

Sirius

"In Astral Pains Of Trance"

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Regardless your efforts, everything changes
Time cycles yet never returns
Storms generate aeons while peace brings
nothingness

War-force conception, the deity of destruction
Make humanity share the pain inflicted upon itself
Self-deluded dreamers disintegrate,
They drown in grimness, and with them, their dreams.

My roots may have driven their souls dry
But my branches had already touched the stars...
Mayhap your sterile mind and body ever get a hold of
the truth
You depend on us for your existence
Time cycles yet never returns...

Hither am I
In Astral Plains of Trance
As untouchable to you as the stars above
Attempt against us, and confusion shall take over...
Aghast as you taste the claws of our wrath

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