

# Unholy Matrimony, A Prelude To Love And Death

A Prelude To Love And Death

First signs of a new dawn claimed beyond the sight of the far mountains  
A black sun rising, casting a red shadow under my lonely body  
A seed was growing inside of me, guiding me to the top of the mountains

Isolde calling me, whispering my name from there  
Whispering my name...

Ignorant of the tragic fate that the horned angels were already announcing  
Through the blizzard I was trying to reach the top  
Whence my name was pronounced  
Against the will of the gods  
For the unholy matrimony would be an heresy  
Against the very essence of reason

Passion

But the immoral had to be  
Strong, pure, destructive  
Beyond love  
Pleasure and pain

I saw a golden hair carried by the wind getting caught in my clothes covered with snow  
That was the sign, yet unknown the embrace was already tightening around my soul  
Her finger was pointing at me when I discovered Her sitting on her frozen throne.

Isolde calling me, whispering my name from there  
Whispering my name...

On Her side, an old druid was preparing a philtre that Her and I drank