

Tartaros

"Into The Facutly Of Wonderful Secrets"

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(Serving the deep red elixer...)
You are into my feared
World, -sleeping in my domain"
With the faculties of mystical secrets...
With the profound contemplation...
From a cold destiny as a human
To a gently spiritual flow
I hide towards the virtue
As a master of the enchanted dimentions

With salt I cleanse the region of South. With air I
cleanse the region of west. With water I cleanse the

region of north. With flame I cleanse the region of
east.

(Litting...the divine light...)

(Chorus)
Now when the fiery liquor chills in your blood
You are touching these aspects who encircle this light
This raw unended dark grim form is a
Summerized branch to the feared grand realms

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