

Astarte, Black At Heart

In darkened eyes nothing seems so different
My poison heart needle lust

Paths of oblivion surround me above
Labyrinth patterns enclosure my mind
Always in hideaways away from eyes

I try to hold on to
Hold on to my heart
But always falling into a trap

I try to hold on to
Hold on to my heart
But always falling into a trap

Raise hell burning darkness no regret
Raise hell burning darkness no despair

Black at heart our music is our pride
Black at heart sounds so delight
Black at heart nocturnal art to live your life
Black at heart always in your life