

Aerzte, Die

"Le Suzerain Des Âmes En Peine"

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In a dream he cherished illusions,
Gloomy premonitions of a funeral storm,
His hatred stuck without respite,
Filled by the suffering, the screams and the shocks
Of these lower creatures who sleep without dreaming.
As this far and diaphanous star flood the landscape
with it's misty light,
I see the frightened souls wandering through the
swamps,
Sports of a funeral lord.
The sharp flicks of the hoofs blend with the long
screams of agony,
With the eternal lamentations of the blind Morpheus,
Captive of an invisible dungeon from which he was
formally the master.
The flutes measure of this grim hunt,
That no blood will soil,
A requiem of a dreamed dance.
Any salvation will come to clear the profane wound,
And it's essence will bear the sign forever,
Invisible but primordial at the eyes of the Last,
King of the suffering souls,
THE KING, ON THE THRONE OF SORROW

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