

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...