

Inner Shrine "Sanguis Vitae"

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Cold and gelid...this wind carries away my soul and my
heart to a way no longer mine
Time is still from a century and my feelings with
it...closed, aeons ago, in a cold crystal that can no
longer shrine
Cold are my soul and my lost remembrance that, from
years, drive what remains to a strange...dark oblivion
Blood and life don't flow in my white and pale skin
Like a statue disenable to live, to love, to exist
Strange forces encircle me...with me they join

Sanguis in aeternum funditur
Crescit in mundo vita
Sanguis in aeternum funditur
Mors rapit filios in umbris

Sanguis in aeternum funditur
Crescit in mundo vita
Sanguis in aeternum funditur
Vi Sanguinis ad vitam redeo

Two souls from long moments finally meet each other
in a new dimension
Cries my heart and the blood's flowing breaks and melt
my ice
A sense of eternal peace of life and death contains my
strange existence...
As finally a circle already know closes itself...and with it
an history
...forever carved in life's blood

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