

Lunar Spell

Depresy

Abused by lunar delirium
I rise along the marbled stairs
Smelling heavy breath of must
I know I am not in the realm of dreams

What leads my steps into these scenes ?

The creech of massive oaken doors and
through the body permeats the strength of supernature
An energy materialised in fear
as olden as very prime itself...

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What leads my steps into these scenes ?

The rooms ornamented by the cobwebbed shrouds
Heavy crimson curtains soaked with silence
The place, where hope is buried in flues
where strange tales are revived in lunar sigh

Time of Lunar spells

By terribleness driven, by moonlight wheedled
I hear the voices from the abysses of ancient worlds
wishful to unveil the silent beauty of the night
I want to touch the cult of blood with heart
to fill up the goblet of knowledge
to accept gift of timeless life
to be a wanderer not enchained by time

There is a purity in the dying, the yearning for a new birth
It's time of Lunar spells

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