

Cara Dillon

"La Malediction De La Dame Blanche"

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T?chez d?tre rentr?s avant le clair de lune
Parce qu'alors
La for?t devient vivante!
They plough on the lands near a damned, baleful
source of evil
Drifting foreign knaves, broken slaves of war
Trying to avoid the wrath of the french revolution
Eyes of fear and confusion
They seem terrified of the white cloaked haze that lies
dormant in daylight yet haunts moonlit crops at night

The french peasants called the apparition "La Madame
Blanche"

Some of them worked late on their fields and
mysteriously disappeared
As if they just ran straight into the black marsh, to
escape from the atrocities of the white ghost

Certainly convinced she came forth since that hellish
fire
Like a straw she burned!
None concerned until her phantasm had returned from
a bleak spectral world
Frequently she's seen in the gleam of a dismal
chimerical moon floating through clouds of gloom

La mal?diction de La Madame Blanche
La mal?diction de La Madame Blanche

This town is haunted
This town is goddamn cursed
These trees have eyes
Staring through your soul during moonrise
Oh, you don't believe the truth?
Turn around!
Perhaps she's standing right behind you
Right now!
Right now!

The french peasants called the apparition "La Madame

Blanche"

These words were transformed by the church which
identified the curse as "De Lammendam"

And don't expect a happy ending when I say goodbye

You may kiss the bride before you will brutally die

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