

Vulptuous Simplicity Of The Line

On Thorns I Lay

As the nightfall brings the fear of darkness
The strange and magical type of the beauty
The splendid tone of silence
Find the road of my heart
I remember a big solitary state
So close to the incandescence
Oh hot southwest wind
Burried to the internal of my dreaming
World, I bring to my face the icon
The fearfull damnation that I had invoked,
Extinguished impressions
The sighs take her shape, cause the
Spirit of love governs and reigns
Burning, the most humiliation worship
For reasons that they will be known
Into the sky, the pale gods with the faged winds
From Egypt many inauspicious as the reflection
Of a reverie, an ethereal sight that will bring
You to the trance
Round the sleepless souls of virgins
Into the lake of the swans
Voluptuous simplicity of the line
Triumph of the heavenly beauty
Oh holy light, the speritualism and the delicacy
Of the greek pattern, it doesn't exist
More godless beauty than this
The fire of the black love
Far away from the death, Abyss
Who is the giver of our life?
Deep red, the invitation of flowers earned
The occultica love, imagination, angels watch them
As they dance into the centuries eternal sorrow
Where the trees climb to the abrupt raviness, rivulets
Are purling
I sit down and imagine the old secrets
Everything are now desert,
Is something that you believe
Something from the kingdom of imagination
Something that the morbid nights, the dreams become uneasy
The dark forests, the secrets of the deep with the legend,
Old oceans will become one
Come out from the darkness,
the damp hot mold purpose to the Dawn's dew