

## This Is Not the Silence

Cadaveria

This is not the silence, but its void  
Without memory, fixed in formalin.  
Sea without shores and horizons  
Wind dissolving dried up remains  
Obscurity of visceral holes  
Sinking into remote abysses  
Fragments of a stigmatized soul  
Defying the other side of destiny.

Iron force digging the heart pulp  
Pure diamond shining in secret on the tame limit of  
imploring blood  
Game of deceit and illusions  
Hand that raises the curtain  
Every atom of air nourishing me.

Melting the unknown  
Unleashing the black cloud of enigmas.  
Don't close your eyes in the face of havoc  
Cure the ill sprouts!

Blind universe, hollow in which we write what we have  
done  
We are programmed to believe in something we cannot see  
Armed with instinct of escape and defence  
The dead cannot lie  
Azure bruise, embrace without possess of beauty.

Immense cruet of quartz, where gold and basalt merge in  
primordial vibrations.

Savage dawn, blurry stars massacre  
Arcane sky, spheres in shiver.  
It is the power of magic radiating from us, exiling us.  
Foster the comment of birds and nature  
Energy and music of stones  
The theorem of the devil rustles immortal luxury.

I am bloodless and now only dust can bloom in my veins  
dry like brambles.  
And now the wound is thirsty of another blade.