

# Astarte, Black At Heart

In darkened eyes nothing seems so different  
My poison heart needle lust

Paths of oblivion surround me above  
Labyrinth patterns enclosure my mind  
Always in hideaways away from eyes

I try to hold on to  
Hold on to my heart  
But always falling into a trap

I try to hold on to  
Hold on to my heart  
But always falling into a trap

Raise hell burning darkness no regret  
Raise hell burning darkness no despair

Black at heart our music is our pride  
Black at heart sounds so delight  
Black at heart nocturnal art to live your life  
Black at heart always in your life