

# Ophthalmia

## "Final Hour Of Joy"

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[words: It, All ; tunes: Night, Bone]

The army is scattered and I have risen in rank At the  
castle  
Of mine they must prepare a feast With the early  
morning mist news  
Of victory arrived Triumph so great for a day in it's  
moment of glory  
The castle was suddenly filled with life as never before  
And a feast as glorious as the deeds was to be

In the midst of happiness plans of evil were made A  
conspiracy against  
The king a murder in greatest secrecy Take his life  
steal his crown and  
Burn his soul Kill the king strike him down and kiss the  
sin I must rule  
And will not fear drown my doubts Take this land as my  
own and rule it  
With my life And let songs be written of my  
magnificence About my sins  
None will hear I must kill the king by the rise of the  
morning blossom  
And this land I will rule with my precious wife

So secretly and in sin the murder of the king was  
planned  
The growing evil in my heart has finally been set free  
The castle was suddenly filled with death and much  
pain  
And the feast as glorious as their deeds was now over  
The prophecy of the witches must come true What  
foretold  
Was now grasped by destiny Heartless and filled with  
dread  
The plans grew for what they planned for

Let us kill the king with pleasure

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