

Arcana

"Frightful Night Of Revenge"

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[Verses by Demether; music by Eugen]

Every fullmoon blood begins to run through sinews of
the greatest king of Goths
He wakes up angry going spread the death around for
the famous glory of his own God
Great malice lighteth bloody eyes, the frightful pain will
scream insight
He'll right through time revenge be sweet, his bones
have crushed but soul can't die

His time has come he'll she'd the blood of thousands
slain by his succinite brand

From the cemetery of silence, from the cemetery of
death
King will ride to cruel future he has found a living path
No one angel takes a risk to show his face before the
king
Even Gorgon's pale before him, he's afraid his magic
ring

The King withdraws the wargs from their subterranean
graves,
He harnesseth the chariot and summoneth the ghouls
But spirit of the death whispereth him that they couldn't
raise
The dead Goth decide to resort to the secrecies of
blooms

And then suddenly...

Saliva of the Great Wolf-leader
Waters the mould of cemetery's tombs
Corpses dwell by this nature of fear
And coming from their loved riven wombs

In the center of the graveyard servants of demons are
gathering
The king-ghost organized the significant council
Recall of avenge mournfully sounding on his lifeless

lips

He tempteth corses by the fresh human blood,
After that the king stood the forces on their bony knees
And makes them pray for almighty Phoebe, the
goddess of moon and flood

"And the countenance of the luna smiles back!"

Elimer, the founder of Gr?th was sworn enemy of
Goths
And the king on his deathbed takes an oath to destroy
the walls
Of the settlement of the own enemy's despicable
posterity
And later the centuries he'll exhaust the mission of his
destiny

[Germanareh screams in darkness:]

"My succinite sword shall slaughter thee,
Thy cattle, christian village & tribe
And certainly thy damned seed"

"If you found the reign of darkness,
You will find a sentry lee!"

Hitherto unbloodied umbrae of gothic warriors arose
the swords above their heads and hailed:

"Vivat Rex!"

And glorious King's throwing up his hand crowned by
firmament's stars
Only his formidable aspect inspireth the awe in souls of
arch
And sepulchral obscurity filleth the hearts

Germanareh leads his troops of ghouls in the name of
dark
Great warriors expires in the nocturnal sky it's blood-
curdling howl,
Rotting roots of ancient trees begin to moaning under
dreadful army's march
And endless forest covered by odour of death in the
bloodshot Devil's bowl

Wicked spirits stand at the edge of the forest
Their caddish glance lowered on the dell
The neighbourhood reddened by flames of hearth
In the next instant the horde from Hell
Darting off to the village and
Their "holy" path was deified by argent-gleamy moon

A succinite sword glares in the King's hand
The ghouls fell from welkin I' th' hazing gloom

Their attack was unexpected, people couldn't hide in
dwellings
So men have to fight for freedom, for their lives
against the Evil
Ghosts have burned so many houses that the murk
have turned to bright light
Fearful thunder have announced the beginning of the
Great Fight
Bloody rivers flew from high hills irrigating soil of
graveyard
All the soldiers fought in battle for the fame of
Germanareh
They will sacrifice their bodies 'cause they serve to
Devil's main guard
He's the chosen one of spirits and he knows he'll be
their monarch

Hundred men have died in moment tho' they fought in
rage and courage
Women, children and the elders run to church for the
salvation
They believe in their Ransomer which hath always
helped in troubles
Ghosts have charred the shrine with people, - there
came a suffocation

The antiquity of the precious cathedral's walls begin to
decay
Under the yoke of unbearable Death's shout
And thrusts by spirits' swords, but the Holy Ghost can't
betray
The christians of Gr?th and their souls to be proud
... but only death they found!

Ghouls have stormed the church all night
Women have defended children
Earth felt beams of divine light
Felon schemes of ghouls have crumbled

Took away the corpses underneath the bed of graveyard
They began to feast glorifying their valour

(Gothic tales of Schwarzwald preserves this appalling
night unblemished: expression of demons' eyes, their
armour and sudden evaporation with first rays of the
dawn).

