

Welcome to Macabria

Theatres Des Vampires

The thoughts, they slide hanging between the past,
that has coiled my body with long heavy chains,
and the future that doesn't belong to me and that
sinks more and more into oblivion. Flashes of

certainties rip from the sky of non-existence
while tall flames burn down my sighs. I'm lost in
the madness of this darkness... Of this
perversion. A sharp dream that makes my soul
bleed...