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Dark Moor "Dies Irae"

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Confutatis maledictis. Flammis acribus addictis.

When the sun is flustered And the moon is free The great little master Write a bitter melody

The notes fevers in my breast, Aches to be away

Eternal wisdom In glorious kingdom That is my sole wish

Chorus:

The first violins lead me while the harps Embrace me like the blood The madness beats my art In the stage my baton cuts the air, I am. In a world I never made, a man

Dies irae, dies illa, Solvet saeclum in favilla: Teste David cum Sybilla Quantus tremor est futurus, Ouando iudex est venturus. Cuncta stricte discussurus.

The sound is around Long life to the king Never falling down Rex gloria, Rex gloria Witness of the time Spirit is sublime No more feels of pain no more hate A revenge is going away

Where is my destiny? Where is my fantasy? I need to free my soul and cry Someone to pray for me I need to free my soul and will die

There wells up the only tear We shed without woe And ride like the wind because The music is enthralled

The notes fever's in my breast, Aches to be away Eternal wisdom In glorious kingdom That is my sole wish

chorus:

The first violins lead me while the harps Embrace me like the blood The madness beats my art In the stage my baton cuts the air, I am, In a world I never made, a man

Dies irae, dies illa, Solvet saeclum in favilla: Teste David cum Sybilla Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando iudex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus. The soft sleep to your bed Is not worth pursuing You will so soon be dead Death will serve instead Turn to the thing He was born to be A master to the king Keep your fancy free In the deep of the sea

Salva me, fons pietatis.

chorus variation: The first violins lead me while the harps Embrace me like the blood The madness beats my art In the stage my baton cuts the air, I am, In a world I never made, a man

Dies irae, dies illa, Solvet saeclum in favilla: Teste David cum Sybilla Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando iudex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus.

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