

Dark Moor

"Philip The Second"

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The empire beyond the seas
When sun does not decrease
Glory to my king

Greatest is our land
Honour and glory to my good king
King of both the land and sea
We wish may god save my king

For ever I will the prince
From Uruguay to Philippines
But my sigh of remorse
Just prays god for peace and force
Tears in my eyes never convince
But more defy with weight of sins
To reply to my pain
With more punish once again

But the pride
To decide
My people's fate
Makes me fight
For their right
At any rate
Because Spain is my kingdom

Like a golden dream of greatness
Our olden land will sing
Songs of the glory
Songs of our king
O, Philip the Second
By our lord enthroned

With all power
I can't fall power
It's the hour
Death is around

(The Prince is dead laying in his bed)

Is this, Lord, my reward
(Mourning and pain the king's insane)

My places will be Escorial
Built, in place esoterical
The earth and heaven will be one
Forgetting the loss of my son

(Magia, sueĐ“nos, son sus dueĐ“nos, sombras, gritos
en sus ritos)

In my nightmares, I see a black dog
Keeper of the hell's door
Coming our from fog
Whispers of the dream of Solomon

(Royas ilamas, negras damas, duelo eterno, cielo,
infierno)

The horoscopes foretell
Hanna be my Queen
And from our love spell
An heir's been foreseen

Never dies
The spirit of sacrifice
Of my king who gives
His life so that his dream lives
For his land
He makes what can't understand
No one useless him
God and him

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