

Tears of a dying angel - 1/1

Interprété par Rhapsody.

Fuocco, pianto, sangue, cancro
Morte nera dentro me
Sacra lotta dura cruda di ideali senza eta'
Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae donetur
Sad dark angel, write the poem's evil page

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Yes my dear friends, the sun shining on our beloved lands seems to not be the same anymore...
From the magic sword was handled by the black king Akron none of us... none of us can sleep peacefully...
he's clearly preparing his plans of war to attack the people of these wonderful valleys...
The ancient towns of Elnor and Thorald will be surely the first goals in his ambitious and cruel dreams of conquest... Come, mighty warrior, come to help your, to... your...

Oh god!.... Oh god... no...
They found it... the ancient words are going to be pronounced... thanks to the cosmic power of the emerald
weapon the book of the dead kept by the dark angel is now open and the rites are going to begin... Oh no,
god!... oh no ... I hear those damned words...
Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...
I hear them... Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...
Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...
I hear them... Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...

The abyss will soon spit out thousands of demoniac creatures and she will be back to lead them all...! Why?
Why? The godforsaken bitch ancient servant of Kron will be free from the spell that was trapping her in the
crypts of the ghostland... what the fathers of my fathers were able to do is going to end...
Oh yes, I knew it... I knew it !
... the power of the emerald sword in the wrong hands can lead to these tragic results... I knew it!
... the waves of the oceans will soon become giants attacking our towns... and if we don't organize
A valid controffensive to stop those creatures this will only be tragic...
A tragic prelude to announced... massacre!

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My dear Elnor, Thorald... the dark angel is now shedding his tears...
...fight your past, fight for your future... Elnor, Thorald... resist... resist!