

Horror atque terror  
Quid faciebas, malefice  
Die irae, dies ille  
Sovet saeculum in favillam.  
Lost in the garden,  
with the blood on my hands,  
Captive of the luminous trees,  
Of wisdom and of life  
the Holy Keepers,  
My face unmasked, monstrous, bloodred,  
Is shining through the emerald light.  
Numquam diruetur templum  
adamantinum  
Nos, qui olim vicimus,  
vincemus te iterum.  
I eat the deadly flowers  
of murderous lust,  
And begin to chant my freedom.  
Musical death, of Heaven the dirge.  
The Universe I master,  
I make mine the burning delights of life,  
The joy of power unbounded,  
Eternal Fury of celestial destruction...  
Lucifer, damnatus es, pro ea,  
quae faciebas.  
Persequemur te,  
iterum perdemus te,  
Inferna dulcius perfugium  
Quam vorago cruciatuum,  
In quam te praecipitabimus.  
Non est dominus noster,  
nihil potest.  
God is dead  
God is dead  
God is dead

As I tore the shreds  
of this morbid dream,  
I abandoned my heart,  
And on the silent ocean of my soul,  
The waters were so calm  
one could hear the dying of light.