

# Lunar Spell

Depresy

Abused by lunar delirium  
I rise along the marbled stairs  
Smelling heavy breath of must  
I know I am not in the realm of dreams

What leads my steps into these scenes ?

The creech of massive oaken doors and  
through the body permeats the strength of supernature  
An energy materialised in fear  
as olden as very prime itself...

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What leads my steps into these scenes ?

The rooms ornamented by the cobwebbed shrouds  
Heavy crimson curtains soaked with silence  
The place, where hope is buried in flues  
where strange tales are revived in lunar sigh

Time of Lunar spells

By terribleness driven, by moonlight wheedled  
I hear the voices from the abysses of ancient worlds  
wishful to unveil the silent beauty of the night  
I want to touch the cult of blood with heart  
to fill up the goblet of knowledge  
to accept gift of timeless life  
to be a wanderer not enchained by time

There is a purity in the dying, the yearning for a new birth  
It's time of Lunar spells

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