

Along The Avenues Of Hell

Kirlian Camera

Snow stops falling so it'd like to get dirty
at the street corners under the dreary March sun.
I'd give my own self for this dreadful winter
so it doesn't come to an end
In Death... within Death...
I've got Death... Death...
I love this fall full of tears
I love this useless downfall somptuos, blessed
I won't ever come back. Let me say it...
I don't ever want life in me again. Dreadful atrocious
life.
A finest paradise, the joy of death
and garden full of statues without shade
And the madness from the deepest pain
shore... of the end
beaches without any sound
from the sea. Infinite and deserted
and such unnatural possession of agony
and then unconsciousness, so to feel its happy
intoxication.
I don't accept any sentence from these vile ones
towards me or anyone else
There is no forgiveness. The end is absolute
War will finish
I accept death from God and, in Him do I want to die
I am the hell that few know. I'm here to meet a few
so life falls out, falls down. Speechless.
Within the flow of a tortured wind
the light falls down, gives up
I can't come out
Now I'm afraid
sometimes it comes back. It doesn't stay long
Nobody ever died here inside. Yes...
The boat is appearing from a straight canal
There it's raining... there inside.
Where I'm going...?
It's raining, there inside.
Having escaped from hell forever
I prepare myself
for my execution.