

Darzamat

"Secret Garden"

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hurry my steeds chased by the wind
across the crystal meadows
nobody will hear the piano of melancholy
the music is dancing in my heart
in the midst of the stillness and the storm

when the past closes my feelings in the ice-chains
I will rise the mirror of my visions above the thoughts
to steal merciless the flower of the gods
which they give away falsely
and the blast of magic and the blackness of sin
will undermine my scarlet face
when the wind mutter dreadful
you will feel my kiss
when the wind blows into the horns
you will feel the flames of blazing blood
because only I am the god in my secret garden

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