

Birth of the Starchild

Mors Principium Est

Her beauty moved the new world with a glare,
With a smile
To a land of heroes and glorious kings
They will one day be born, it has been written
In songs they will always remember her

You will have a little piece of time yourself
We will live like this forever

Many will be dead below your feet, o' vision of cruelty
For your sake heroes shall be born again
For there is vengeance in your eyes, it will mean torturing
And death unto the sons of the kings'

In your face, o' beautiful child
Are the signs of warning
And the entrails of your past