

I shall... I shall tell you what is the passion,
Never... Nevertheless, you'll never find love
I can't... I can't tell you what is love,
Never... Nevertheless that whore will grind your soul

In Nomine Dei Excelsi, a cross of thousand masks,
Self-turned misanthropy, Equilibrium of Love...
And Hate!!!
Hate? Such Pleasure and Emotions such the purest,
Dear Mephisto, teach me how to hate Him in your vein!

Feel my pulse... and concentrate, stimulate, breed your hate,
For God's sake, thy propaganda is ripping all my senses

In the falling of the Skies, you'll be searching for the seas
In the struggle with thy god, fallen temples you will see
Where the seraphims unbound, in the laughter prophesy,
There in the weeping of aman... Desires in slumber shall die...

Betrayed, so purple, among the tombstones, in lovers' waltz, they danced...
All's gone now, too vanished... Alas! My Decadence!
Desire stronger than the bounds of living, the heavens, stay awake!
Venom, Dagger, my voice... Thy venom'll be a choice!

Peccatum Eternal and covenants of celestial archs,
Possessions mean no more than dust in my old bones,
For thousand golden chariots, asigh from her divine,
Pristine and temporary... The Aries of my desperation...

Malevolent, turbulent, enchantment permanent...
Purity, the gravity and whirlwinds in my sanity,
Just history...

In third 'velation, the constellations would never be too weak.
..
She appeared as the clouds were torn, Illusion now reborn,
And choirs celestial were all so quiet, like never before...
The battle won for a man, whilst God has lost the war!