

# 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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