

Overture

So if you just have the time
To listen to the story.
I think it would be fine.
The poems sure have rhymes
Their music breathes glory
Even though they are mine.

The music plays in time
The melodies will vary,
You may call me a dreamer
But you'll hear that's it's rather a nightmare.

When affliction and pain
Swamps you like pouring rain
Be strong enough to keep
Your head above the water's deep.

When your life is an ordeal
That looks like a slimy eel
Beware not to forget

The goals that you have set.
Just take every trouble
One after the other.

Your feet should not wobble
Your mind will not bother
If you keep faith in you.

And if the bedrocks quake
And the volcanoes spew
They will keep you awake
To let you persist in the wake.

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That looks like a slimy eel
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To let you persist in the wake.

When affliction and pain
Swamps you like pouring rain
Be strong enough to keep
Your head above the water's deep.
Bedrocks quake,
Volcanoes,
Keep awake
Persist in the wake

Cemetery

Twilight glides across the cemetery
stretching between sepulchres
where he rambles
searching for a place
to die in peace.

Now he finds a big grave
where he should be granted
to sleep and never wake up.

But the headstone rotates
and he tumbles into an abyss of
foul stench.

Way to the catacombs

Swallowed by the grave, he is strolling slowly
Between lifeless bodies who stare at him.
Dead eyes like century-old pearls really
Rustle "how did you dare come there, was it on a
whim?" .

Hanging on the wall violet moulds and funguses
Sparkle, twinkle and shine under a moon ray.
Below the cavern's vault, cobwebs in disarray
Wave, shimmer and snake, at the pace of hearses.

On the ground his feet crush millions of insects;
Out of their shells, yellow juices flow
In the survivors' gobs; they suddenly grow
Reach the size of a dog, so much side effects.

Carnivorous plant, sundews and Venus flytrap
Will open their lobes, in the hope to kidnap
Or spread their tentacles, his body they'll digest.
Such an ugly death. To last he'll do his best.

Spiders move closer to his skin to digest it.
Tapeworms disengage from his skin like vermin
out of meat.

Red-haired rats used to come to gather all the
bones
This time you won't have his to create jewelry.
Gluey blood-sucking bats I hear all your groans
You can't suck his warm blood, 'cause he ain't got
any.

The lightning / The running

He was running after a light
Trying to escape this hell.
His complexion begins to dispel
His skin turning to ash-white.

My crown of light led him to a room
Lit by this giant precious stone
He was so tired in this shadowy gloom
And was impressed when he saw my throne.

He was so tired that he fell asleep
Such a slumber before he woke up.
His beautiful face close-up
With a smile that I want to reap, to reap.

It seems I am the Queen, Queen of the
Catacombs
You hope I will tell you when you shall get out.
It seems I am the Queen, Queen of the
Catacombs
I'll help you to forget me, cause I think you love
me.

Tells me I look like a girl of my style
Loved me so much when he was outside:
Long haired with no curls and brown-eyed
Sparkling white teeth and a lovely smile, lovely
smile.

You can't love me cause we are worlds apart
Even if you don't return to the start.
He would do anything just to join me
A relationship that's strong and balmy.

It seems I am the Queen, Queen of the
Catacombs
You hope I will tell you when you shall get out.
It seems I am the Queen, Queen of the
Catacombs
I'll help you to forget me, cause I think you love
me.

It seems I am the Queen, Queen of the
Catacombs
You hope I will tell you when you shall get out.

Dialog

You know who I am now,
I know who you are now
But we cannot stay together.
I'm the queen of this world now,
You are from the other,
But we cannot stay together.
You cannot go backwards,
You must undergo every pain
You've seen before you met me.

I don't know if I should,
But yet I know I must,

If I want to stay with you.
All the pains will be soft,
The reward will erase them.
Let's go valiantly to the pains.

I think he is strange now,
Cause he seems to feel nothing;
He surely must be in a daze.
He couldn't see my lips
Telling I am with him
Hoping nothing bad will stop him.

Twelve bodies

Lifeless bodies here he stands
But don't ask him how or why
I told him to lick your hands
and your face until they dry.
Let's begin with the first plague.

His tongue now is swimming
Into a sweet rottenness,
Sometimes he feels he's losing
His lips with all this stress.
But at last faces are clean.

Hey queen, one third is done
I'm feeling good, waiting for the next one.

On their bodies mushrooms grow
At the place of the elbow

His teeth find them tinkling
Tell him it's very nourishing
But now he's very thirsty.

