

Mirrorthrone

"The Four Names Of The Living Threatening Stone"

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Seeking for a shining star in a dead sky
That would enlighten me a way to follow
Within the obscurity that surrounds me I trusted a lie
Pronounced by the malignant voice of sorrow

The condition of being a toy
Wounded, disrespected and betrayed

There is no purity in the human's realm
But perpetual abuses, deceits and desecrations

Cold stone feeding from my tears
Alive, it's growing so as never to disappear

This living threatening stone has four names
Which are ingenuousness, revelation, pain and shame
They were carved on my flesh and on my soul
The night when the wolves forgot how to howl

Beyond what my eyes can see
Breathing the air of my imagination
I am desperately searching for an ounce of purity
Breathing the air of my imagination...

Disillusion, sincerity is not
The evil selfishness that rose around me
Made me rot
Let the worms gnaw my suffocated body

Immemorial and immortal burden
Going hand in hand with neurosis and anguishes
Dead is the image of the unadulterated maiden
Now replaced by the evidence of the rubbish

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