Moon In the Scorpio

Limbonic Art

A mirror blank ocean above me decoy
Superior forces that heal or destroy
Take me astray into the moonlight above
Through twilight eyes as a spectre shadow
It is a time of great light
And a great darkness
Can't you feel the present
Of its phenomenon
In an atmosphere supreme
Forces dwells in dormancy
The essence of its spirit is evil
As a curse upon thy name
Midnight is the shepherd of mysterious powers
And moving shadows in the corner of the eye
Moon's blazing intuition
Contains what death require
Cleanse the doors of perseption
See things appear in its true art
The cold hands of divinity
Will tear thy soul apart
Behold the sky above
when the moon is in the scorpio
A cold bleak light

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