

The wizard's last rhymes - 1/2

Interprété par Rhapsody.

The aim of the serpent, the serpent's creation
Reveals itself now through crystal spheres
He's riding the waves as a real conqueror
Colliding with ships, the ships of the kings
He owns... your sword !

The emerald weapon, the steel of the heroes
Flow the black tears of dark angels
Your blade is now serving the dark force...
The evil source of the unborn
The truth is there... in his hand

Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae donetur
Starless is my night, silent is my ride
Trough the paradox of wisdom...
To the sea of souls
Nel silenzio tragiche realta'...

Fire is brazing fast across the bloody red sea
The sunlight is fading on him
These are the wizard's last holy sights...
The wizard's last rhymes

We are reaching the brutal, the tragic dimension
Led by reflections, reflections of death
The ghosts in the fog... wander lamenting
While violence devours my wasted brain
Let me... awake !

The astral bewitchment is the fatal witness
Of created surge of chaos
I reflect the constellations fall
Now close your eyes and fight blind
The moon is dying don't fear his might

Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae donetur
Starless is my night, silent is my ride
Trough the paradox of wisdom...
To the sea of souls
Nel silenzio tragiche realta'...

Fire is brazing fast across the bloody red sea
The sunlight is fading on him
These are the wizard's last holy sights...
The poem's tragic rhymes

Fierce blows the wind, infinite fires

The wizard's last rhymes - 2/2

On Elnor sea... hail to the king !
He died as brave, oh valiant hero
But so in vain, facing the storm... the storm !

And soon the snakes of the abyss
Swallowed the mighty woodships
While the waves of the bloody ocean
Were reaching the walls of the falling town...

My brothers' limbs, food for those snakes
Their divine steel, deep under me... under me !

Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae donetur
Starless is my night, silent is my ride
Trough the paradox of wisdom...
To the sea of souls
Nel silenzio tragiche realta'...

Fire is brazing fast across the bloody red sea
The sunlight is fading on him
These are the wizard's last holy sights...
The poem's tragic rhymes