

Atlantis

Thirdmoon

I drown in bloody hands
as I bury the withers of human kind
Cold but fluid the spiral stygian tears
The birds once wept in waters still blind
Sombre the spectrum glows in the snow
Nothing but dust bleeds on your shoulders
Thine bizzare twilight - still asleep
but crimson scars echoes through silver seas
Unending - Still your God -
uncertainly expands your tears
Dead rain falls unto saphire chair
Standing on horizon like tears in God
Dream in cold embrace - Desire what will be
Clouds in spirits of aeons drown in thy last breath
I drown in bloody hands
as I bury the withers of human kind
The sun crimson explores
me in mourning of her depature gold
The divine kind that drowns
in second art surrounds me
The horizon bleeds, the sun is dead
and still the ATLANTIS cries
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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