

## Primus In Orbe Deos Fecit Temor

Asgaard

I coloured the dead landscapes of time  
With its refulgent flowers  
In fist I hide the Lost Jewels of Night  
Let the face of your fear  
Crush the mirror of imagination!  
You'll see the pictures  
You would never like to remember...

Can you remember?  
The silver shine on the faces  
Laid in motionless  
Fiery rapture that embraced  
Our deepest desires...

We were holding our hands  
Wading among night's abyss  
Closing the beauty of all universe  
In one glance

It's like somebody gave you the last moment  
Like a lonely bird looking for a place to die

The wild scream of a mangling heart  
Takes away the rest of obsessive illusions...  
Our dreams of love  
Around the star found in magic ecstasy

Everyday I display, before you  
The schizoid pictures of my passion  
Walking through the avenue of suffering  
I kiss the flowers of a fallen rapture

But somewhere among the gardens of our love  
Damned fear is lurking...

Is this true nobody can take it away?!  
There is so many other stars, after all...