

Astarte

"Rise From Within 3"

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As the symbolic darknight inspires
The conventus of their spiritual union,
Inner lust turned into ashes
And the Devil's honor betrayed by the waning light.
Shaped thought comes halting forth, making
The symbols of innocence, perplexing spiritual
dullness.

The legacy of my rising hell
The conflict within my morbid innocence,
Banished and dragged by Devil's exhaltation.
Finally! I reach the depths of my existence.

As the moon is diving in the purple waters of earth,
The sun shows its first signs of the day.
The man touches the extremes of light.
A hidden strike is enough to possess his soul.

The conspiracy of mountain and air
Blow through the solitary night-walk
And the lightning rock of midnight sky,
Reflects the truth.

No key word suffers upon my icon.
Just a brutal change of my portrait.
I gaze beyond my mirror,
The iron sculpture that never loses identity.
For my status, I am dragged beyond my enthralled
destiny.

For this hour they shall lead away
By the winds,
To segregate their futures,
But the strength of their minds will be
The fortress against their sorrow.

The old unseen serpent swallows up
The unholy triangle
Made in the fog.

The birth of death

The everlasting life for those who have kept
Their souls attached.

The spiritual passion shapes the shadow of within.
How easy their eyes follow the dark ring of the moon.
But how wasteful can become an untouched orama,
For the inner wisdom rises from within.

Rises from within...

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