

I Am The Ecstasy

Asgaard

Imagine the world without colours...
All downs and all sunset deprived of it's charm
All flowers, stained glasses, rainbows and sky paintings
Covered with dust of and Oracle's arm

Angels wept on the graveyard of brightness
Pulling the strings of heart-touching Threnody
They spread out their wings to hide world's abomination...
To hide from the God's eye, the God's tyranny

Let them paint the world again
Let them open their cursed veins
May their blood running down with rain

Do not be afraid to bring forth New Order
Now it is the time to throw off the chains
Try to believe in Marionette's wisdom
Because she has seen the end of the stairs...

Illusory shadows or visible images?
Unreal movements becoming alive sombre nightmare
Summoning Your name right behind Your back
- "Do You hear me, my Dear?
I am not a reflection You would like me to be
Just grey, fucking sadness of Never Named Faces
Burned out with the pages of book called Civilizations..."