

## In Articulo Mortis

Asgaard

Like autumnal leaf  
Fragile and lonely  
Like a pearl in the depth of ocean  
Life appears

And yet, our dreams can be more powerful  
Than titanic work of the gods...

What is the sunset  
What is the blue sky  
In comparison with the voice of conceptions  
Born in esoteric rapture?!  
What is the uncut diamond?!!

This is my world...our world  
Here, only my tear is real sacrifice, my love  
Damnation, oblivion...  
Within the land of coldness, even glowing desire  
Is the greatest gift of darkness  
Darkness which people should known as light

I have seen the sunset painting in crimson  
The firmament of heaven...  
I mounted the top and looked down  
At that damned emptiness  
The space of my life filled with the  
Song of love

Behind me only bitterness and unfulfilment  
Let the wind come to take me to the realm  
Where memory does not exist!