Moonskin

Samael

(En)chained to a shadow of the past
he walks the path of life
following the same quest, like a
ghost silly lover, silly romance, how pathetic!
Constant, permanent disenchantment
She will be called Moonskin
and she will have the beauty of the marble
hair dancing like flames
around her snow-white shape
(En)chained to the Venus spell
he left the reason behind
defiling the garden
forcing the passage
going to the bottom
to steal the end
to shake death's hand
Once again illusion fades away, once again he's falling
as the milky stream of life goes dying
She was called Moonskin
now she's no more
but a round bright sphere
in his night
floating in a timeless place
(En)chained to a shadow of the past
he walks the path of life
carrying that old story like a cross
on which he will, on which he may
nail another star...

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