

Mirrorthrone

"The Notion Of Perfect"

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The quest is on!
The Truth is awaiting somewhere
Laughing at my poor self
Whose frozen heart tries to breathe
Through a blinding curtain of snow
Falling from a dead and boring sky
Darkened by the heavy clouds of
Decadence...
Forgetting the carnal side
But preparing the spiritual rise of my soul
Through unknown and unlighted ways
Let Wisdom be my guide

Let Wisdom be my guide

But I have to be aware of the dangers
Of the wrath of Mother Nature
For she doesn't like what is perfect
And destroys all that comes closer to that state

But I have to be aware of the dangers
Of the wrath of Mother Nature
For her sons like herself
Are to be shattered if they reach such a state

So I have to deceive
The almighty Mother
For the state beyond God
Is the one for which I reach out
I have to grow silently
So as not to catch her eye
For the age of the humans' Rebirth
Has not come yet
But iron is not my kingdom
I need to escape it
Against all Laws
Enforced by the tyrannical Mother

Let Wisdom be my guide
The Truth is awaiting somewhere...

