

Rise From Within II (Selenium Erring)

Astarte

I wear a storm of tears,
Till the day my time will come.
The idol upon the iron mask
Will lie for the flesh beyond the truth.
In my secret will lies the truth.
My body shall die for you.
We shall join the distance among our eyes.

Miles became the messenger of distance and
The moon unites the domain of loneliness.

The brightest colors might join my way,
For the highest sorrows you are punished to eternal slavery.
Crowns made by human's wisdom of pain,
May become the way of the pagan path domain.
Nothing more than the white realms of destiny,
Nothing less than the black inflamed forest.

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I fell that glory comes after a huge storm,
Without timeless pain we shall never be rewarded
For all those miles done, I have to know my image.
I wonder how long it will take to find myself