

Asgaard

"...about Love"

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[Part I - The Halfshade's birth]

Proud...
Yet so easy
Crowned with a thorn of his lust
A slave of Beauty...
Like an autumn rain
Which cries the silver tears
And in the God's eye
Plays the traitor,
He clads the joy in sorrow,
With a colour of Night paints the dreams to become
free...
To touch the heart, that gave him life...
Yet the lust has declined
Damned be his name
Only the tears have remained,
The pieces of ancient splendour dipped in the torment
of passion...
His sun will never rise again.
Shining with a gleam of fulfillment
... the ray of Love.

[Part II - Darkness]

Fulfillment smeared with blood...
A dagger in Your hand;
The flower of Love has died burning with admiration
for Beauty,
Which has never been seen...
He didn't understand...
He did hate...

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