

De la morte noire (Chapter IV)

Haggard

Born through astral constellation
Those pictures are now getting clearer
Inside his head
And sent by the highest god
They start to rise from the deepest depth "My King - dead - no!!!
Dying by the lance... so slow..." He wipes the tears
Away, and tries to think
As clear as the falling rain
But his hope begins to sink...down to this point
Do you fear? Yes you do, and you always will!
The bleeding of another part
Crawls into your mind and still...Es kam zu erinnern
An des Menschen Bue
Die Maske des Todes
Nickt hhnisch zum Grue
In Schwarz gehllt
Auf schwarzem Rosse getragen
Die Menschheit zu knechten
Kam der Herr der Plagen
Pest regiert mit strafender Hand
und Leichen bedecken das Land... das Land
Out of the sorcerer's chamber?
Or do they come straight from the hands of the goal?
This roses' leaves seem to be magic
And saved all the poor population below
"My wife... sons... no!!! Diphteria creeps, and no one knows..."

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