

Heresiarh

"The Cruel Bard"

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This is the lay of the cruel bard
He wrote it himself in his perilous youth
And nobody knows and no other lay tells
If fate finally gave him a lesson or no

He was a bard as anyone else yet nature had praised
him a gift of its worth - an irresistible beauty
and charm of the lords, which he did not hesitate to
use for his own good

Pleasure he seeked and the inevitable pain, which
eventually scorched his soul beyond recognition
so that it was never completely healed unless for the
moments when he was alone with the
splendour of nature and his love for the sky

Long roads did he take and many a path and lots of
young girls fainted away to his enthralling
songs and caressing lips. Yet his heart could not find
any place for a rest...

(Oh) The cruel bard
He was
And his lays were fair

As dew in the grass
Yet his heart was of stone...

Thousands of burnt villages he left behind
And thousands of hearts unmended
Wherever he went he brought pleasure, then woe
To daughters and mothers and envious men

He knew it all very well, the cruel bard
But, hell, he had nothing at all to disown
So he just grinned as the devil himself
And all the women around lost their pride

Although he sometimes did try to unlock his heart
Hid under strong chest of marble and snow
Yet he could not help loving anyone else
But himself and the dark of his kingly bent brows

Like a motionless sculpture of a pale heathen god
The bard used to stare in a mirror of glass
And he was ensnared in the webs of his own
Reflection of beauty so kingly yet cold...

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