

Some unwelcoming smell depresses the place.
A look into the mirror,
I see the devil incarnate.
Some misanthrophist in my direction -
In my deserted interior is a world
Of misty windswept moorlands.
Full of thoughts, rising against the dark
I am the only one, who non omnis moritar
I am the evil one, who non omnis moritar
Non omnis moritar,
Death has many faces.
Non omnis moritar
I am each face of it.
Only this great dark throne is mine!