

Blinded By Faith "A Slumber In Cobwebs"

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Confined to our fortifications,
Besieged by a horde of berserk wolves,
We rapidly ran out of food
And sought an armistice ...
The plague of Famine had undermined our will,
Nobles and plebs were all dead or ill,
Our wall was transformed into a trap
And the barbarians were invading our burg
With Blaze, Pillaging and Murder.

I've seen the marble dyed
With blood of lackeys, of plotters
Of obsequious, rouged harlots;
I've ever sen the blood of my parents
Squirt scarlet on their purple garments...
Somber harbinger ...
The nettle of fear ate into my heart

So I took refuge in the bowels of the castle,
Lest I fall under their fierce ire

Somewhere down this bottomless sewer
I think I've discovered
A disused torture chamber
Or else all these cadavers
I've encountered Were my predecessors...

Vomitive miasmas are polluting my being
The lurid stench obstructs my breathing
Ugh....
" Shall I lick the sweat of rocks
Or crunch the dregs of insects
To quench my thirst and silence my hunger? "

Here, my torch perishes
And I stride a threshold
Groping along in a gloomy room ...
It's an underground den covered with vermin

Have you ever felt your name
Carved in the wood of your tomb?
In this occult crypt rot my forefathers

I must assume my Fate ...
Rigor Mortis, I greet thee in my members
And wait to lack oxygen, to faint...

Snatch me, Thanathos, end my disgrace
And solemn, your slumber, I'll embrace
For now my sorrows plough an extinct inferno

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