Sepulcro

Opera IX

I'm alone the night wind's blowing on my face
and the branches of the trees are crying in the big
empty if this night.
Step by step along the shadow path
the black cloak of darkness opens the door
in the place of eternal silence.
Wha strange emotions are striking my body
an obscure quiet is leading my mind
my hands are touching the wet trees
and the undergrowth is making my way blind among
the mossy stones in the realm of the dead.
The old ivy-mantled gate is creaking
while I am opening the door of the whisper crypt.
What a morbid force my soul has
a hidden god is leading my steps.
I am going down is this wet stairs in the stiffing dark
only the noise of a drop
of water is stressing the passing time
I'm alone in this sepulcro.
I humble being pieteously observe the men's fragilty.
Putrid bones put upon marble sacella
are waiting for nothing
while the cobwebs are covering the ancient effigies
everything's resting in a monumental silence here
everything is forgotten here.
I alone in this sepulcro will bring these relics
back to life with my profane action.
This is a sacred profanation
that will give life to death
the eternal life of memory.
Alone in this sepulcro.

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