

Arum "Idyil Perished"

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Desolate fields, the perfect landscape
So cold, so dark, so gray...
Just the shadow of a coming kingdown
To be built from the ashes of wisdom

The power of the one who transcend the boundaries of
life and death

A new world of hate
The creation of an order from chaos
The cradle of reason, of passion,
Of purity, of lust, of pleasure and pain

So I meet my fate at arum's majestic gates
Perished tears I she'd
My beloved idyll, that was always inside me

Barren the seed of my hope long forgotten
Drowned I'm my turmoil of fate
Still I yearn still a mild dream

Gently weeps the rain
Fallen in sorrow
Sullen again, whith dr

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