

# Hollenthon, Eclipse - Vita Nova

Dowager of wandering empires knocking at death's door  
Putrid winds carried the voices wailing in the night  
Solitude of land Europa; battalions ominous  
Conquest dressed in ivory garb attack from east and west

Baleful ballad tragic spews  
From her lips of lurid blue

Infantries of bony vampires draining one by one  
From the headlands plunge like death-birds; predators descend  
Prancing, laughing, undertakers don tools of dusky trade  
Puppeteers in childish play, ghoulish marionettes

Baleful ballad tragic spews  
From her lips of lurid blue  
In a dream I saw her  
Drape her cloak from sea to sea

In dawn of life she came to flee with lonesome shadows before noon  
Who dare impede her timely flight or rob of quarry due?

The coy, unwilling silent bride; Misery stands by her side  
The demon mourner bathes in tears of those she left behind