

Theatres des Vampires, Through The Vast Encha

In the night of the third fullmoon
You feel a sensation of death
Close your eyes you can hear the ethereal voices of the wind
And will be horrors, will be tears sorrow for you !
Close your eyes you can hear the black widow's lament
And will be horror, will be fear
Your walk through the vast enchanted forest
Through the trees, with the cross in your hands, praying your God
This is the realm of immortality
We must kill for living
We suck the blood from our victims
After we return in the castle
And we sleep in our biers.