

Manibus Date Lilia Plenis

Asgaard

But it's not the end of existence
In the mirror of a night
The shadow of our rapture
Give me your hand
We will collect the jewels of a night, together...

The tops of devilish conceptions
Ran with scarlet of evil
In the arms of sadness, tear comes to the world
She bore the path of dreams
In ravishing dance
We waste our lives
But...
Is it worth to be devoid of passions?

Love...
Only love lets us touch the essence of existence
Rapture is it's beginning
The end... ?
I believe it can last forever
Like flower proudly blossom in the
Embraces of everlasting desires