

# Haggard, De La Morte Noire

Born through astral constellation  
Those pictures are now getting clearer  
inside his head  
And sent by the highest god  
They start to rise from the deepest depth

My King - dead - no!  
Dying by the lance... so slow...

He wipes the tears  
Away, and tries to think  
As clear as the falling rain  
but his hope begins to sink...

...down to this point  
Do you fear? Yes you do, and you allways will!  
the bleeding of another part  
crawls into your mind and still...

Es kam zu erinnern  
An des Menschen Bue  
Die Maske des Vogels  
Nickt hhnisch zum Grue  
In Schwarz gehllt  
Auf schwarzem Rosse getragen  
Die Menschheit zu knechten  
Kam der Herr der Plagen  
Pest regiert mit strafender Hand  
und Leichen bedecken das Land... das Land

Out of the sorcerer's chamber?  
Or do they come straight from the hands of the goat?  
This roses' leaves seem to be magic  
And saved all the poor population below  
My wife . . . sons. . . no!  
Diphtheria creeps, and no one knows...