

The Oracle (Of the Fog)

Cadaveria

A veiled fog alights on the dark skin of the night
I crossed it pensive, with the heart full of hope.
Today I spoke again with the man, who taught me to dare
His face is grievously embalmed in baked clay.

But his spirit continues to pulse inside me.
He said: "sometimes you need to risk, to do something
else,
ought to forgo guarantees, 'cause they are also
compulsions".

His words are my oracle, also after a long time.
I told my story to him
And his eyes turned into a loving smile.

There is silence now
The beasts have arrived
and their fangs have caught them all,
but me.

The oracle of the fog prophesied a favourable destiny
The spirit of the right conscience will pulse
inside me forever and ever and ever.
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