

Spiritual Obscure Mysteries

Depresy

In the times of ancient prophecies
when the taught found its tangibility
The eternal tale, beautiful in darkness,
born in the dusk begun

On the wings of storm, in the dark clear night
the land is trembling, bird of prey yells
Neigh of horses savaged by abhorrence
beyond the limits of earboundaries rises the paining wail

The last sabre of beams melting in tortures
day is dying and his mastery's might
Moon has flowered in the lament of sun
and purple dream, so falls the night

Under the forest walls; the knight nocturnal
by vesture shrouds the land into the awe
The nomad by sadness wandering in time
Arcane herald of misfortune

Temple of pain, strong and alone
the kingdom of shadow where no forgiveness is
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emperor of evil dreams, spiritual darkness

He cuts the clouds on a black horse
His sword's splendour; seems to be eternal
Within ourselves everyone bear
the origin of our misery

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