Blood and Confusion

Cadaveria

Words confuse and create equivocal thoughts
Thoughts silently transmit our inner essence
The eternal silence leads to oblivion.
I am contradiction, the boundary, inside and outside
I am difficulty, immoderation, mannerism, simplicity,
rigor, baroque, minimalism
I'm like this music that twists around itself,
that gets torn and recomposes.
I'm the result of a test, the survivor of a living
Rottenly imbued of my life, counterpoint to the petrification of pain
Heap of rocks, skeleton of soul, voice suspended in a dream
Longing for entering the mystery of visible
For tasting the sweet horror vacui.
I listen to the silence
I feed myself with fear, rage, anguish and unspoken sensations
Surprised and spellbound by the grotesque and eclectic revelation of things.
I perceive something tragic here
And my mind is blood and confusion.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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