

Fistful Of Ashes

Darzamat

So the eyes of fire phantom created from awesome magic

I have hatred that flies high on the dusk's wings
I have scarlet cloak that protects me from the light
I have misty phantoms in a white incense smoke
I have temptations driven away from god's garden

From this stone that touches my consciousness I shall make a fistful of ashes

I have immortal might that bursts so rapidly
I have madness that caresses mind and body
I have memories that burn with their redness
I have dreams that burn with no relief

Madness memories dreams
Hatred memories dreams

From this flame that burned for me into the night
I shall vanish
From the passion I shall vanish from the passion
From the passion from the passion from the passion

I have awareness that distorts my face deriding
I have uncalmed sorrow in endless complaint
I have grief in silent cry of universe
I have curse that kills with icy dagger