

Astarte "Black Star"

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Shades of immortal, pitch black the skies
Nocturnal diversions, malicious disguise
Feel the tension in your mind, black is the sign
A sign that fades in to, in to your eyes
The sin was never clear, a statue born of fear
As things were never clear
Burning desire I fall from grace
Darkest ambition flame on your wings
Secrets of cellar carefully dusted
No one can hear you where you are engraved
Black star
Always light your way
We're falling down from grace
Immortals fade away
Black star
Blood run from our vain
But still stand on our feet
White mortals fade away
Through century parade

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