

Mare Frigoris

Asgaard

Laughing and crying I dance
On the stage of remembrance
Me - the victim of star prophecies
Magic kiss of the night
In which You saw love

My life is not the blood
Death deprives me only of flesh
Over the lifelessness of rotting matter
There is a space of devilish dreams
Full of gardens
Like a cursed labyrinth created like a dream
In its heart You will find my love
Imprisoned in the crystal of Your desire
Lonely rose waits for You, still
... You will see the brilliance which won't be
Darkened by any shadow
Brilliance tore out from the crystalline
Core of the Dark
And then You will fancy the darkness of my heart;
Pick up that flower
If You dare...