

'Thysia'

I have to closed my eyes , let you see all the parts of me i was hiding.

From the sun you bursted my heart into flames.

From the frozen Ice, you turned me to beautiful white snow flakes.

In a battelfield our hearts raced fast.

As lightning our Innocent brown eyes sparkled and curoscated.

Since from death, afraid we are not.

Award me the honor of patronizing you.

Where the galaxies will collid

Under the burning ground I'll hide you.

Beg the roots to water you

Rescue your thivry soul

In order not to in hell you'll fall

How could you not understand ?

Can't the smoky breeze show you how ?

How they burry seeds, and how it turnes to hollow trees ?

What was it all for ? you wonder !

For the cycle of our life it is for.

A cycle of immolating golden rivers to the beast

It's all for our everlasting sacramental sigma.

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