

# Ancient, Sleeping Princess Of The Arges

Tonight the moon is full in the land beyond the forest. The howling of Wallachian wolves, a serenade to the dreariest soul.

I'm alone, within the confines of my barren home bereaved, left behind, grieving for the one, my ashen bride.

A host of ravens hover from majestic winter mountains. Into my ears they whisper, a sullen song of melancholy.

Five hundred years have passed since the flowers blossomed. Green meadows now benighted and shadows embrace the frozen sun

I'm alone

"I remember the glorious storms, the wrath of the heavens upon the shores. The erotic winds and their symphonies, resounding above the elegant trees. I remember the nights spent in thine arms, while making dark love with bestial charm. A setting provided with incessant rain, sipping the blood from each others veins."

As mist, I travel the dismal skies, feeding, my ravenous appetite. Dreaming, of candles and gleaming stars. Bleeding, from my lovelorn scars.

Once I was a blissful delighted man, residing over a splendid land. Now a beast of nocturnal guise, bent to cease my immortal life.

"I am longing to touch thee, my love, to bake in the warmth of the skies above. Marveled by landscapes so picturesque with the nestled brow on my nurturing breast. I yearn to taste the sweet tongue of thy kiss, to dance in the halls of the fiery abyss. Vanquish thy curse and come set me free, awake me, my darling, from my tortured sleep."

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"Through ethereal dreams I convoke to thee like a gentle breeze upon a reposing sea. Let my waves wash away thy grief, and convey thy shadowless soul back to me."

I've renounced the ways of christ. I've spat on his throne and scoffed at his lies. I'll install a new kingdom to which there will be everlasting indulgence for you and me.

Soon we shall stroll through the spellbinding mark. My time has come to relinquish this earth, with cascading tears of horizons unseen, I'll be reunited with my pallid queen.

"Through ethereal dreams"

Together we'll drink to our undying love. Absinthe shall lift us on the wings of a dove, and transport us to places beyond our dreams, where graceful nymphs dominate the scene.

And so I forsake my ancient abode. My calamitous fable of woe unfolds with valor, I face the sweltering sun. In thy pale reflection of death, we are alone

(Solo: Jesus Christ!)