

# The Sacrilege Of Fatal Arms

Devil Doll

For long endless millions of instants  
I drank at the goblet of illusion  
Tilling tumours and follies  
Desperately wandering  
Through the dark tunnels  
Of the bone box  
Then, submitting  
I chose to drown  
In the ashes of my dreams  
When purity is raped  
Three days are not enough  
To resurrect:  
Everywhere  
Leprosy spreads out  
The light of the eyes  
Is extinguished  
Thunders now shatter  
The eardrums  
The scream is:  
"The plague be on you!"

The dust  
I used to build  
The impalpable reality  
Of my nights  
Brings me back  
Along the paths  
Where I scattered  
Useless hopes

Believe!  
Can I trust you?  
No, please, don't!  
Can I trust you?  
Forever, really, forever!  
Oaths engraved in the water...

Obey!  
As a child, or an idiot  
Who follows the laws  
Of the XXXX others?  
Quicksands have just one  
Unrelenting goal  
Bon voyage, mon amour...

Fight!  
That invisible enemy  
Nestled behind those  
Gorgeous, false, sharp  
Smiles

In order to conquer the future: and destroy it!  
I go back - once more - into the abyss of my nothing  
You know  
The dead have the virtue of looking like each other

It seems like yesterday

Ww were children  
And playing at running  
After each other;  
You would often lock me  
In the dark cellar  
And I implored:  
"Please open!"  
I used to run trampling on  
The little heads  
- Cut off -  
Spread ripe on the lawn  
We had no mother  
So we're taking turns  
In being her  
You have visiting my dreams  
Leaving to snow  
Through almost  
Closed fingers  
Glittering crystals  
Of verginal illusions

Time seemed our brother  
Until the deadly night  
Twisted, I preserved you  
- Jealously - beside me  
Gelid, adorned with  
The damned cloths  
Of the sudden  
Silence...  
... while  
Ddreamful...  
... I offered you  
A smile...  
... in a suspended flash  
The spirit...  
... was plucked away  
By the...  
... sacrilege of fatal arms!

Forever!  
Remember?  
Forever!  
I kept the secret

"Where is the bride?"  
"Forsaken him!"  
"Fleeing the deceived"  
"Left him alone!"

Talk, talk  
You fools!

Forever I wanted  
Still, lifeless and empty  
The shadow of you  
To lie on  
The bridal couch  
Where you laughed  
Astonished  
Minding the tales  
Bizarre and contorted  
I told you every night  
Prior to submitting

To the empire of the daek

Mors at suae cohortis ludus:

"Anathema, anathema tibi!"

Arcani vis et natura:

"Anathema, anathema tibi!"

They who know, do not speak!

They who talk, do not know!

"Maledictus! Maledictus!"

We are just sketches of men

Caught in a wicked vortex

Where tertium non datur

Between being God

Or being damned

But, after all

Isn't it true that

An inaudible suggestion

An ineffable remorse

A secret instinct

Reveal the impurity

Hidden in success

The vulgarity of victory

The filth nestling

In fortune:

Pure purity

Absolute catharsis,

Is in misadventure

In tragedy

In one's ineluctable

Check mate

And when the lights dim

And falls slowly the curtain

I return to dance in a ring

With the skeleton man

And the bearded lady

The bird-boy and

The laughing dwarf;

Among dragons

And avenging angels

Winged maidens

And herds of blind men

Who dark

With open wide orbits

Taking me at last

To the world where

Uncertainty does not exist

In heaven or underground

Even angels cry, even hero refuses to fly...