

Elysium

Christ Agony

When beauty dies
Raise symbol falls
On the arms of sin
Faith's carried Dead is the symbol
The magic...
Depth and the abyss...
Night is the redemption
In the arms of the lover
Blood on her lips
Unholy concern When beauty dies
Lips dripped with
The blow of nothingness
Among the open gates
You will be the come truth When beauty dies
blood on my palms
Covers the way with roses

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