

Third Moon

"Atlantis"

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I drown in bloody hands
As I bury the withers of human kind

Cold but fluid the spiral stygian tears
The birds once wept in waters still blind
Sombre the spectrum glows in the snow
Nothing but dust bleeds on your shoulders

Thine bizzare twilight - still asleep
But crimson scars echoes through silver seas

Unending - Still your God -uncertainly expands your
tears

Dead rain falls unto sapphire chair
Standing on horizon like tears in God
Dream in cold embrace - Desire what will be
Clouds in spirits of aeons drown in thy last breath

I drown in bloody hands
As I bury the withers of human kind

The sun crimson explores
Me in mourning of her depature gold
The divine kind that drowns
In second art surrounds me
The horizon bleeds, the sun is dead
And still the ATLANTIS cries

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