

Vesania, Daemoonion act II

dead spaces
ruins of morality
old scars
smouldering remains of energy
and a crystal like a flame frozen
my consciousness
the army - they are a few
because those who have the fight within
and faces pale white
pass away too often
the enemy seems to be powerfull
and it is easier not to provoke him
cowards !
the might you know not !
the path of enlightenment marked with tears
will not go back anymore
the art
is not to get lost in a vicious dance
in a maze of turnings
mirages unreliability
once
there was something
taken away from me
i fought
once iwon
the victory redeemed with blood
many had to die
i am ashamed of a shadow of doubt
i have been not esteeming
the might !
once i was given something
in the black of the night
i was dazzled by the gleam of its blackness
and the trees were bowing down before it
now when they are asleep
dream takes their senses away
and plays with their thoughts
in the kingdom of dream
there is no place for them
how much time will flow
before i finish the dukedom
I am not able to know
this i know
it will be ye entrancement...