

How Like A Winter, To the Farthest Bound of Life

Wintry and desolate in this hall
A long way to the farthest bounds of life
Waiting on a shore, where I can't see any boat
But my reflection on this noxious water

Ut moriens obliviseatur sui
qui dum viveret oblitus est Dei

Phlebotomize and drunk up
'cause life is a lie
is a lie...

Here
in what they call the Swedenborg's room
a long long hall where thousands lay in misery
a sad gathering where no one can feel
other than a coarse blade on their neck
unearthed corpses from unearthed worlds

Lost
this is death
only a roaming
without sense
without senses
without end