

Rhapsody Of Fire, Tears Of A Dying Angel

Fuoco, pianto, sangue, cancro
Morte
Nera dentro me
Sacra lotta dura cruda
Diideali senza eta'
Quando corpus
Moriatur fac ut animae donetur
Sad dark
Angel write the poem's evil page

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Yes, my dear friends, the sun shining on our beloved
Lands seems to not be the same anymore...
From when the magic sword was handled by the black king
Akron none of us... none of us can sleep peacefully...
He's clearly preparing his plans of war to attack the
People of these wonderful valleys...
The ancient
Towns of elnor and thoralld will be surely the first goals
In his ambitious and cruel dream of conquest...
Come mighty warrior... come to help your... your...

Oh god!...oh god... no...
They found it, they found
It... the ancient words are going to be pronounced...
Thanks to the cosmic power of the emerald weapon
The book of the dead kept by the dark angel is now
Open and the rites of blood are going to begin...
Oh no, god!... oh no... I hear those damned words...
Necros, dagma, atra, krona...
I hear them... necros
Dagma, atra, krona
Necros, dagma, atra, krona...
I hear them... necros
Dagma, atra, krona...

The abyss will soon spit out thousands of demoniac
Creatures and she will be back to lead them all...!
Why? why? the godforsaken bitch ancient servant of
Kron will be free from the spell that was trapping her
In the crypts of the ghostland... what the fathers of
My father were able to do is going to end...
Oh yes
I knew it... I knew it!
The power of the emerald
Sword in the wrong hands can lead to these tragic results...
I knew it!
The waves of the oceans will soon
Become giants attacking our towns... and if we
Don't organize
A valid controffensive to stop those
Creatures this will only be a tragic...
A tragic prelude
To an announced... massacre!

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My dear elnor, thorald... the dark angel is now
Sheding his tears...
Fight for your past, fight for
Your future... elnor, thorald... resist... resist!