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Misanthrope "Gargantuan Decline"

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Nothing can cheer me I am like the king of a rainy land, Wealthy but impotent, moribund and senile.

Nothing can cheer me Even the sage alchemist who no longer smoothes my gold, Nor my subjects who come to die beneath the balcony.

Nothing can cheer me I am like the king of a rainy land, Wealthy but impotent, moribund and senile

I'm the dissonant chord in the divine symphony Comdemned to eternal chants but unable to sing Gargantuan decline Gargantuan decline

I shed a darkness sadder than nights (are) Detestable silent child, hurl a horrible howl Chamber of eternal mourning vibrant with old agony Hear the bitter laughter of the whale. Prince of exile, to whom injustice has been done In your defeat arise more firm.

Nothing can cheer me Even the sage alchemist who no longer smoothes my aold. Nor my subjects who come to die beneath the balcony.

Vampire of my own heart Kisses alive mortuary chrysalids Gargantuan decline Gargantuan decline

Prince of exile, Implant in hearts the cult of wounds Soaring aloft like a second sun Prince of exile, to whom injustice has been done Enable the lotus to bloom

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