

Astarte, Inflamed Paradox

Aquatic reflections written by lake's waters
Over the mountain
The sky immerses itself in the liquid shapes
The elements of lake
Awake the beasts of mind
Water shapes the heartbeats
Of the shadow-Lady

Years are bridges of life and death
They carry the curse of the lady
Eyes that rest inside liquid flames
A fragile black eternity will
Rotate inside her madness

Tears spread like rain to wake the calm solid face
Her bright dark hair uplifted from her head
Up to the horizon of the zenith height
Rich with the spoils of time
She rose like ghost to the unwanted passengers
Drifted as doubtful illusion, scary dead spirit

Might prove her grief and rage of her pain
Large fearfully marks of unsettled eye
Shifting all around the lake of doom

A lady comes and goes
Moves, as she was not in pain
Her shadowy silken presence
Is weeping to the surrounding woods

Sights of blazing memories
Memories made of faith
Smokes of pain and sorrow
But the flame has gone through the time