

Ophthalmia, Final Hour of Joy

(words: It, All ; tunes: Night, Bone)

The army is scattered and I have risen in rank
At the castle of mine they must prepare a feast
With the early morning mist news of victory arrived
Triumph so great for a day in it's moment of glory
The castle was suddenly filled with life as never before
And a feast as glorious as the deeds was to be

In the midst of happiness plans of evil were made
A conspiracy against the king a murder in greatest secrecy
Take his life steal his crown and burn his soul
Kill the king strike him down and kiss the sin I must rule
and will not fear drown my doubts Take this land as my own and rule it
with my life And let songs be written of my magnificence
About my sins none will hear I must kill the king by the rise of the morning blossom
And this land I will rule with my precious wife

So secretly and in sin the murder of the king was planned
The growing evil in my heart has finally been set free
The castle was suddenly filled with death and much pain
And the feast as glorious as their deeds was now over
The prophecy of the witches must come true What foretold
was now grasped by destiny Heartless and filled with dread
the plans grew for what they planned for

Let us kill the king with pleasure