

Rise From Within I (Mystical Provocation)

Astarte

No chosen path lies among their ways.
Inner emptiness must be fed by destiny.
Cut the fields of the heart
And wander to the sacred ways
Of rise and sorrow,
To the wastelands of strange shadows
To the forbidden roads that will bring
The wisdom of light and darkness.
Separate minds united by instinct,
Hanging between life and death.

I teach the language of the senses
I am the dark crown, free to explore against thee
I am the guardian of all hearts and souls
Nature will never betray the rise of the sun!

Velvet darkness knows our fears,
It stares upon us and whispers in our ears,
Unites the chasm of distance and loneliness
As words of past bring the air of tomorrow.... tomorrow.

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I wake to sleep and learn where to go
Forbidden roads raise my desire,
Guided by the merciful wisdom.
I am reborn to rape my future.
My eyes like a black mirror
Read the waterside of liquid lust.
I need enchantment wonder and fantasy
To raise the origin... and evil trumpets.
Now I can see the waning light
Calls me, to enter the fearless domain.

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Everlasting spirits
Chaotic options of extremes
Radiates the sharpness of Mystical Provocation.
The Last One of the Evil Prophets,
The final servant of celestial feast.