

Theatres des Vampires, Preludium

Of the primeval priest's assumed power
when eternal's spurned back his religion
and gave him a place in the north
obscure, shadowly, void, solitary
Eternals, I hear your call gladly,
dictate swift winged words, and fear not
to unfold your dark vision of torment."
Impia Tortorum longos his turba furores
sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro,
mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque tenent.