

The Altar Of Trust

Anthropia

Walking back home, hand in hand
Our blood boiled by desire
Tonight will be our sweet end
The best moment all time
Our smiles reflected in our eyes
Not counting the strange shadow close behind

Like a deafening bang I feel the blow
Destroying my head hurling it off on the floor

Like Abraham himself, who must kill his son
I see my better half, her face on the ground

Sad sick world, forging thieves and killers
Ready to sell theirs souls at loss
To get the slightest little coin
All my life is passing before my eyes
The good moments the gloomy cries
They made me alive

Like Isaac tied in chains on the altar of trust
She lies in a red frame and I wait for the voice
I don't hear it, am I abandoned?

On the vertex of undeserved truth
She's dying away, without even saying a word
Her locks soaked in blood, like an unbaptism
What is this God letting die the faithful lamb?

Like a deafening bang I felt the blow
Destroying my head hurling it off on the floor
Now as I elevate I see my corpse
Oh in this red frame in the arms of my love

Like Azrael himself, the own wrath of God
I swear to make them pay, to avenge this bias
Its so unfair, I have just found you!

On the altar of my sole true love
She left me alone without even saying a word
Anger melts with cries, despair fills my blood
As I kiss this mouth, which would never move once more

My glance is glassy but I see us
From above you may feel my tears
Fall upon your mouth, a kiss, the last from me to you
Now I must pass on, he's calling me up
Don't blame him for this loss, don't ever lose your trust