

Asterion

"Dust Of Oblivion"

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Alone

Before the clouded thought
Of ideas that fall long enough to die
In the taste of rebel poetry

Converting luciferian verses
Into the only colour that my soul can paint
A new covenant between solitude and grief
Signs from before that emerge in this present

Regrettably
New thoughts appear
With sublime words carved in a mirror
Before my thirst for pagan knowledge
Are we going to die?

Unknown
Lay your restless body
Over used silk, entangled in the sand
Even if your flesh's destiny
Has been carved in your chest

Travel inside my hell, eternity ends here
Beg for me if your senses allow it
Create a theatre out of this misery
And I'll be the nucleus of your hell
Kiss me with the warm breath of your sin
Part my soul from this body,
The creation of a nocturnal nightmare,
And as I let solitude pass
I become the dust of oblivion
A creature crowned before a nameless epitaph
A blank stone shredding ancient scripts
Melancholy, grey as I am
I will stare at these landscapes of eternity
everlasting, macrocosm, everything

I will sail through dark seas of tears
Towards the unknown to reach what we're looking for
Your existence poisons my soul
Is this my prison?
An abysmal burrow of tortured harlequins

Who mourn laughing the arrival of their second death
I hear the lonely cry of the crow
When pain stimulates my soul

I shall remain in silence
While the tragic embrace of this doom prevails

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