

JULIO ÁNGEL OLIVARES MERINO

Pendulum

The Grove 6 (1999)

Tarns in chiaroscuro, sloth and riddles the wind
facing West chanteth.
Aligned aureoles of blissful mortuary
dissonance,
lengthened shroud of forgotten hysteria,
the cry of armless and blind cherubs, for rapture
of senses longing,
Thy chest will behold.
Swamps of a soul's reflection, the dance of a
pendulum.
The masquerader thine own tears wept,
The angel and the siren in a romance, portraying
skies.
Timeless eruption of silhouettes, from the bulk
of dead...sightveilers at dusk...
Nine sighs from the enchanted weeds.
Where all beauty lies, leaning on destiny,
No blemish of sonority in the thicket of
desolation,
A crescent of howlings, a pounding, so distant
for thy tragic immensity...
Thou will find just solitude...
Trace the bracelet, my sweetest murmur, my
Crypt Dancer...
And with a mourning eye at the depth of rhyme,
poetry and ribbons of melancholy, all in the
wasteland of evenfalls,
thou will remain...in perfidity swollen.
To these words no tongue thou will behold,
enameled and embalmed by the calling inside,
a mistress in the shade...
Stoical oaths vanish as I remember the last dusk
in thy shrine...
Wintry waters and one weaken drop of musk,
Is all that now echoes this unscriptured
nowhere.

Forlorn Cerements of a Rebirth

The craved mask in graven odes upon thy shore
 lieth...
 ...Upon thy haunted dreams feedeth,
 Symphonia, my deceased December.
 A crimson veiled thorn, so-called winter, amidst
 the marbled angels danceth...
 ...Over graves of velvet and stigmata, under the
 protruding skies of nemesis...
 A fainting embrace, languid flame of a whisper,
 a remembrance within.
 Auroral macabre chiming, and the wolf
 fadeth...no shade...
 Thou, night, partaking of the plenilunia, chorus
 animae...
 The winged-Faustus-in-me for my wasted
 splendour blameth.
 Wept vigil, for thee a ribboned oppressive wish
 in fathomless serenity.
 Eden purged by the enchantress that ebony
 feareth, thou sense me...
 And waters of sigils, the shroud of timelessness
 webs.
 Tears of lamentia, a ritual of seduced lucidity...
 As thou mourn me...

A Tale of Bliss

The Grove 25 (2018-2020)

I feel alive, born in flames

You wonder why,
I've returned
Read the lights all over the
garden's stage
Sense I am back,
Clouds inside
The universe preserved my
path
Bound to blast out in your
withered time
Come and shine...
I am calling you.

CHORUS:

Faith... you know the
years
Tearing us apart
A thorn of fears
But now here's my love
Draining lakes
Over you...
And I'll stay
"struggling..."

Be the light
So that my blood runs wild
Catch the moon...
Bring back the falling
stars...

Let my heart ...

CHORUS:

Bathe the pale...
It lasts forever.
We're breaking through
The walls of never
Sailing plains
Chasing winds
The lamps are full...

Drain all the lakes
Stand by me and taste
I am growing pure
Within your cure
It's coming true.

A blissful lie...
"I'll rest in peace"

(To listen to the song, click on the following link:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NPM-rw9cfo8>)

Julio Ángel Olivares Merino (BA, Granada 1992; PhD, Jaén 1999) teaches English Literature at the University of Jaén, Spain. His research revolves around Gothic fiction and film, semiotics and narratology relating to music, film, literature and popular culture. Managing Director at UniRadio Jaén, the academic radio station at the University of Jaén, his studies also focus on creativity in the classroom, mainly dealing with the use of radio, its registers and didactic resources, in teaching. His books include, among others, *The Ring: una mirada al abismo* (2005), an approach to Nakata's J-Horror masterpiece, as well as a study of Spanish director Jaime Balagueró (*En nombre de la oscuridad*, 2001).

He is also a fiction writer—with more than 15 published novels, *La piel leve* (2020) being his last release—, as well as an actor and artistic director of a theatre Company (*Delirium. Laboratorio de Artes Escénicas*).

Composed and written by Julio Ángel Olivares Merino (vocals and guitars in *Witchshire*) “A Tale of Bliss”, a ballad deconstructing the foundations of love songs, was recorded in 2018, more than two decades after the band had splitted up. It is part of a double album under the title *Phantasmagoria* (2020), including twenty-five previously unreleased tracks which illustrate *Witchshire*'s holistic and open-minded approach to the metal genre, based on literary references and philosophical views, pushing forward the limits and conventions of hard rock, back in the 90's.