

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
gold,
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

