

Asgaard

"The Way Of The Secret Rapture"

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The blackness of the Night profound dyed with o colour
of flower
The flowers of love, desire and fulfillment...
Why do they call my felling a sin!
Why do they call my sin infernal love!
Love... another empty word, the brat of human mind.
Those cannot love whose bodies are torn by jealous
looks of slaves.
The streams of blasphemous blood head towards
divine eternity;
Pitiful howl of wolves in the silent Night...
This is a name of love
The blasphemous eternal beauty,
My lonesome song,
The essence of my life,
The passionate truth sprinkled with cursed blood, my
blood
The blood of Fallen Angel.

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