

## Asgaard

# "Mystery Ov Tzar's Visionaire Act II"

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Somebody will cry  
Somebody will hate  
Somebody will love  
Somebody will curse his lot  
Demigods will raise to cut off the Hydra's head  
But they will die by the sword, sword of their friends  
Burning sails on the horizons of the seas,  
Unceasing gale from the land  
Herald of Era not able to become;  
Billions of people on the shore like a wall  
Blow into water  
Sadness and bitterness, hope fell,  
The dreams of Brilliance trammeled in chains  
Devilish giggle's echo rocks the clouds,  
Wakes up the thunders in heavens

Faith, destruction, dream and storm,  
Bestial slaughters, admiration and oblivion,  
Ghastly crowds, old man at the cross-roads,  
Bleeding doll frightens ravens away  
Gazing at her eyes greedily  
Gardens in bloom, magic of the stars  
They are coming...

Rainbow bridge erecting over the world  
In golden carriage – The Pictures of Angels...  
Thousands of mirrors broken into atoms  
Thousands of children with bleeding hands  
It's mosaic of capricious Fortune caressing  
The birds nesting in the eye-sockets  
Beseeching moan – Wake up her!  
Give her a new life! To let her suffer again...  
Bleeding doll with a new eyes

Fire and water, air and earth, human,  
Gods, love and treason, war, hate, tears, sin... and  
revenge  
Beauty with ugliness like handful of ashes  
Need only to blow, to sow the seeds again...

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