

Misanthrope

"Misanthrope Necromancer"

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Travelling as a combatant among the dead
The world's cemeteries as sole home
As Moses opens his way through the Styx
From beyond, I have the keys

After traversing the gloomy "TÃfÂ©nÃfÂ"bres"
Purgatory's surrounding walls folded behind me
Hope's in only one place to scrutinize
The paradise of my God, where Jesus sits by thy side

I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death
I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death

Thine own voice speaks in a whisper
Is it you "S.A.S de L'ArgilÃfÂ"re"
In an "yes" I answered fervently
And St Pierre's fingers opened for me "les portes du paradis"

A dazzling light invades the place
His shriveled arms caress my hair
Jean Paptisque Poquelin called MoliÃfÂ"re
In a pure communion gather... together

Bringing to light his body
Offers him as present a second birth

I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
Coroner of the unjust death
Searching among the corpses
MoliÃfÂ"re's mortal remains
Bringing to light his body
Offers him as present a second birth

And MoliÃfÂ"re will recover a wise harmony
The human lives in his smooth misanthropy

I am the Misanthrope Necromancer
To set out again sharing with others
Been back on earth among all men

And Molière will recover a wise harmony
The human lives in his smooth misanthropy

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