Hey queen, second third is done
I'm feeling good, waiting for the next one

Warts are swelling on their feet
He's cutting them with his nails.
Frozen blood pours out like ales
Hosed at the pump: special treat.
Such a medicine can strengthen you.

Hey queen, everything's done
Still feeling good, still feeling good
Hey queen, everything's done
Still feeling good, still feeling good

Eyes

He sees four eyes on the wall of the cave;
All four are staring at him like TV screens.
On the first a locust with the head of a knave
Makes love with a tin soldier, still in its teens.
After love the locust's elytras turn into weapons.
And all of a sudden bullets fly in all directions.
Trying to avoid them he is losing all of his
emotions.

On the second screen the Devil with an axe in his
hand,
Tries to behead God, Shiva, Buddah, but in the
end
Their heads regrow gradually and suddenly
They rebel against Satan, execute him insanely

Four eyes on the wall of the cave oppress the
man,
He's losing confidence, will he endure the plagues,
the plagues.

On the third screen babies have only body and
one leg:

Inhaled polluted air is a real powder keg
That will transform humanity in an absolute
absolute dreg.

On the fourth and last screen he sees the apostle
of peace,
His hands before his face he thinks, of his
destiny.
His nails, these sharp knives, stain his pale skin
butcher his body,
Then sink into his throat at the border of
decease.
Still seeing four eyes on the walls of the cave
That stare disgracefully at him like Death on the
grave
He carries on his path to endure his next plague
in the cave.

Mouldinesses

Mouldinesses, funguses are waiting for him
That's what he sees.
He's stripping, puts his clothes behind him
And he sees
Mouldinesses, funguses change into spittles
Which are green.
Sticking like viscous glair flowing on his chin.

They look like stringy hangings and drapes
That swing
at his heartbeat and embrace his body with
tepidity, tickle his feet .
Mouldinesses, funguses, disgraceful torment,
You don't need no comment.
You don't need no comment.

Green sputum is spreading on his head and hair
Bringing some itching on his back, some itching on
his back.
Green sputum unite with his skin like a
Camembert
and forms a shield against insidious attack,
insidious attack.

He's trying to eat them but they fall on ground
Then he rubs himself on the wall, they still stick
on him.
Suddenly they unhook from the wall and they
wrap around
Like sudden fantasy or exotic whim, exotic whim.

Cobwebs

Perched under the vault of the cavern, the cave
Brittle and crumbly, elusive and fuzzy, really
Over there cobwebs under the vault they float
And suddenly plummet, their threads hack his
throat
Hack his throat.

Sharp-edged like fiberglass tapered point cutting
What should he do not to undergo such a harsh
bloodletting.

Blood is oozing and how come

His blood leaks and he drains.
Misfortune! than he flares and stains
His time has come
Come Pegasus
Hey doctor
Hemostasis.

He's bleeding and he walks
He's bleeding find a way
He's bleeding a medicine
He's bleeding for his wounds for his wounds.

Yellow juice

Exhausted he lugs his carcass
Under the cobwebs sharp as glass.
He's crushing carrion beetles with his feet
Out of their carapaces escapes
A yellow juice bland and viscous
While remains heap up between his toes.
Kneeling to wash away scraps from his feet,
His skin touches the juice and blood stops to
bleed.

He's still kneeling on the ground
Takes a close look at the juice
That flows away to the crushing's survivors.
They voraciously drink the juice and their two
eyes change in one.
This one grows and stares at him:
Shivering, remembering four eyes on the wall,
He's losing confidence, when shall he get out of
the cave.

Sexton beetles have reached the size
Of a dog that still has six legs.
Carcasses have all been eaten
By these giant insects,
Not fed up they stare at him:
This seems to whet their appetite
For even more: wow a human being
Scarce food and therefore so precious.

To survive and escape this horror:
These starving burying beetles,
Necrophagus necrophoruses,
In a superhuman strain
He stretches, gets on hands and knees
To leave this shore, escape these insects
With such threatening and sluggish moves,
Before being devoured, swallowed and digested.
Before being devoured, swallowed and digested.
Before being devoured, swallowed and digested.

Sundews

Why could he escape the monsters
To fall in the snare of these plants
Which are a kind of giants,
Animals that drive him against the walls:
He needs some answers.

Their glandular tentacles catch him,
A dreadful smell invades his nose.
Frightened, he's got to scream:
Refusing to be digested
And not allowing to be part of this
metamorphosis.

