

The 3rd And The Mortal, Grevinnens Bonn

Morket siger sakte inn
Finner veier I mitt sultne sinn
Legger seg verdig til ro
I sar som aldri vil gro

I sitt morke Sjelen hviler
Er det bare tanken som tviler
Er det ensomhetens vegar ga
Om du vil la Skjebnen ra

Elsk min lengsel
Sok mitt tap
Fjern hvert stengsel
Befri mitt hat

English translate: Plea Of The Countess

the darkness sags
finds ways in my hungry mind
lies worthy to peace
in wounds which will never heal

in it's darkness the Soul rests
is it only the thought that doubts
is it the road of solitude to walk
if you will let destiny lead

love my yearning
seek my lost
remove every barrier
free my hatred