

Astarte, Liquid Myth

Poseidon, god of the sea, release your wrath.
The depths of your kingdom reborn in Atlantis.
An old shipping fortress of land raised in your throne.
Surrounded by the gloves of liquid emeny.

Undefeated forgotten reality
Is trembling under the sea.
Beyond my eyes reborn again
The lost existence of Atlantis.

A glorious city unable to resist olympian's wrath.
Bloody and buried! Bares her beauty to the sea.
Waves are howling as they pass through the ruins of ocean.
From the center of cosmos the judgment betraed its status

Eternal curse sended by Zeus upon his brother
And the night scorns to change the tragedy.
Like the boat touches the shining line of the moon,
Like the music cries in its darkness.
We see the past engraved beneath the sea,
Trembling underneath the surface of delightful vision.
Years of kingship have died in your ocean cemetery.

At its depths life has died
Bleeding through thousants of years
And corrupts as the waves surround
The unfound mark of Poseidon.