

Tartaros, Storm Of Terror

Poisoned virtue...

As a tornado who crawls deep in a vacuum
Its wind becomes the rythms to a Symphonie of
Chaos...

Played on a breezy path of obscurity

The endless strom of terror

Is

Twisting all nature into a demon

As

The marriage of heaven and hell

To

One grey poisoned garden with a labyrinth

Where the ends got off into ecstasies...

Then...

A raving autumn shears

Through some grim past years

Closed eyelid crushes the gleam

Into motions of a strange green stream

High as the birds in the white of the air

Whom the devils only can hear

They are crying like painfully spirits

As the terror is crawling within

Dear shadows...- now you know it all

Once again remaining a soul

The wilderness comes aloud

From the ended labyrinth who have been crowned

Gained measures fireing the gleam

To broken treasures who fades in a dream

The endless storm of terror

Please, let him crawl in their minds...