

Thy Serpent "Crystalmoors"

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I do profound the death,
Inside which it weakens me.
Not mine acting does it cause
..it is in fear.
But blindness thou see in every mortal -
dreamlike thought,
including in me.
Beheaded I am,
greedily waiting besides thine grotesque being.
For a saviour of this soul
had it even ever been ?
Thou all art but blind fruits, in mine created bowl;
Only feeling my hunger to thine flesh,
as stars have come old.

It is a desolate night in me again,
so I was told.
Carried I did the shadow alone,
to these crystalmoors.
With a bare arm and drop of blood
..as I do recall.
My reasons for vast profoundness,
are deepen far away.
By the shimmering light of the "ill-face"
I do stand pale and tall...
Wandering about in darkness questioning myself
Was there ever a day at all ?
Music: Azhemin
Lyrics: T. MÃensivu

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