

Lured Decoy

Asgaroth

The cause for distress
Was never caused by what you knew...

That time you lurked in your world's shadows
A man powered mask among the mundane merchants
It was a game of taunting...
...and you definitely won the chance.

Those echoes, inversed, thumping on and on...
As I held your hands, again and again...

And I wonder why...
Was that the price to pay?
The seed in your inside I found.
Gave birth in the devil in me

It never would be late,
To take the last resort
A decision greater of growing closer to the sun
But take no frail movements,
Or else you will be lost.
The chances, the dreams, the pains,
The dancing with the sun...
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