

Lost Soul "Lords Of Endeavours"

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At the threshold of night
Dozes the space of inspiration
Inside the harm's despairing
No chance to experience itself
Thirsty of light I draw from mouth of darkness
Poison
Which burns my pride

Like snake robbed from strength
Creeps symbol of disdain
On altars of silence
The Lions Blaspheme of morning

Dawn sparkles
Demented through the joy
Bursts handcuffs of all praises

When I tempt Your pride
Beauty bites the exile
I want to dress her to the skin
And to invite to dance

Lords of Endeavours
Their worship reaches the stars
Their worship is like comet
Their charity is like dust

They'll never destroy the light
Carrying It with pride
They permit to settle It in their souls
Where pain rules
They'll never destroy the light
Waiting till It will extinguish their beings

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