

Astarte, Doomed Dark Years

The dark flower through the walls of sorrow.
Where a man behind his bars,
Has never tasted the touch of rain.
His innocent soul cries
For his ferocious face.
All nature's beauty was locked outside
Of his brazen cell where
The forest's clouds couldn't come.

You can see what the night bird can see,
You can hear the wrath of the winds,
But the dust of your cold cell
Have closed up all, even your dreams.
You only travel your thoughts to the unknown
And wish death to visit you.
Oh! Death listen to my voice
I beg you...
Join me