

## ... About Love

Asgaard

Proud...  
yet so easy  
Crowned with a thorn of his lust  
A slave of Beauty...  
Like an autumn rain  
which cries the silver tears  
and in the God's eye  
plays the traitor,  
He clads the joy in sorrow,  
with a colour of Night paints the dreams to become free...  
to touch the heart, that gave him life...  
Yet the lust has declined  
Damned be his name  
Only the tears have remained,  
The pieces of ancient splendour dipped in the torment of passion...  
His sun will never rise again.  
Shining with a gleam of fulfillment  
...the ray of Love.

Fulfillment smeared with blood...  
a dagger in Your hand;  
The flower of Love has died burning with admiration for Beauty,  
which has never been seen...  
he didn't understand...  
he did hate...