

Incarnate Legend of Mummy Queen

Astarte

To every thing there is a reason
To all destruction there is an answer
In the past lands of underneath wounds
A curse was meant to awake

It was planed to step upon the culture of enigma
Egyptian heritage rise in the surface of nowadays
A land dressed in its divine tranquility
Now stigmatized by man's ideology

Access to the dust of turning weeps
There the mummy queen rests her glory
A forgotten unharmed flesh made by blood
Purificated in the pulse of icy ages
Her ice grave has melted the freshness
A heart respirator's between past and future

The black gates have now open
Man's greed opens the curse of queen
Desecration of her grave
Coppery breath frizzes the dry corridor
Passing from delirium to the perfectly
Revenge of holly silence
Holly face, caught in a diamond of unaccustomed light
She looked twice before raise up from her frozen bed
The features in their private dark
Are formed sharpness becomes visible
The mummy cloths expose an ancient beast

Kill for the human desecration of my body
Doomed from the wrath of holly sarcophagus
Lustrate comes as the deaths raised
Present to take my pride
And then disappear for eternal rest