

Amethista

"The Whim Of Rha"

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He's the weak Narciso seeing his image in the stream...

When the nocturnal stars die her bed is the void, the
black vortex

And I the Master hidden in the Light Evil will and the
angelic glaze

Nightmare masked with air and fire
Infinite space over desecrating night skies

They are the golden curls coils of slimy snakes
I'm the weak Narciso, reflecting in the flames

I take what I want, and all I see
Sitting on my throne of crimson leaves

He tears your tender body, with thousand thorny
roses...
He tears my tender body, with thousand thorny roses...

Dissolute Son, filthy agony of her eyes
Would you close the eternal circle?

The rending scream of the victim in chains
Hurge the Beast to consume it's feed
His whim dispels the dimensional veil
It drops the mind to the primordial fury

Nightmare masked with air and fire
Infinite space over desecrating night skies

Each morbid ritual unleashes the elements of
perversion

The golden vulture feeds on her human essence

The blossom is fading, it's stalk is bleeding...
The blossom is fading, it's stalk is bleeding...

When it's dawn, while Rha is rising
The crime is accomplished, creature hunted
The crime is accomplished creature exiled for your

vanity!

Spirits of midday brought her with clouds
Beyond times inside the world...
He's the weak Narciso seeing his image in the...
Along the dark red paths, deserts to your sandy den

Between ancient stories and whispered legends
I still exist in your ritual revenges
Perfect, infect, deprived of your wings
Barren, sparkly, carrier of diseases
Your stony monuments
Bent toward Nut's womb
Oracles inside the Prophets of Atlantis' dead sons!

The advent of your deepest dusk on my face there is a
mask...
A castle grown with fear shall burn my frozen tears

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