The Divine Rapture

Cadaveria

Bewitched by the eternal rhythm of divine breath,
perverse he smiled to the prickly knock of rain drops,
his body was cruel like beauty, his eyes incandescent like silk.
Transfixed by an absolute lightning of freedom,
He freed himself in an uncensored dance.
Possessed by a pressing desire of being, fibrillation of misleading welfare.
Star, unreachable demiurge, ice, frost and silence.
A light dyed with ghost-white his heart, gusts of jade struck his memory.
Icon of collective dreams, pulverized by magic fears, ancient gold of a waste land.
He turned his thoughts into words and his words into actions
And his moan was like a sweet chant without words.

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

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