

Hermit Age

"The Mirror's Inversion"

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I awake the sweet creatures of shadows
Live and love with the moon and the stars
I open the doors to the mountain
You close the hearts with my embrace

... I am the diary of innocent plagues

Forbidden be your voice
For guides me to the mirror's inversion
You show the solution of light
Play with my weakness

There's something wrong with the sky
When I touch it
That weak blue tone hurts my eyes
Before I begin
Slowly I paint
The giant canvas with my own face
I'm faceless
The shine of my eyes makes a good place for you

Now disappear all the colors of the morning
I killed the rainbow, the smile without sin
Cry you all the envious witnesses of my symphony
Moon, touch my lips, blind stars round my awakening

Forbidden be your voice
For guides me to the mirror's inversion
You show the solution of light
Plays with my weakness...

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