

La Masquerade Infernale

Arcturus

Await the coming storm. Behold the sign in the sun.
Chaos upon us spawn! The arrows of time pinpoints us all.
Oh, well the maddening laughter growing louder with the memories.
Atoms like incense rising, like a thousand candles all blown out
at once.
Fear tangled with despair. This ghastly symphony of malice breaks it.
The spirit sails out on waters. An intergalactic sea of sorrow.
Solemn oblivion with thee.

Ways of darkness.
The third eye reflects the images of vast reluctant pasts.
Ethereal eternity awaits the final act.
It crawls toward the altar destined to collapse.
Tragic legend, eerie stratum.

Twisted, this mortal flesh evoked again, with echoes still haunting;
The curses chanting.
Embrace the outcast state of chaos. After all its unalterable.
Bewep this thought, then arise with wisdom,
Nowhen I hallow in the gateway of different plains.
Open your heart and let go. Oh Vanish. Divine infinity.

Ah, this wraith I am. So many aeons ago since.
Ah I suffer eternally. The inevitable did unfold.
Oh well, a collection of particles held together
by the force of a soul and its memory.
Be warned (you stand) on the edge of infinity;
Where coloured waves will lead the way into the void.
Fear tangled with despair. This ghastly symphony of malice.
Oh well the maddening laughter growing louder with memories now
. .
Atoms like incense thing.

Ways of darkness.
The third eye reflects the images of vast reluctant pasts.
Ethereal eternity awaits the final act.
You are drawn towards the altar destined to collapse.
Tragic legend, eerie stratum.

In between the arrows of time I suffer eternally.