

Goresleeps "When The Curtain Falls"

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Decayed castle in neglected park
Seemed more sullen after dark.
Grey aged walls, overgrew with ivy.
In every stone felt the fatal destiny.

Bygone fame, left in the past.
Like withered leaves flayed away with the wind
Departed greatness, covered by dust
Everything that stayed with dying kin.
Hoary servant, bent by the years
For a long time had felt the failing
He was like a father to the youthful heir
For count, who saw the nineteenth spring.

But he dreamed of feats and romances were
Only pleasure in his life.
At nightfall the youth stayed alone with old
Folios in trembling candlelight.

All altered as if were of hand of conjurer
When once belated the strolling theatre
Asked to spent the night behind the walls of castle.
And the host himself met them in spite of title.

Dancing flame of the flaring brands
Old servant's heart squeeged with a pain
Laugh and gaiety and full hall of guests
Seemed that old time returned again.
Amid of the guests was the finest maid.
With the sparkling eyes and light flush on her face.
The princess-dream from concealed Dreamland
And spellbound youth hid admiring gaze.

He would looks most likely for ages in radiant
Eyes of colour of clear sky.
Like sunbeam lit up her beautiful dark face,
When she bestowed a smiles.
Deep thought, sleepless night on the eve of the
Farewell.
He would gives the world to stay with the one
Who was a perfect marvel.
Where meadows of flowers unfold to horizon,

Where road merges with white cloud-drift.
Where breath of the wind like a gulp of sweet
Honey, where's
No need to space of your transient fits.
Posies of wild flowers and modest aureate ring.
He favoured her with all his heart, and in her
Eyes was blooming spring
From town to town they'd been carrying gladness,
Leaving there small part of own soul.
And tears of emotion came out on youth's
Eyes, when a gathered crowd was so glad.

Follow left summer moved on the caravans
Count more and more felt drown to new friends.
And once he couldn't refused his wish.
The last step on scene and all for him vanished.

His senseless gestures were very awkward
And audience hissed the youth off the stage.
The first failure nearly drove him up mad
That importunate din was by cause of powerless rage
Falseness could be show through the roles, but how
He drew the dagger up and pierced own heart.

But wound was bled and bled, every instant
Force was leaving
The youth and soon he knelt.
He hadn't seen by now how people clapped
Him, when the curtain fell.

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