

Drakkar, Morella

Morella was a friend of mine
I never loved her, but we married
She made me happy in a way I can't explain
A kind of mystic happiness

Talking of philosophy we spent many hours
May awareness of yourself still survive to death?
I was very happy then, listenin' to her
Till a day, a fatal day, joy was turned to hate!

Hating my Morella I wished her to die
Illness fell upon her, she began to fade
She told me to listen, "I've something to tell:
Who you never loved in life, you will love in death"

(chorus)
"This is the day of days, the day to live and die, for all the daughters of death and sky
Tonight we're gonna die, but I will live again
The time of pain for you has began"

Growin' up day by day, pretty little girl
Our daughter I did love more than you can now
So resembling to her mother, too wise for a child
I never gave a name to her, until she was ten
I had to baptize her, we went to the church
And the priest he asked me the name of the girl
Still I don't know why "Morella" did I say
Screaming "Here I am!" my little daughter died

(chorus)

And when I went to our family's tomb to bury the second Morella, I didn't find any sign of the first. And I began to laugh... and laugh... and laugh...