

# Astarte, Incarnate Legend of Mummy Queen

To every thing there is a reason  
To all destruction there is an answer  
In the past lands of underneath wounds  
A curse was meant to awake

It was planed to step upon the culture of enigma  
Egyptian heritage rise in the surface of nowadays  
A land dressed in its divine tranquility  
Now stigmatized by man's ideology

Access to the dust f turning weeps  
There the mummy queen rests her glory  
A forgotten unharmed flesh made by blood  
Purificated in the pulse of icy ages  
Her ice grave has melted the freshness  
A heart respirator's between past and future

The black gates have now open  
Man's greed opens the curse of queen  
Desecration of her grave  
Coppery breath frizzes the dry corridor  
Passing from delirium to the perfectly  
Revenge of holly silence  
Holly face, caught in a diamond of unaccustomed light  
She looked twice before raise up from her frozen bed  
The features in their private dark  
Are formed sharpness becomes visible  
The mummy cloths expose an ancient beast

Kill for the human desecration of my body  
Doomed from the wrath of holly sarcophagus  
Lustrate comes as the deaths raised  
Present to take my pride  
And then disappear for eternal rest