

# Crown Of Autumn, Towers Of Doleful Triumph

Oh my doleful betrotehed, enbewatered in baleful marvels thou art  
Thou chariotest the soft of evil as whilome you did  
A host of shadows sings for mee  
The lamentucus quire of dead leaves in blushful woods  
From ivy-mantled towers I hark  
The thunder'fit urging from the horizon's dim verge  
The drawbridge it slowly lowers  
And a legion of armoured spectres rides towards the walls of fog...

Sire dell'Imbrunito Regno  
Del dorato tuo manto la vista m'enfiamma 'l cuor  
Scuro 'l color del verbo tuo  
Quando m'encanti con storie d'antico splendor

From my blade and dudgeon drop gouls of blood, the blood of thy vermal foe  
To dumb forgetfulness a prey, death swallows Aurora's vows of hope  
On carpet of sapless foliage thou stalk whilst Zephyrus swells your cloak  
A Supernat Kingdom built of dreams, such wilt thou be to mee...