

## Belamor (the Flower Of Eternal Pain)

Eclipse

Somewhere between the eternal abyss  
And the never ending heaven  
Between the wood smelling of needles  
And the valley of oblivion  
There is a place  
Meadow colourfully covered with flowers  
Flowers bathed in the morning dew  
I can hear... they whisper among themselves  
I can feel... they hunt... cruel hunt  
Who is the game?!?  
The shiver of delight pierces my heart  
The spectre of fear tears my soul  
I can see the beauty of some buds  
They are full of amazing colours  
So beautiful that each look causes pain  
But I'm still looking  
And cry bloody tears  
I come closer and pick it  
Burning heat inside of it - it's venom  
And blood on hands  
I picked the flower of oblivion  
I picked the flower of non-existence