

# Crimson Moonlight, Eyes Of Beauty

Long time ago, but still in this age  
There was a man, seeking the answers  
For the questions of life  
An angel, so beautiful arrived  
By his side and let his voice be heard:  
"I'll give you what you seek for  
But you will have to give your soul."  
Remember you have nothing to lose  
Look forward to what you will be given  
The angel seemed so good and honest  
The man decided to pay the price  
As his soul lay in the angel's hand  
The angel gave him the keys  
To the treasure halls and said:  
"Always remember,  
The truth is everywhere in these halls.  
Enter without fear..."

The man opened the first gate  
And it was closed behind him  
Everywhere were things, that were  
Showing him the answers  
Just like he been told  
Spiritual jewels were  
Laying on the ground  
Waiting to be taken by his hands

This search went on for many years  
Until he was satisfied  
With the answers he had been given  
Suddenly he noticed something so strange  
He had been walking inside  
These halls for many years  
But not found a way out

Finally he met the angel  
Walking in one of the halls  
The man ran and asked him for help  
But the angel showed him the soul  
And told the man:  
"Remember what you gave me?  
I have given you what you asked for  
But there are no way out  
From these treasure halls  
You will end your days here  
In my kingdom"

Things were no longer crystal clear  
And suddenly the eyes of beauty turned evil  
The betrayer had seemed so white and clean  
But the black soul he wore within  
Had hidden been until now...

The man was betrayed  
Now nothing but pain remained  
He could feel his body and spirit break down  
The angel enjoyed what was seen before his eyes  
Because the promise he once gave  
Was nothing but lies  
Playing with fire had its price to pay  
The man had payed with his soul  
To this ancient lair  
What good had he been given instead?  
If he now died he would never

Be able to see daylight again  
The picture of life in divine magnificence  
Would forever be gone

The man fell down  
On his knees and cried  
The angel showed no mercy  
And told him there was nothing to do  
His life could now never be changed  
He had received the lie as a truth  
And that trust could never be recalled

Suddenly he felt a voice internally saying:  
"This is not the end, follow me, I show the way."  
A dove came flying inside the treasure halls  
Followed by a lamb that once been slaughtered  
The angel's face turned pale as he saw them  
He left the halls at once, frightened to death  
The lamb took the blackened soul  
Washed it white and gave it back to the man