## Tartaros, The Intense Domain Of Grievousness

Laying on black shiny marble The lustrous floor of secret senses Blended within a royal night to provoke My tempest

Raising my red jewel Through the atmosphere of magnificence Physically alone so pure and clean In a fragrance of solemness...

Attracting the silver green flash
The spots from the five high-lights
Vibrating my words, VIBRATIN MY WORDS...
All through the royalty of the night...

Brought away, deep down... Abrupt as the speed of the light

A huge temple of infinite brightness Staring hard at me As pure nature in person, is thinking me dead..

Catching its glance of mysticism Tasting the emblem of My Third Eye...

(Chorus:)
In the intense domain of grievousness(6x)

As the temple grows rough!!!
I clearly feel the blowing thunders breath
As crowded wind, but from my mouth!?

As the temple grows rough!!!
I clearly hear the blowing thunders beat
As crowded thumps, but from my heart!?