

Origin Of a Crystal Soul (Chapter II)

Haggard

As dawn is weaving between fallen autumn leaves
The poor ones gather under naked trees
Asking how to survive, 'cause the winter breaks
And medieval coldness now from a deep sleep awakes
Liberate me, domine, from death, aeterna in die illa
tremenda
It's December, 14th 1503, as the ones above stop their mourning
As the one arrived - selected to foresee -
Something changed without a warning!
Es ward geboren in des Christengottes Zeit
Ein Bub - so die Legende - mit des Schepfer's Fohigkeit
Zu sehen, was sein wird, im verborgenen, unerkant
Denn der mit dem Leumund des Ketzers ward Effentlich verbrannt

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