

Tartaros, The Intense Domain Of Grievousness

Laying on black shiny marble
The lustrous floor of secret senses
Blended within a royal night to provoke
My tempest

Raising my red jewel
Through the atmosphere of magnificence
Physically alone so pure and clean
In a fragrance of solemnness...

Attracting the silver green flash
The spots from the five high-lights
Vibrating my words, VIBRATING MY WORDS...
All through the royalty of the night...

Brought away, deep down...
Abrupt as the speed of the light

A huge temple of infinite brightness
Staring hard at me
As pure nature in person, is thinking me dead..

Catching its glance of mysticism
Tasting the emblem of
My Third Eye...

(Chorus:)
In the intense domain of grievousness(6x)

As the temple grows rough!!!
I clearly feel the blowing thunders breath
As crowded wind, but from my mouth!?

As the temple grows rough!!!
I clearly hear the blowing thunders beat
As crowded thumps, but from my heart!?