

Atargatis, Frozen Innocence

I will no longer let you
Watch the freedom in her eyes
She's a silhouette of white ice
A real bounteousness
Apart off those cold ashes
Where her heart had used to be
You want to embrace her
And never let her go
Spell of wonder
A scent of white blossoms
When you begrime her silhouette in the winds
Days of wonder
When you touch the white blossom
When you begrime her snow white innocence
You will never succeed to stalk into her life
Unable to melt a frozen heart
To get too close to her
A heart that never had erupted
With a surface smooth as glass
You want to embrace her and never let her go
Not any of your words can push a splint
Enough to piece that heart
She's bounteousness in infinity
Innocence in white
She's a blossom in the wind, never can touch her, only feel
Your desire burns to grip the blossom in the wind
She's a blossom in the wind, watch her abloom and withering
Your desire turns to grip innocence in the wind
Days of wonder
When you touch the white blossom
When you begrime pretentious innocence...