

Xzoriath, Dawn Of Renaissance

Dawn Of Renaissance

Slowly transforming
The History's purpose
The dawn of Renaissance derives
Its ultimate power to proceed
The souls are conditioned
By abstraction-agony
To examine their
Wide-screen-birth

Though trees still are green
Don't leave unprotected
The defects of delusion
When the black-white picture
Is maidenly descending
Over Southern latitude

Prepare to follow
Your own prophecy
When the Spectrum is fading
The filter of re-entry
By deceiving all purple-red eyes
Will help you to find
Your unrecognisable look-alikes
Among the pictures
Of the Past

Let your dissonant devotion
Be heard all over the Hemisphere
In delight of the sweetest intoxication
To the Mother Xzoriath
They reach their bursting ode
Through the Veil of Ignorance
You catch the gaze