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Arcane Grail "Tragic Love"

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[Lyrics by Demether; music by Eugen & Anastasia]

King walketh through the night wood far away from damned ghost home To the bottom of the high hills to the meeting with the dark Lord Silent night for the romantic but ghoul's soul is hardest gravestone Full of hate to all the people soul hath folded in the rage cold It's twelve o'clock and no one soul strolleth through this baleful place But suddenly king heard the noise and saw the shadow on the glade

It hath moved forward to the well and ghost began to follow shade

And hand of (phantasmal) king have gleamed by fearful blade

But shadow turned and spirit saw the beauteous girl like morning dawn

The sword fell out of phantom's hand and albeit king was Mantus's son

He couldn't even find the words to show his feelings to this girl

And ghost forgave 'bout sacred duty - she'd glanced at him like ancient beauty

... Fluty tune of our tragic love!

"Oh, Isabelle, my ladybird -- supernal loveliness Thou wert!"

(Glacial) Venus shineth for the goddess - she's a queen, and she's the sole She can make the ghoul's heart tremble only she makes time go slowly Nights are full of dreams and passion Goth will always be Her true guard Spirit gives to Her the black rose which grows on the hell-bound graveyard

Isabelle's mother is fucking bitch!

She knew all of their meetings so she told to priest about it Infirm hag who'd ruled her daughter, girl had died and it was her fault Slave of church -- the inquisitor (his name was Morphiy) in one morning hath decided Witch and this lass is the one face and Her mind hath veiled the grave cold

Whereupon, after the last vesper bell Morphiy with ecclesial guard ambuscaded in the elder timbered bastide of Isabelle's mother. Nearly the morning-tide gladsome Isabelle got back home suspecting nothing. No explaining, the guards roughly seized Her and marched to frowzy rat-swarmed prison. She was endungeoning there only two moons and wondering about the causa of the arrest.

[In court:]

[The Venerable Inquisitor with bias:] "Tell me, what thou art in sooth"

[Isabelle drowned in tears:] "I am the sinless girl and I believe in God"

[The Inquisitor with mockery:] "The holy court trows that ye clean too"

[Isabelle with illusory foreboding of escape:] "O aye, my soul filled with love in all"

[The Holy Court:] "Nay, thy love is blasphemy and it would fall

"BEND YOUR KNEES, MY PRECIOUS SLAVE!"

Thine immortal soul to the sulphurous hell Mephitic blaze of Gehenna awaiteth thee! Sacred court of tellurian clergy couldn't help For salvation of the relentless death's wings"

[Isabelle:] "My lief, I wouldn't forsake thee!"

The Inquisitor with taunt: "Do pray, my daughter! The sacred ordeal would purify thee from sacrilegious designs

Redeem thy sins, embrace thy death and ye'll ensky Thou'lt vivify at throne of God, Elysium is nigh!"

"Elysium is nigh!"

[Concluding speech of the judge:]

"I conjure thee by bitter tears she'd by Our God and Saviour Jesus Christ upon the cross for the world's salvation and by scalding tears she'd by the Virgin, Mother of God upon His wounds in the eve, by tears she'd by the saints and those chosen by God, whose eyes don't weep anymore by His will, prove thy innocence by shedding tears, but an thou is guilty, 'tis beyond thy powers. In the Name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen"

[Isabelle's fainted away]

[The cries of maddened Isabelle on the way to the sacrificial stake:] "I am the witch! Rape me, burn me, slay!"

She's gone to the block (Her Calvary) but not like a hero Her wit aspireth to betrothed, ere faggot she is shriven At the time Germanareh slumbered in this own crypt But laments of Isabelle aroused him from his abysmal sleep

He sleeps in his abysmal crypt!

He rose from the veil of woe and hasteneth to beloved Meanwhile the dale was deafened by a shriek of virtuous sacrifice --(It had rebellowed in Goth's heart) The King saw only dancing in flames Her jacinth hair and The smouldering torso of the most beautiful girl all over the world...

... All over the world!

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