





# LAVINIA VALERIANA

The Lyrics  
2021 – 2022





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## THE LYRICS

2021 – 2022

In no (particular) order and taken from the releases *Stregata*, *Lays Amidst Darkly Days*, Vol. 2, *Carpe Noctem*, *In the Garden of Turmoil*, and *In a Chamber of Ruin*.

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FINIS VITAE SED NON AMORIS

THE END OF LOVE BUT NOT OF LOVE

*Original text which excludes the additional quotes from Dante Alighieri*

I saw in a dark dream (you and me).  
It was the end of life, but not of love.  
For us, two souls resting on  
the banks of the Acheron  
and waiting for The Fates thread to cut,  
saying our goodbyes to the Sun.

After they saw the deed done,  
we did drift into a realm  
(Semper omumbrata/forever shadowed)  
that shut out all daylight, which to us was no matter.  
We have always been in union with the night.

Author Note:

Omumbrata is not the Latin term for shadowed, which would be Obumbrata, but I preferred it.



## CARPE NOCTEM

### SEIZE THE NIGHT

I see you have developed echolocation  
and shadowed me as I stray  
from sempiternal damnation.  
Love, capitulate to temptation,  
mount this chariot and wage war on the day,  
a demoniacal play — our bête noire.

#### Carpe Noctem (avec Moi)

Cloaked in [what they call] devilry,  
pitch black! In reverie — what a lark!  
Tracing every star, in venerary,  
I covet thee and desire to be  
where you are — yield my neck to your jaw.

Dominate, exsanguinate and bleed me  
to the core — Pompeii overcome by Vesuvius  
and its Chimera roar.

#### Carpe Noctem (avec Moi)

I hear your heart as it hammers with an incandescent Jupiter,  
and Hecate, resplendent, answers, spinning her Stropholos in mine,  
torching open a crossroads to join the cadaver.



We shun the sun!

The daylight is gone onto quietus endeavours — together,  
we will ignite the dark!

We shall ignite the dark!

## IN SOMNIO OSCURA VIDI (EGO ET TU)

### I SAW IN A DARK DREAM

Into the water, we went, dragged,  
around us bent a blanket of Obsidian,  
swallowed by the mouth of Ploutonion  
and from our mortal realm — gone.

Gone Amongst Pluto, his ashen fog,  
depleting our last breath as our souls,  
from our shells, swam, all hammer and tongs.

Into throngs of lust and gyrating in a whirlwind — to darkness cast.

## LAUDATE SOMNUS

The day brings word of war and plague  
and those who are iniquitous.  
The night for eight times an hour  
does launder all thoughts and make them vague.

Laudate Somnus!

Laudate Somnus!

## IN THE GARDEN OF TURMOIL

We did crawl in the garden of turmoil  
and you did claw with me into the soil  
of this earth that has so viciously tried to bury many alive,  
take a soul as more than the Ferryman takes a toll,  
far more costly than an obol.  
Many have died, many cannot thrive  
and, how is it that we, out of all, are blessed to survive?  
A global affliction and its pandemonium,  
what makes us so very special?  
That in times so fateful  
we should escape the crematorium and not those people.



To seize the seed that births new life,  
as others cling to their strife  
and asylum-like delirium.

We stand at the outpost of Love's guilt,  
notwithstanding, on the contrary, imperium.

My heart beats for you but does bleed for them.  
Away from a sanctuary, possessed by remorse in Bedlam!  
From sanguine to ex sanguine!  
Too far from any Heaven.

## THEMIS WOULD SAY

The Hydra closed in,  
intent on taking you down,  
shedding its skin and squeezing town-to-town.  
Stand tall, be proud, for you swung your sword,  
cutting it off, head-by-head  
as with it came rivers of blood  
and the underworld reaching out  
from its abyss; they, not you, will finish up with,  
nay, in Tartarus, and I tell you now,  
I know, I know it is a Herculean might  
but I feel victory will be yours,  
you'll have the last hiss in this fight  
and the darkness, as I've thought,

shall unequivocally yield to the light.

I hear you I see your plight  
justice will be done on one fateful night  
I hear you I see your plight  
justice will be done on one fateful night

Hold on, if you can,  
to the memories that burn bright,  
don't lose sight.