He totters and his foot stumbles on a sundew.
Snatched by the rotting smell and rumples
His skin turns snow white, covered with scales, its
pores turn into pimples.
This kind of leprosy corrodes his bubbling tissue.

Why could he escape the carrion beetles
To fall in the snare of a sundew
With reeking, sticky honeydew,
Sundews which cornered him against the walls:
The answer is to carry on the battle.

Red haired rats

Red haired rats come to tickle his feet,
Oh are you here to nibble the cheese trickling
between, between his toes.
Red haired rats so fickle that you compete
In getting the most of the highs and lows of your
friends and foes.

Look, he only has scales and no skin
An ugly leprous face, but between his eyes stick
purulent blood clots.
Red haired rats you can devour like in a canteen
The patties shaped by his blood enclosing insipid
fluid scales, carapaces and rots.

Don't touch my skin he says, get out of here
The old field mice in a single file shapes on the
ground a confession:
"You must go down the drain and disappear,
If you don't, we'll skin your body and collect your
bones to make knee-cap necklaces". No reaction.

Red haired rats came to tickle his feet.
They found no reaction and suddenly disappeared,
it's a real relief, a tremendous treat.
Red haired rats left behind a leprous man not fit.
He got the less of the whys and hows of his
friends and foes, welcoming their retreat.

Vampire

Vampire you strive for sucking all his blood.
His soft neck appeals to you bat, frozen and still
white
After escaping the rats fight.
He isn't really fond of you.

Vampire you are breathing your warm breath like
a fume
He sweats and feels bad about, bat you comb his
hair with your wings,
But he's not very fond of these things
Bat around your snout there is spume.

Vampire you perspire and your hungering body
Shudders, is in withdrawal, and you haunt your
prey.
Buzzing around him is a foul play
He works hard to escape tragedy.

Vampire you expire, and from your snout
Life slowly retreats, you're left with your only
drought.
Ravenous rats will eliminate
Your remains and bemoan your fate.

Shaggy balls

Look at these shaggy balls swinging through the
sky.

Look up at the ceiling, they're swinging so high.
Slowly they land on his head, with their shaggy
legs.

He yells, they run down his brow, that's what
eyes can see: Shaggy balls, shaggy legs.

Green bodies, brown legs, light hair, end of a
silken chain.

A psychedelic ballet is dancing before his chin.
Thousands of compound eyes bore the secrets of
his brain

Sneering unclean spiders mouths twirl to lick his
skin.

Twirl to lick his skin.

He remembers the reward at the end.
No more afraid by torments left behind.
With her in mind, he's exalted to heavenly
heights.

Spider's mouths expand and venom runs out of
the fangs.

Digestive enzymes are dripping from overhangs.

They dissolve his scales and blisters and he gets
nervous

He believes he's winning the struggle and feels
like Hercules on Caucasus.

The slaver flows on his skin consuming every hair.
The slaver dissolves his skin, he has so much to
scrape.

Frightful itching from venom expanding
everywhere

Compound eyes snooping the scene ready for the
rape

Ready for the rape.

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The worm

His dissolved skin is so itching
And now it stretches, he's suffering.
He needs to scratch forehead and chin
Under his nails it's not his skin
It's a worm, a big worm, a worm.

He wants to pull it out from there
It lengthens more at his despair.
Muscles lose their texture beneath.
He beheads the worm with his teeth.
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.

It's a worm, such a big worm.
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.
It's a worm, such a big worm, a worm, a worm.

The head to the spiders he's leaving,
He's about to stop the bleeding.

Pulling out echinococcus
Becomes his primary focus:
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.

Having mastered all this ordeal
Is such a joy he won't conceal.
His skin's been cured, the tapeworm's out
The victory he can shout out:
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.

It's a worm, such a big worm.
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.
It's a worm, such a big worm, a worm, a worm.

It's a worm, such a big worm.
Plathelminthes or flat worm: tapeworm.
It's a worm, such a big worm, a worm, a worm.

Birth / Death

Being so exhausted after all these infernal
 tourments.
It's time for him to experience some heavenly
 moments.
He's reaching over me and starts kissing my
 scarlet lips.
It's a first kiss, the second should follow,
But I fear it could be the last because it slips.

 My lips were too hard for him.
My skin too soft and my heart too pure for him.
He was too weak after all this intense emotional
 torture.
 He would give his heart to me,
But I only received his passing and the death of
 our future.

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