

Born In The Grave

Opera IX

The mournful sound of a bell, people in prayer.
My body abandoned in the solitude of the wood, imprisoned
By the rags, compelled to suffer from the frostry contact with
The ground.
In the unbroken silence I'm seized with shuddering.
I turn into matter and then into dust.
She flew up.
An imperceptible ascent in the knowledge dimension,
She penetrates the darkest maze of the infinite universe.
My ignorant body will never know the eternity formulas.
Uh, I'm still, She's fluid. I'm frozen. She's wrapped up in the
Warmest blows of knowledge, she flies free.
The secret will be revealed to her... the ingenious one.