

Esqarial "Requiem"

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You can't escape from obtrusive thought
That you have trusted in false muse's words and every
note
Now bless your chains to melt prisoner's groaning
sorrow

I raised my barrow
Lonely emperor

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum
Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla

Spark of genius
It's continuous
Struggle with the wind to kindle fire

Chill of marble

Light of a candle
Can only listen to the confession of the liar

I raised my barrow
Dying emperor
Slave of the sound
Panic in eyes
Feel of diminuendo of his short and wasted life

Clutching tight the last moment of passion
Searching for the sense that I missed
Feeling that the end is near
I cheat the hunger with the promise
That I'll satisfy it

[Lyrics by Nowak]

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