

## **Astarte**

# **"Doomed Dark Years"**

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The dark flower through the walls of sorrow.  
Where a man behind his bars,  
Has never tasted the touch of rain.  
His innocent soul cries  
For his ferocious face.  
All nature's beauty was locked outside  
Of his brazen cell where  
The forest's clouds couldn't come.

You can see what the night bird can see,

You can hear the wrath of the winds,  
But the dust of your cold cell  
Have closed up all, even your dreams.  
You only travel your thoughts to the unknown  
And wish death to visit you.  
Oh! Death listen to my voice  
I beg you...  
Join me

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