

# Astarte, Rise From Within I (Mystical Provocation)

No chosen path lies among their ways.  
Inner emptiness must be fed by destiny.  
Cut the fields of the heart  
And wander to the sacred ways  
Of rise and sorrow,  
To the wastelands of strange shadows  
To the forbidden roads that will bring  
The wisdom of light and darkness.  
Separate minds united by instinct,  
Hanging between life and death.

I teach the language of the senses  
I am the dark crown, free to explore against thee  
I am the guardian of all hearts and souls  
Nature will never betray the rise of the sun!

Velvet darkness knows our fears,  
It stares upon us and whispers in our ears,  
Unites the chasm of distance and loneliness  
As words of past bring the air of tomorrow.... tomorrow.

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I wake to sleep and learn where to go  
Forbidden roads raise my desire,  
Guided by the merciful wisdom.  
I am reborn to rape my future.  
My eyes like a black mirror  
Read the waterside of liquid lust.  
I need enchantment wonder and fantasy  
To raise the origin... and evil trumpets.  
Now I can see the waning light  
Calls me, to enter the fearless domain.

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Everlasting spirits  
Chaotic options of extremes  
Radiates the sharpness of Mystical Provocation.  
The Last One of the Evil Prophets,  
The final servant of celestial feast.