

Arcane Grail "Ghostly Retinue"

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[Prose by Demether; music by Eugen & Natalie]

Lo, the majestical phantasmic horde is scudding furtively in the passless wildwood enveloped by calefying silvern moonlight, which permeates far and wide and scathes the newborn lurid flowers of fern so as the ferny seeds scatter into the gossamer hands of warriors, they embalm themselves by the pulp of seeds and their horrifying vision dissolves in the phosphoric vapour-perfumed night air. These darksome warriors are the ghostly retinue of Germanareh The Reborn Gothic King. They are all ready to serve and obey their dark lord, they don't remember their past life, their human names which their beloved mothers have given them, they love and know only their grandest king now. He is their faith, motherland, blood and uncontrollable will.

Full many of warriors vested in the opalescent hauberk as if tissueed from the myriads of lunar webs, it's glister is brighter than the Sun and dazzles the morbid glance. Ancient golden swords, spears and maces are ready to mangle, stab and grind the abject deathling people. This fell revenge of Goths is causeless, it is only duty. The spirits haven't got thoughts, either they execute someone's design or inanely exist. But now they crave to kill, excruciate the bodies by hands, reave the eyes and crunch the guts for the lifeblood to fill the ground; and they sense that their powers guarded by the daemons of Hel. And so this host gallops astride the snow-white bewitched wolves under the chieftaincy of bloodthirsting iron-hearted ghost in the impenetrable night.

"Weary-disillusioned death hovereth aboon
His whole-eyed ruthless-inglorious host
Their ancient swords are swathed with sacred runes
And lifeless hearts are squashed by wrath, because
[Sigh]
'TIS HIS GHOSTLY RETINUE!"

