

Aesma Daeva, The Origin Of The Muse

I sing of the muse
I sing of the muse
My oar strikes the sea
I sing of the muse
I sing of the muse
My oar strikes the sea
Christ Christ can't save me
Christ Christ ran from me
I'm facing the gods
I'm facing the gods
So let the myth begin
Christ Christ can't save me
Christ Christ ran from me
I walked through the loneliest deserts for 40 days and 40 nights wondering if I'd find the family.
In the pitiless dunes of self doubt a choir of angels appeared at the four corners of my earth
Part II of Origin
Bring meaning to my life bring darkness into light
Were from the dust of stars how much truth is there to life?
Will the glories of Greece bring order to this life?
I myself when young did ask the saints of life
They said he wept for me a crown of shame for me
Will the glories of Christ bring order to this life?
Come walk the edge with me
The glory of Greece destroyed by our fathers
Most have Jerusalem
Who needs Athens
The storm of my birth the haze here after
Most have Jerusalem
Who needs Athens
Come walk the edge with me
The truth is lies in me
The force that forms and shapes brings order to this life
Now ask your saints of life
Now ask your saints of life