

Aysenlur, Tears of Fury

Once again...

A diffuse image dulls my horizon's light

And a lapidary silence

Which denounce my fright seizes the event

Reasoning, impudence and instinct

March in front of my eyes as choices regard to my struggle

Destiny won't cease its obsessive ardor

To whip my soul against the adversity

The claws of grudge are still tearing my breeze

Withered by hostile glances

Perhaps what i need is a new metaphor...

For my agony...

It is time to undertake

A new direction in this tale of those

Who will stain their faces with enemy blood....