

Astarte, The Ring (Of Sorrow)

Silence is written behind icons
Icons, keep the secret of horror
Whispers, reach your fear inside conscious
Horror, rings deadly horizon
Nails Surrounds your body
Into the area of sketched delusions

Orama of my end, which will be eternal
And the smoke of dust will swallow my eyes
Fear to think the moment of my death
Mad along with body shall burry me

What matters, is the end
What kills, will soon come
A face will rot my will
A child shall meet me here

Ring of Sorrow
Trapped Inside
Locked in a well
A curse from a child

Hatred from Her Father
A never born child
A spawn on Evil
Damnation Child.

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Epilogue :

Trapped inside the seven nights
I filter the past, no hope for the future
Gathered fear breaks my loneliness

Erase yourself, again (you) shall break
Down at the bottom of your shame.
System leads first
Numbers called humans
Erase themselves
There is another shame
You play on others game.