

Cryptic Carnage, Beauty At Everytime

But still, the wise man's vision
Could never change the duke's decision
His master now seeks joy in haunting
And all his men join in with him

At the end of the day,
returning home,
he sees the girl
among the people

[DUKE:] "Do tell me, man, who is the child?"
[VOIGT:] "My master, what is your intension?
She's of my own blood and to be
married soon, will you be quest?"
[DUKE:] "I witnessed her how she grew up
her beeing prettier with every year
just like a flower that's blooming
fall an now I call up my right!"

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