

Astarte

"Crossing The Wounded Mirror Of Death"

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(Lady's strong death made a dark sorrow
Breaking piece by piece her man's existence
And he came up helpless to open her silent eyes
Meaningless fight with death's doors
Where his beloved passed to the unrest eternity
He lost her life and she lost his!
A conclusion of a life story will open
A new book written by blood)

None can call back to him the woman
To enlarge the freedom of his pain
He commits suicide
For the trip of their deadly freedom
Devoted himself to a sleep
Of backward eternity
At once a voice sought
Pains from hell fires
Time erase the wheel of light
abandoned in a new zero hour

Die without awakening
Hostile to the freedom of his possession
Mind and dust had left
The order of chaos made him rest
[Man:]
The hours sharpen their blades
In my eyes, I am lost
Unreachable as I touch your shape
Touching you with my eyes
Watching you with my hands

I can never meet
I will find you, never fear
Out of breath, out of body
To trap us and give us birth
Turn back, is a way not found
I follow and shake within the very depth
Of my most imperfect being

Unconscious in front of Gods punishment
To the indelible scriptures of my testament
The reveal of my sin leads me towards

To a space with no beginning

[Man:]

Doomed insanity, trapped in my abyss

Among the same punishment

I will wander forever free

Slayer of Gods and sinner of love

I will never reach you!!

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