
I burn out and I reborn
I desire and my unconscious satisfies me.

I dream to float on my life's surface
I am the stranger who looks inside...
I am a dreamer, who hates illusions.