

Dark Sanctuary

"Profondeur De Lme"

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Au-del de toute tristesse
De tout mpris...

La douleur ineffable,
Qu'est la mlancolie...
Rampe dans le c?ur des mortels...
Des survivants de l'oubli...

Traverse l'me blesse,
Mortifie par la foi...
Telle une lame affile,
Gotant la chair trahie...

C'est de ce fruit qu'il gota,
...Dont il apprcia la chair...

Et ce sont les esprits hants,
Qui rdent dsormais...
Auprs d'une me use,
Partant la drive...

Rejoignant les trpasss,
Les immortels assoiffs...
D'une trop longue attente...
D'une si grande msentente...

D'un si grand mpris de leur dieu...
Qui les regarde moisir...

Dsistant rgner sans entrailles,
Ni viscres...
Le Mortel regrette son avnement
Se venge grce la mort...
Au-del de toute ralit
Ephmre...

[Translation]

[Deep Sadness]

[Music by Arkdae, Lyrics by Sombre Cr]

Beyond any sadness
Any scorn...

The ineffable pain,
Which melancholy is...
Creeps in the heart of mortals...
Of those who outlived oblivion...

Passes across the hurtled soul,
Mortified by faith...
As a sharp blade
Tasting betrayed flesh...

He tasted this fruit...
And enjoyed its flesh...

And now the haunted spirits
Are prowling around...
Around an exhausted soul,
That is fading away...

Rejoining those passed,
The thirsty immortals...
Who have been waiting for too long...
Who have been so much misunderstood...

So much despised by their god...
Who watches them rot...

Wanting to reign without entrails,
Nor viscera...
The mortal regrets his advent,
Has his revenge thr

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