

## **Danse Macabre "Tristesse"**

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"À Writing poetry in the fields of Bretagne À expresses a wish that never happened. The sentence came to me when being on tour with my band. We were crossing the land of Bretagne and the landscape with its woods and menhirs seemed so inviting. Visions of Celtic traditions and legends immediately came to mind and the unreachable within reach. Due to a busy schedule it was impossible to stop and really taste the atmosphere. It always has been my experience that events that ALMOST took place are the most inspiring for reality had no grip on the whole. This way a strange kind of magic, a dreamworld even, can remain intact."

Blood red skies like a messenger of doom  
Skeletons on parade in villages on fire  
Divine maidens suffering from the plague  
Apocalypse my friend put these cities into dust

Dust on coffin lids  
Tales never told  
Citizens living in cages of glass  
Writing poetry in the fields of Bretagne  
But hear the cries of a distant battle

Cardinals in decay and Gods who failed everywhere  
Nero's fiddle distuned, Rome into flames

With wings wide spread I wish to fly  
Like an eagle embracing the sky  
Dying during a final flight  
Oh deliver me from life

Plundering savages drunk with bloodlust  
Knights in armour now long vanished

Jesters holding the crown  
Noblesse fading away

Noblesses fading

Blood red skies like a messenger of doom  
Skeletons on parade in villages on fire  
Divine maidens suffering from the plague  
Apocalypse my friend put these cities into dust

Dust on coffin lits  
Tales never told  
Citizens living in cages of glass

Writing poetry in the fields of Bretagne  
But hear the cries of a distant battle

Cardinals in decay  
Gods who failed everywhere  
Gods who failed...  
TRISTESSE!

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