

Misanthrope Necromancer

Misanthrope

Travelling as a combatant among the dead
The world's cemeteries as sole home
As Moses opens his way through the Styx
From beyond, I have the keys After traversing the gloomy "Tnbres"
Purgatory's surrounding walls folded behind me
Hope's in only one place to scrutinize
The paradise of my God, where Jesus sits by thy side I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death
I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death Thine own voice speaks in a whisper
Is it you "S.A.S de L'Argilre"
In an "yes" I answered fervently
And St Pierre's fingers opened for me "les portes du paradis" A dazzling light invades the place
His shriveled arms caress my hair
Jean Paptisque Poquelin called Moliere
In a pure communion gather... together Bringing to light his body
Offers him as present a second birth I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death
Searching among the corpses
Moliere's mortal remains
Bringing to light is body
Offers him as present a second birth And Moliere will recover a wise harmony
The human lives in his smooth misanthropy I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
To set out again sharing with others
Been back on earth among all men
And Moliere will recover a wise harmony
The human lives in his smooth misanthropy

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