Don't lose sight  
Don't lose sight  
Justice will be done on one fateful night  
Hold on, if you can,  
to the memories that burn bright,  
don't lose sight.



## GATHER YE LILIUM

Lay me to rest deep in your heart,  
bury me tightly, never do-part  
from all that has been and will ever be,  
cosmically bonded by a *modus operandi*  
carved in the stars by one, Aphrodite.

Mi sono innamorato di te.  
Prego, resta con me per sempre.  
Dai!

Never will I deny or shun thee!  
No, this love is true, so gather ye  
Lilium and walk to the end of this life with me.

To the crematorium with conflicting calm  
and pandemonium.  
Come, Bell'uomo, to find Elysium and flee!  
Walk to the end of this life with me.

## THE DOOMED LOVER

Beneath my breast, I cry  
and my skull, I die  
for thoughts do darken slowly,  
and my worth hangs lowly.  
That is until I see yours which is the face  
disseminating a night sky full of stars,  
a roaring sea of glimmering hope.

I feel you decimating the steely rope  
that does splice around, nay cover my throat  
and if I say, take note

A long absence does torture,  
if you were to think of me not,  
Thanatos would take over and garrotte,  
I, The Doomed Lover.

## OF MORS & THE EROTES

Dive into the deep blue of my eyes, with yours,  
where the pupil eclipses the iris and underneath,  
hides Jupiters' grey thunderous skies  
when I glance towards those hazel planets  
that the telescope of all my being adores to witness,  
you mesmerize, and I gaze, longing to elope.

Dai, Amore Mio

Come with me, to fight Mors  
and go yonder the firth of death,  
to Paradise, away from the Inferno,  
this saturnine earth,  
to be at one with The Erotes,  
to prosper as we deserve.

Dai, Amore Mio

Descending Plutos' slope of woe and passion,  
quivering to the dæmons' trill that spills from my heart  
as it flutters and dies by way of the Ouroboros,  
overcome and undone by your beauty,  
that covers me with the soil of its grave,  
o' so safe in your arms, asleep-then-awake, eternally sans turmoil.

Dai, Amore Mio



Come with me, to fight Mors  
and go yonder the firth of death,  
to Paradise, away from the Inferno,  
this saturnine earth,  
to be at one with The Erotes,  
to prosper as we deserve.

## THE UNDYING

Lovelorn, we had felt a curse, or,  
as Erebus only knows, worse.  
Fogged by darkness, theirs,  
hydrochloric words upon our ears.

Let others talk!  
I know love now!  
With you, undying, it shall last for years.

Let others talk!  
Let them talk!

I know love now!  
With you, undying, it shall last for years.

Day-in-day-out, scorching,  
as they trade canards that carry a reciprocal pungent smell  
from their infernal dragon mouths. Blowtorching!

But we did fire back!  
We did fire back!  
Let others talk!  
I know love now!  
With you, undying, it shall last for years

or as Eros, Mors, and the others know,  
anything immortal outlives the centuries.

S' Agapo  
S' Agapo  
S' Agapo

When they're as cold as stone,  
You and I in our sepulchre will never die.  
Always, we'll be, as our hearts remain burning.  
Woe to those who try, oft churning  
the excrement of the demonic,  
notwithstanding this havoc world  
where a lesson by many an occupant  
on social etiquette needs learning.

Let others talk!  
Let them talk!  
I know love now!

With you, undying, it shall last for years

or as Eros, Mors, and the others know,  
anything immortal outlives the centuries.

When they're as cold as stone,  
You and I in our sepulchre will never die.

## AND LO, I ADORE THEE

If I were to die and you did flay me,  
it is true you would see carved into my bones

Agápi Mou

Agápi Mou

Agápi Mou

My Love covering the skeleton  
Where oft your palm roams and briefly,  
I am resting within loves' catacombs.

Agápi Mou

Agápi Mou

Agápi Mou

My Love, your hands are the safest of places  
when the undead memories make the frailest heart of me,  
and it races to what feels as if no end,

and within yours is where I'll always be.

Αγάπι Mou

Αγάπι Mou

Αγάπι Mou

My Love, you're the Myrrh that saves me from decay,  
the roseate hue in all that is grey.

