

Solitude Aeturnus, Idis

Watching eyes trough clouded veils
Ancestral souls shape the winds
Present feeds upon the past
Our sanguine ties that bind
Writing on the page of fate
I accept the will maternal
Hear the gift in the cry of the child
Or the bale from blackend wings
Cursed lines and candles flame
Killed with breath from a kiss
Cradle a chosen life
The vine of the mother
Wrapped in woman's weave
Armed in Gossamer
Strangled with mothers hair
Heirs blood never flows

[CHORUS]

Chains of blood
Bind women's wrath
Or kiss from above
The lady past