

Theatre Des Vampires "Throne Of The Dark Immortals"

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Resignedly beneath a dark sky
the melancholy waters lie
so blend the turrets and shadow there
while from a proud tower in the death looks down!

There open fanes and gaping grave the death has
reared himself a throne
in a strange city lying alone far down within the dim
forest...

Mistaken demon of heaven thy joys are tears
ask the blind worm the secret of the grave and why her
spires love to curl

around the bones of death and the will of the dark
immortals

Expanded..the sound of a trumpet
the heavens awake, and vast clouds of blood
roll'd round the dim rock of the castle

In his hills of storm'd snow, in his mountains of hail and
ice
voices of terror are heard like thunder of autumn...
when the cloud ablaze over harvest

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