

Dark Heart

Vader

On my journey through the crypts,
With sideways, a thousand.
Where to go, uncertain
My eyes catch so many sights
Heavenly cathedrals and hellish gates.
A choice falls upon me, again

How do they navigate, all these halls?
With no attempt to anticipate and read
Whispered words vibrate through the cold walls
My environment and the ghosts still circling around me.
But I am blind man
In my own crypts and mazes.
Do you know how it feels, when a moon rises at the sky
While her light does not dare to caress your skin?
Do you know? When water flows around, not touching
Have you ever felt the eyes, turning away when in your presence
?
What it is like, to be judged by demon?
What it is like, to be judged by an angel?
When death, so uncomplicated, just turns into madness

Do you know how it feels, when a moon rises at the sky,
While her light does not dare to caress your skin?
Do you know? When water flows around, not touching.
Have you ever felt the eyes, looking through your shape...