

Limbonic Art, Moon In The Scropio

A mirror blank ocean above me decoy
Superior forces that head or destroy
Take me astray into the moonlight above
Through twilight eyes as a spectre shadow

It is a time of great light
And a great darkness
Can't you feel the present
Of its phenomenon

In an atmosphere supreme
Forces dwells in domancy
The essence of its spirit is evil
As a curse upon thy name

Midnight is the shepherd of mystrious powers
And moving shadows in the corner of the eye
Moon's blazing intuition
Contains what death require

Cleanse the doors of perception
See things appear in its true art
The cold hands of divinity
Will tear thy soul apart

Behold the sky above when the moon is in the Scorpio
A cold bleak light