

# Third Moon, Atlantis

I drown in bloody hands  
as I bury the withers of human kind  
Cold but fluid the spiral stygian tears  
The birds once wept in waters still blind  
Sombre the spectrum glows in the snow  
Nothing but dust bleeds on your shoulders  
Thine bizzare twilight - still asleep  
but crimson scars echoes through silver seas  
Unending - Still your God -  
uncertainly expands your tears  
Dead rain falls unto saphire chair  
Standing on horizon like tears in God  
Dream in cold embrace - Desire what will be  
Clouds in spirits of aeons drown in thy last breath  
I drown in bloody hands  
as I bury the withers of human kind  
The sun crimson explores  
me in mourning of her depature gold  
The divine kind that drowns  
in second art surrounds me  
The horizon bleeds, the sun is dead  
and still the ATLANTIS cries