

# The Ring (Of Sorrow)

Astarte

Silence is written behind icons  
Icons, keep the secret of horror  
Whispers, reach your fear inside conscious  
Horror, rings deadly horizon  
Nails Surrounds your body  
Into the area of sketched delusions

Orama of my end, which will be eternal  
And the smoke of dust will swallow my eyes  
Fear to think the moment of my death  
Mad along with body shall burry me

What matters, is the end  
What kills, will soon come  
A face will rot my will  
A child shall meet me here

Ring of Sorrow  
Trapped Inside  
Locked in a well  
A curse from a child

Hatred from Her Father  
A never born child  
A spawn on Evil  
Damnation Child.

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Epilogue :

Trapped inside the seven nights  
I filter the past, no hope for the future  
Gathered fear breaks my loneliness

Erase yourself, again (you) shall break  
Down at the bottom of your shame.  
System leads first  
Numbers called humans  
Erase themselves  
There is another shame  
You play on others game.