Black Glory

Cadaveria

Purple flames celebrate the new warrior's feats
while dry tears take the old triumphs to a silent death
The old men's corpses consumes in an obscure dust
while the new secret shines in a golden aura
Past glories could rejoice only a brief instant
Soon the new gloom's birth will wrap the present and the future
in a pall of algid fires and glacial quivers
No blood is willing to be shed in memory of your sighs
No wind will agitate the trees' fronds at sunset
The foul insect will suck the virgin infant's pulp
The fifth simulacrum's sect will perish under
the vibrating echo of the white queen
Every sword is unarmed in the presence of the goddess's dagger
Every shield is smashed by the young witch
The third magic star protects my mental acts
The master of the astral fluid illuminates my path.

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