

# Theatres des Vampires, Throne Of Dark Immortals

Resignedly beneath a dark sky  
the melancholy waters lie.  
so blend the turrets and shadow there,  
while from a proud tower an undead looks down!  
There open fanes and gaping grave.  
the death has reared himself a throne  
in a strange city lying alone  
"Mistaken demon of heaven  
thy joys are tears!  
ask the blind worm the secret of the grave,  
and why her spires love to curl around the bones of death;  
and the will of the dark immortals.  
Expanded the sound of a trumpet  
the heavens awoke, and vast clouds of blood rolled  
round the dim rock of the castle.  
In his hills of stormed snow, in his mountains of hail and ice  
voices of terror are heard like thunder of autumn,  
when the cloud ablaze over harvest.