

## Lured Decoy

Asgaroth

The cause for distress  
Was never caused by what you knew...

That time you lurked in your world's shadows  
A man powered mask among the mundane merchants  
It was a game of taunting...  
...and you definitely won the chance.

Those echoes, inversed, thumping on and on...  
As I held your hands, again and again...

And I wonder why...  
Was that the price to pay?  
The seed in your inside I found.  
Gave birth in the devil in me

It never would be late,  
To take the last resort  
A decision greater of growing closer to the sun  
But take no frail movements,  
Or else you will be lost.  
The chances, the dreams, the pains,  
The dancing with the sun...  
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