And lo, I adore thee

And lo, I adore thee

My Love!

## (FOLLOW ME) ONTO THE MORROW

Come, o' come,

here into my arms

fall to a knee, to my pseudo-charms.

The day is ours, this I know,

love and lust, not flowers,

are the seeds we'll sow

onto the morrow and many new morns,

and lanced shall be flesh by concupiscent thorns.

Come, come, the sun, over us,

burns its lovers' glow



and the grass projects passions' shadow below.

The day is ours, this I know,  
love and lust, not flowers, are the seeds we'll sow  
onto the morrow and many new morns,  
and lanced shall be flesh.

## IN THE DARK (WITHOUT YOU)

Where are we? (I'm alone)  
I'm in the dark, without you  
under a lamp, and feeling dead.  
(So alone) Sat at the window,  
as another day does amble on and by,  
and my heart sings its lamentable cry  
to the gwerz of an anguine bitten mind  
that exhumes memories on which I rely to stay sane.

(Without you, alone)

Without you, but in solace and pain  
My pulse is in a race to the thought of a time  
where we'll renew and embrace,  
and trace each other's faces with kisses  
and subdue this anathema, nay, this fire  
on which I fear bones do burn and break

with every turn of the screw,  
by the pyre and moans that peal

"You're going to break!"

"You're going to break"

and I'm panicked each day that I'm in fondness  
yet despondent, without you.

(Without you, alone in the dark)

So alone in the dark  
(Without you, alone in the dark)  
alone in the dark,  
so alone in the dark.

(Without you, alone in the dark)  
So alone in the dark  
(Without you, alone in the dark)  
alone in the dark,  
so alone in the dark!

## (LOVE REIGNS) TO THE GRAVE

In the grip of melancholia and its vast forest of thorns  
that have my flesh, scarred, for a beautiful creature  
I've fallen hard, I've fallen, for you.

O' beautiful!

(Beautiful) Submerge me into the sea of your blood,  
carrying me, with feeling through the veins  
to where love reigns in its central stronghold.

(O' Beautiful)

O' Beautiful creature!

(Creature) We have the ichor only honest lovers know,  
the sense of an immortal rush passes vessels as virtue beats,  
from the heart, its echo.

(Ooh-eh-ah echo)

O' beautiful!

(Beautiful, ergo)

Ergo, ever-we-go, lovingly ageing to the grave,  
no soul to save because we are at peace together  
in only a way we kindred souls will know.

(To the grave we go)

O' beautiful creature!

(Beautiful)

To the grave, we go, onward-and-onward,  
falling hard in our doomed lovers' galliard.

(Falling hard in our doomed lovers' galliard)

## BY THE WAYS OF ORPHEUS

As Luna casts her glow on you  
the air turns cold but still  
the warmth of Sol  
from your heart shines through  
and before the need of all others,  
I'd sacrifice mine,  
do all I need to do.

Invictus, I wait and call out to you  
and if you fall, I'll crawl  
and rescue all the broken pieces  
and thus, repair them by the ways of Orpheus.

## SEIZE THE THORNS

You fear that you've sold your soul  
to all that is lost and foul,  
but let eyes bleed out,  
seize the thorns, a pro tem worry always scorns.

(Always scorns)

Cariad, hold onto me,  
rwy'n dy garu di

A devil only has a way to kiss your cerebrum  
and leave its message, if you do grant it passage.

Cariad, hold onto me,  
rwy'n dy garu di

Despair knows not your name  
and all the same, it's a strange world we're in,  
where the slightest wrong is seen as the grandest sin.



## 'TIL THE MOON KISSES THE SUN

I see the torment painted on your face,  
how you feel you've fallen from grace  
but there is something called forgiveness,  
and we've all got a chance for a renaissance.

O' My Dear,  
stay near!

No! My Dear, don't you dare  
to second guess who you are,  
I'm here to extract the spear and lick the scars.

It's in the past, what-is-done-is-done,  
there is always a battle to be won,  
we're in this together, 'til the moon kisses the sun

over the tombstone  
over the tombstone

where beyond we'll live on  
over the tombstone  
where beyond we'll live on

## (SUMMER) IN THESE TIMES OF PLAGUE

The corpse leaves lay,  
below my feet decaying on the ground.  
Along every street, from them,  
hisses out a bone-cracking sound.  
As mine ache from the sleeplessness,  
which has caused my thinking to become vague,  
dismantled by isolation in these times of plague.

