

Rhapsody Of Fire, The Mystic Prophecy Of The D

Into the darkness they crossed the marsh
And entered the frozen cave
A secret path was cut into the rock
A labyrinth a twisted maze
An unknown misty haze

Open your heart
Then your mind's eye

Khaas' eyes focused on the grey rock
He saw it in a different way
The riddle soon would be solved
An illusion was carved in the stone
The arrows show where to go

Trust in yourself
Truth awaits you there

Crawling on their hands and knees
Dark is their endless journey
So deep the cave of bats
But they will go on and on

They are the last hope
For men, dragons and dwarves
Spirits of the forest
Shy elves and trolls
Five go from Elgard
Into the darkness leaving the light
To find the Black Order's
Immortal dark rhymes
To find the written words
Of Hellgod's unholy son
Prevent him from returning
And save the whole world
Through the Valley of Sin
Led by the whispers of holy wind
Into Dar-Kunor, new saga begins

The well of dead souls appears, a red river's flowing inside
There's no way to cross, there's no way to climb
They wish they were birds and could fly
Fly to the other side

There's a message
On the dark stone

They discovered a massive dark stone
Atop it a riddle inscribed:
Walk in the bloody abyss,
led onward by Nekron's black will.
Find the courage in his name

Search your conscience
Read between those words

Yes, and now I know. Nekron's name is all
that we need to solve this mystery
Iras spoke those holy words

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(Iras Algor:)

And so this new riddle finally revealed itself to me.
The solution lay in Nekron's name.
In the Nekranos alphabet certain numbers corresponding to the letters of his name
aligned in accordance with black geometry enabling us
to walk on invisible steps across the silent abyss
reaching the other side of the cave.
Unknown horrors awaited us behind those two dark portals

(TARISH:)

By all the gods of my nordic lands...

We are at the gates of death...

(KHAAS:) They were built with the severed limbs of humans and elves

(DARGOR:) ...under the orders of my father Vankar...

(LOTHEN:) I can feel suffering in every rock...

(IRAS:) Listen to the silence...

(TARISH:) That must be the great hall...

(DARGOR:) The unholy place where the Black Order was born...

Since 5000 years, age of primordial wars
The men of the known world read Nekron's manuscripts
Power, blood and luxury attracted some of them
Who denied the gift of light, sealed their bloody faith to...

Hell, Kron and his son
He revealed to them the key to resurrect his soul
He would be the avenger of his death
Nekron once dead would survive in their faith

Here they came
To pray for him
A new Black Order
Dar-Kunor was
A gathering of fools
Evil seed for new
Tragic wars

Sacrifice of innocents, darkest rites with human flesh
This was written in the books seven like the sins of men
But horror fills the one that keeps the most terrible prophecy
With it Nekron gave the key to awaken him from sleep

Sad, dark, prophecy
Our heroes have to find it
Or the world will suffer
The last book contains another key

All the wizards know
The seventh book's the only hope

There may be a key
In the seventh Book
A message for the evil Order

How to hide
The Angels' rhymes
So they never will be seen again

(KHAAS:)

Great lords of thunder...the seventh lost book...there...
upon the altar...

(DARGOR:) Yes...that is the book...I am sure of it!

I've heard my father describe it many times...

(TARISH:) Let us take it and leave this godforsaken place...

(IRAS:) ...the legendary evil book is now in our hands...

Let us make haste...this was too easy

(ALL TOGETHER:) What are these noises?

What's happening...what's going on?

(IRAS:) Removing it has awakend some nameless horror

(KHAAS:) ...let us leave here now...

(TARISH:) Look...there! ...hands coming up from the ground...

(ALL TOGETHER:) Ahhh...come on...get away from here...let's move!

Scene di vita, eroica memoria
verso la luce della speranza
nel cieco oblio della lor fuga
nel grigio limbo tra vita e morte

Fleeing through the labyrinths with the hordes of the living dead
fast upon them
Once again they found themselves trapped in front of the abyss.
But with no time to think about black geometry
They leaped into the red river
For any death would have been better than the one waiting for them
Created by the hungry creatures of darkness

Ossa e fango
ma il respiro c'

Covered by skulls and bones
In Hargor's marsh they found a way to hide
From the sons of darkness
Who betrayed the Angels' light

They are the last hope
For men, dragons and dwarves
Spirits of the forest
Shy elves and trolls
Five went from Elgard
Into the darkness leaving the light
To find the Black Order's
Immortal dark rhymes
To find the written words
Of Hellgod's unholy son
Prevent him from returning
And save the whole world
Finally out of the dark
They see the light of the moon
They stole from Dar-Kunor
The seventh Black Book