

Asgaard

"In Articulo Mortis"

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Like autumnal leaf
Fragile and lonely
Like a pearl in the depth of ocean
Life appears

And yet, our dreams can be more powerful
Than titanic work of the gods...

What is the sunset
What is the blue sky
In comparison with the voice of conceptions
Born in esoteric rapture!
What is the uncut diamond!

This is my world... our world
Here, only my tear is real sacrifice, my love
Damnation, oblivion...
Within the land of coldness, even glowing desire
Is the greatest gift of darkness
Darkness which people should known as light

I have seen the sunset painting in crimson
The firmament of heaven...
I mounted the top and looked down
At that damned emptiness
The space of my life filled with the
Song of love

Behind me only bitterness and unfulfilment
Let the wind come to take me to the realm
Where memory does not exist!

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