

Third Moon

"Costal Angels"

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Profound tears -never believe me
I am not - your abandoned angel
By the power of spiritual weepings and nightmares
The monumental icons of past and reptiles

I AM THIS PAIN, THAT HURTS
WHEN YOU ENTANGLED RESPIRE
DISENCHANTMENT, AS WITH MY
BLOODY HAND MY LOVE I
PRETEND

Fulgent eyes - a glace at snow
Meltdown - of wings and crowns
Flatters enshrined by the essence of demon
Neither heaven nor hell could bestow thus love

I AM THIS PAIN, THAT HURTS
WHEN YOU ENTANGLED RESPIRE
DISENCHANTMENT, AS WITH MY
BLOODY HAND MY LOVE I
PRETEND
COME BACK BEND OVER FOR ME

The decided love

Before we die,
A serum of hate fades trough an astral God...

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