

Third Moon

"Velvet Thorns"

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The eerie God
Fulgent dust the prelude of the drowning sun
Bloodstained sculptures across amorphous reliefs
The angelic blaze; ancient their silent choirs
Torn apart the pure aorta of apathy

Dissolution of gentle seas, the lost brilliance
Hateshaped the billow of thorns
How should I enthrone my pain

I have no more tears that
embrace my pure parfum
seduced my by mournful gale
the blood will never return

I have no more weeps that
caress the stoned heart
at one with a mournful tear

Artesian well the aphorism in it is deep
Aura of aghast bane the disburden of azure
Diurnal sleep the eerie bloodstained God

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