

Rhapsody, Rhymes Of A Tragic Poem - The Gothic

The aim of the serpent, the serpent's creation
reveals itself now through crystal spheres
He's riding the waves as a real conqueror
colliding with ships, the ships of the kings
He owns... your sword!

The emerald weapon, the steel of the heroes
Flow the black tears of dark angels
Your blade is now serving the dark force...
the evil source of the unborn
the truth is there... in this hands

QUANDO CORPUS MORIETUR FAC UT ANIMAE
DONETUR / Starless is my night, silent is my ride
through the paradox of wisdom... to the sea of souls
Nel silenzio tragiche realta'...

FIRE IS BLAZING FAST ACROSS THE BLOODY RED SEA
THE SUNLIGHT IS FADING ON HIM / THESE ARE THE
WIZARD'S LAST HOLY SIGHTS... / THE WIZARD'S LAST RHYMES

We are reaching the brutal, the tragic dimension
led by reflections, reflections of death
the ghost in the fog... wander lamenting
while violence devours my wasted brain
Let me... awake!

The astral bewitchment is the fatal witness
of created surge of chaos
I reflect the constellations' fall
Now close your eyes and fight blind
The moon is dying, don't fear his might

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Fierce blows the wind, infinite fires
on Elnor sea... hail to the king!
He died as brave, oh valiant hero
but so in vain, facing the storm... the storm!

And soon the snakes of the abyss
swallowed the mighty woodship
while the waves of the bloody ocean
were reaching the walls of the falling town...

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