

Five-Sided Platform Shape

Lunarsea

'Cause sky dress a veil of clouds
Forgotten steps echo in the hydro-desert
It neither can't convince nor train
Truth is a skeptic's son

Evil asks depreciation and pity
Good asks respect and intolerance
Still navigator, sphere of grace
In the palms and weigh both

Over the black platform
The storm arrives
Let your senses replenish
By heretic fever

The keeper enrobed of rationality's feathers
Concentrate yourself for meditation
Five borders, as many sides, as many age

In a lost sea
A man on a five-sided platform shape
In a lost sea
Divine made him imperfect role
In a lost sea
A man on a five-sided platform shape
In a lost sea
Number of five elements you have

Limitation of creation
Confined in the middle
Is what just I have

Gale used like a lament for us
The bending scythes of sea ride
Towards the platform

Over the black platform
The storm arrives
Let your senses replenish
By heretic fever

Winds raises
And sweeps used vanity
The almost perfect balance
Tough pace on the ledge

Pages of ancestors talk about their lives
Simpleness of being
An interesting for decayed age

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