

Haben Sua Fate Imagines

Asgaard

Come...I will show you the world which
Have never existed
You will touch the stars originate from
The might of elements
You will see impenetrable abyss of passion
Originate from our first look

My kingdom is dark cold of a night
Personal desire of vengeance gathered
In the silver chalice of rapture

I paint the landscapes of our madness
With my own blood
These are colours vibrating with eternity
Life without time
Journey without space
Come...we are getting closer in every minute

In the darkness thicket
The faint brightness of burning incense appeared
Perhaps its delicate mystic fragrance
Shows the real way
Towards haggard brilliance
The little glimmers of memory
Hope which sails on the wing of passion
Like a flame of love
Lost in the labyrinth of shiny chamber
But she always return
Maybe it is the thing which let us
Believe we have seen all colours
Of the rainbow, for real...?