Gargoyles, Angels of Darkness

Rhapsody

[I. Angeli di Pietra Mistica]The prophet told of loud thunders quaking the surface of earth
when the black raven would have turned victim of wonderful spells
He would have become a white swan born from the darklands of sin
Neither would Aresius have believed what was now changing in him
Swan... prince of the magic lake... Dargor's your name...GARGOYLES, FLY
GARGOYLES, RISE
GARGOYLES, FLY
HIGH...!
ANGELI DI PIETRA MISTICA
LADRI D'ANIME FIERI VOLANOAnother mess of vampires, masquerade of sadistic pride
He could not endure these cruel games
against him who once spared its life
He realized so not too late to be really far from his king
far from his infinite blood thirst, too far to call them right for him
Rise... fly high and steal his soul... angels of stone...GARGOYLES, FLY
GARGOYLES, RISE
GARGOYLES, FLY
HIGH...!
ANGELI DI PIETRA MISTICA
LADRI D'ANIME FIERI VOLANOGargoyles, oh my brother gargoyles
Rise now, rise for his soulTi invoco o terra... colora il mio nero...
con fiera lealta' io giuro sincero...
tra anime morte e caos immenso
a Gaia sovrana l'amore piu' intenso... io Dargor a te...[II. Exotic Interlude]
(instrumental)[III. ...And the Legend Ends...]Dargor, do it... it must be done...
free your rage and light your soul...
It's Gaia's call...And this is then the epic end
of the legendary tale
of the one who found the light
and the dragonflame inside
of the tragic rain of a thousand flames
of the town's defenders who faced real pain
of symphonies of enchanted lands
of whispers of love and hateThe dawn of victory can breathe in the wind
and this would mean the great rebirth
reborn, the one who's giving his life
...the towns lying on the ground
Be one (Be one!) of us (of us!) and
act as all the prophecies want...

To mountains and valleys, to fire and snow,
to sun, moon and wisdom rise your soul...
it's the call...!Oh, god, my god...
it happened... it happened!...the powerful energies of the furthest secret cosmos
heard the prayer of our mother Gaia, the supreme spirit
who gave us the miracle of life... and her dark son breathed new life...
The power of the dragonflame realized what had seemed to be impossible...
Dargor mortally struck the queen of the dead and called
the mighty gargoyles against the legions of darkness...
He pushed Akron into the hands of the nordic warrior, now a dying victim of terrible tortures...
the chosen one let himself fall into the deep marshes constraining the black king,
with the emerald sword againin his hands, not to move...
they became soon food for the slimy snakes of the abyss...
But this sacrifice had a terrific and great effect and meant the victory on the evil forces of abyss...
Remember, proud brothers... everything is possible...
when you let the mystic power of the dragonflame burn in your heart... believe it...
...it's the dragonflame!

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