

Third Moon, Costal Angels

Profound tears -never believe me
I am not - your abandoned angel
By the power of spiritual weepings and nightmares
The monumental icons of past and reptiles
I AM THIS PAIN, THAT HURTS
WHEN YOU ENTANGLED RESPIRE
DISENCHANTMENT, AS WITH MY
BLOODY HAND MY LOVE I
PRETEND
Fulgent eyes - a glaze at snow
Meltdown - of wings and crowns
Flatters enshrined by the essence of demon
Neither heaven nor hell could bestow thus love
I AM THIS PAIN, THAT HURTS
WHEN YOU ENTANGLED RESPIRE
DISENCHANTMENT, AS WITH MY
BLOODY HAND MY LOVE I
PRETEND
COME BACK BEND OVER FOR ME
The decided love
Before we die,
a serum of hate fades trough an astral God...