

## Moon In The Scorpio

Limbonic Art

A mirror blank ocean above me decoy  
Superior forces that heal or destroy  
Take me astray into the moonlight above  
Through twilight eyes as a spectre shadow  
It is a time of great light  
And a great darkness  
Can't you feel the present  
Of its phenomenon  
In an atmosphere supreme  
Forces dwells in dormancy  
The essence of its spirit is evil  
As a curse upon thy name  
Midnight is the shepherd of mysterious powers  
And moving shadows in the corner of the eye  
Moon's blazing intuition  
Contains what death require  
Cleanse the doors of perception  
See things appear in its true art  
The cold hands of divinity  
Will tear thy soul apart  
Behold the sky above  
when the moon is in the scorpio  
A cold bleak light