The trees claw at the sky above.  
I cling to hope below.  
On my walk through the night,  
a promenade that does envelope me in love.  
It does show me a way to cope.

Tomorrow is a new day,  
and I invoke Sol to send down a loving ray  
to light up the dark that suffocates us all.

Tomorrow is a new day,  
in this Hell, we shall find a way, yes, we shall.

Yes, in this Hell, we shall find a way,  
yes, we shall, and think, always, of those who fell.

Out from this mausoleum, souls redivivus, we'll crawl.  
Yes, out from this mausoleum, souls redivivus, we'll crawl.

## MEMENTO MORI

Through you, I see a photograph of us from days gone too fast,  
and I laugh at you, a spectral, doting face from a loving past.  
You're far in another realm, yet near in a mist, au contraire!  
In front of me, a paradisiacal light, an Elysium glare.

I feel your shadow in the corner whilst peering at your orbs here and there. Some  
things I may have missed, but I don't think they're dust?

Unless [in all my insomnia] vision has turned to rust.

Then, who's raking at my hair?

From whence came this icy air?

I ask you to burn out for now, as it's time for me to (also) lay to rest.

Return when the Corvus takes flight and to its nest.

When Selene tends over the twilight, I'll see you the morrow,  
for now, in my dreams.

I do love and adore your company,  
but per favore, what about "Memento Mori" and all it means?

A hammer (with love and sorrow) pounds the blood  
that screams beneath my wounded breast.

Return to your soil, pause your soul, and sleep tight.

Lest I be awake for another night, it's all for the best,  
would you be so kind? Buonanotte/Goodnight  
[and I beg, it's not all in my mind].

O' cazzo!

Have I, to reality, become blind?

Is it Venlafaxine?

No, I'm sure I'm fine.

## THE ANKOU COMES

The Ankou comes and will not go away empty.

Outside my quarters, scream his wheels, plenty.

The night owls bawl, come to take meat, bones and soul,  
and to plant me deep into the soil.

I must admit that, by night, turmoil has me set to waver.

Ah,' but I'll wager that glad tidings keep  
my thoughts in order and mind as a honed Excalibur.

So, I shall weep on days of need and heed any remorse.

Send death to reap and bury another seed, to take  
a different course because time is precious,  
as is love, and that is far from over.

## IO, SATURNALIA

And so, darling,

the Hellhound can keep trying to cage us in bloodied claws  
or jail us tightly behind slavering jaws.

Love will see it toothless, fists boneless,

as it always finds a way — new doors.

I promise you this!

The stars may never shine again,  
and the flames lick up all our pain,  
but every demon permeating the brain  
has outrun its sin and course because you  
are mine, and I am yours.

Io, Saturnalia!

This one's for you, for others like us too.

Cheers!

## MOURNING THE DEPARTED

A blest offering you were,  
a seraphic spring dew,  
Ma Petite Fleur of happiness long overdue.  
I'm now shell-shocked  
and forlorn.  
I yearn for you  
to burrow back into my heart,  
splintered in two.  
What is there left to do  
but mourn?  
To wait out for a new dawn

with you.

Je prie pour Ankou

## A NOCTURNAL DEMON

Irascibility blindfolds My thoughts,

inundated and out of sorts.

Aside from you, I am courting Moros.

His nightly spells have me forgetting

That I'm solely yours, as he keeps on betting

that he can split the path laid out for us.

He tells me to go with him,

won't leave me at bay,

and insists that it must be this way.

When Sol wakes me from rest,

I understand why I stay and

that as I slept so as a demon sat upon my chest.

## LOVE UNDER A NEW MOON

The Sagittarius fell into Pisces,

in the murkiest of all seas,

finally, stars cross

and we see-what-each-sees,

two hearts as one, together with:

Love, under a new moon  
bleeding, we're immune  
to the pain that'll be over soon

Swim we do from the treacherous deep  
for air to breathe, to share and together sleep,  
and hope we keep for lovers and

Love, under a new moon  
bleeding, we're immune  
to the pain that'll be over soon





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