

Astarte

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She lies above the earth's sphere
Nothing against her powers
Mother of universe
Standing through the ages carrying the spots of time
The absolute owner of balance, beauty and war
Her teutonic sons built her states
Beyond the approaches of light and darkness

Serpent inside her dreams appeared with blood-dripping skin
Her legs are carrying the honors of her past
Her hands hold the four pagan rivers

Portraits of the majesty of war
Surrounded by the stonewalls of fertility
Lion crouched standing upon her towers
Her image surpasses the goddess's beauty
None can avoid her presence
None can win her crown

Feel the ecstasy of her astonished eyes
Feed her last with the juice of eternal beauty
Goddess of eternity, her passion to create
There, alone in the center of universe
Formed of the progression of sphere
Have written the secrets of reproduction

She awakes the winds under her dominions
Furious circles round her knowledge