

When the parallel spiral unravelled  
Before the firm grasp of my abominable  
Came my birth in the well of the wretched

Novae, braggart of a last jest

My non-Sylph spread down  
In the core of the hideous carnival grotto  
Covering me of a Viperean mask

EnoreKiK eKarov sed xueil dSevape  
TnarutpaK nom ruehlaM ne snoredial  
Rus ed Selpitlum SeteKaf ud tiafneib

The grand fork silence  
Arising for the anchor's cell

Enu eReip eroloKni, L noisrevni ed Al eLitnel  
Enu egnarte emrof, L riovuop sed sreinerd-sen

A maelstrom where repose the villains  
Of the bazaar of virtues

Denaturation of the ork by the Zirconium  
A grinch in the night wearing its crystals eternally

A dispirited lunatic passage  
Broken by the traitors... . by this pernicious soothing

A mistake followed itself in the decisive cryptage  
When the telescope fell on the inverted astron  
The utopia was not mechanically very long  
And logic vanished under the illogical

"If only there has been a claim for my sectimes  
My poor sectimes... .they are... .they are mine!!!"

A frenetic impulsion influenced  
When escaping the human yawning chasm  
This globe transformed into memories

Novae, braggart of a last jest

My sylph fled...  
After the (firm) grasp of my abominable  
Allowing me to wear my Viperean mask