

## Five-Sided Platform Shape

Lunarsea

'Cause sky dress a veil of clouds  
Forgotten steps echo in the hydro-desert  
It neither can't convince nor train  
Truth is a skeptic's son

Evil asks depreciation and pity  
Good asks respect and intolerance  
Still navigator, sphere of grace  
In the palms and weigh both

Over the black platform  
The storm arrives  
Let your senses replenish  
By heretic fever

The keeper enrobed of rationality's feathers  
Concentrate yourself for meditation  
Five borders, as many sides, as many age

In a lost sea  
A man on a five-sided platform shape  
In a lost sea  
Divine made him imperfect role  
In a lost sea  
A man on a five-sided platform shape  
In a lost sea  
Number of five elements you have

Limitation of creation  
Confined in the middle  
Is what just I have

Gale used like a lament for us  
The bending scythes of sea ride  
Towards the platform

Over the black platform  
The storm arrives  
Let your senses replenish  
By heretic fever

Winds raises  
And sweeps used vanity  
The almost perfect balance  
Tough pace on the ledge

Pages of ancestors talk about their lives  
Simpleness of being  
An interesting for decayed age

The keeper enrobed of rationality's feathers  
Concentrate yourself for meditation  
Five borders, as many sides, as many age

In a lost sea  
A man on a five-sided platform shape  
In a lost sea

Divine made him imperfect role  
In a lost sea  
A man on a five-sided platform shape  
In a lost sea  
Number of five elements you have

A man on a five-sided platform shape  
In a lost sea  
Divine made him imperfect role