

Astarte, In Velvet Slumber

Flow of time turn into emptiness
Ends to the place that the earth appears
He, who reads the shadows
Flows to oblivion like the dust on the air
As the eyes reflects the eternal chaos
The man fades out his pestilence
Corpses are poisoned in the dust
And souls, shadow the unreachable endless
He stands upon the faces that dies forever
Undefeated wound that cut the tree of life

I am traveling through snakes
Through corpses, through time!
Dark passage to the abyss of my mind!
My day-night, my heaven-hell
The land of cry, the soul of sinner

Around my everything a transparent end
A crystallized soul broken, my self
Death unharmed for the body
Aim flow to the inward of sins

And this is just the beginning
The augment guidance of gnostic lust
Placed forever in my pagan fever
No proof walks upon the earth's existence
Helpless in front universe's dominion
A velvet slumber sick fate upon me

Death is so sweet, it cease all annoy
Life is a lake that drowns all pain
War makes everything happen
It is not the infinities that can be seen
Future will be left behind our unlived tomorrow
Sustained to the real present
Which is conquered by time
Disgraced leftovers from centuries
Abandoned and turned into dust