

Tartaros, A Shape In Fair Disguise

Flying as a shape in fair disguise
With barest teeth and purest fright
Tasting all flavors of this lovely night
I am shrunked from that burning light...

Rushing towards some echoes
With warm hard brutal winds
The intense melody of madness
It is harmony when it sings...

Now wandering eternally at night
Dead are they...in the bright

Cold whirlwinds spin
Into evil trumpets of bronze
They are playing for those who are unskilled
Chaos is what they behold

Reborn...
Behold the shape you have been given
Reborn...
Through the tunes of ultimate unity

Burning whirlwinds spin
Into old trumpets of bronze
They are playing for those who are resolved
Divine secrets they now behold

Still wandering at night
Dead are they...in the bright