

# Rhapsody

## "Garoyles, Angels of Darkness: Angeli Di Pietra Mistica/Warlords' Last C"

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[I. Angeli di Pietra Mistica]

The prophet told of loud thunders quaking the surface  
of earth  
when the black raven would have turned victim of  
wonderful spells  
He would have become a white swan born from the  
darklands of sin  
Neither would Aresius have believed what was now  
changing in him  
Swan... prince of the magic lake... Dargor's your name...

GARGOYLES, FLY  
GARGOYLES, RISE  
GARGOYLES, FLY  
HIGH...!  
ANGELI DI PIETRA MISTICA  
LADRI D'ANIME FIERI VOLANO

Another mess of vampires, masquerade of sadistic  
pride  
He could not endure these cruel games  
against him who once spared its life  
He realized so not too late to be really far from his king  
far from his infinite blood thirst, too far to call them  
right for him  
Rise... fly high and steal his soul... angels of stone...

GARGOYLES, FLY  
GARGOYLES, RISE  
GARGOYLES, FLY  
HIGH...!  
ANGELI DI PIETRA MISTICA  
LADRI D'ANIME FIERI VOLANO

Gargoyles, oh my brother gargoyles  
Rise now, rise for his soul

Ti invoco o terra... colora il mio nero...  
con fiera lealta' io giuro sincero...  
tra anime morte e caos immenso

a Gaia sovrana l'amore piu' intenso... io Dargor a te...

[II. Exotic Interlude]  
(instrumental)

[III. ...And the Legend Ends...]

Dargor, do it... it must be done...  
free your rage and light your soul...  
It's Gaia's call...  
...the powerful energies of the furthest secret cosmos  
heard the prayer of our mother Gaia, the supreme  
spirit  
who gave us the miracle of life... and her dark son  
breathed new life...  
The power of the dragonflame realized what had  
seemed to be impossible...

And this is then the epic end  
of the legendary tale  
of the one who found the light  
and the dragonflame inside  
of the tragic rain of a thousand flames  
of the town's defenders who faced real pain  
of symphonies of enchanted lands  
of whispers of love and hate

The dawn of victory can breathe in the wind  
and this would mean the great rebirth  
reborn, the one who's giving his life  
...the towns lying on the ground  
Be one (Be one!) of us (of us!) and  
act as all the prophecies want...  
To mountains and valleys, to fire and snow,  
to sun, moon and wisdom rise your soul...  
it's the call...!

Oh no, oh God, oh God no...  
What is happening...?

Oh God, my God...  
It is happening...

Dargor mortally struck the queen of the dead and  
called  
the mighty gargoyles against the legions of darkness...  
He pushed Akron into the hands of the nordic warrior,  
now a dying victim of terrible tortures...  
the chosen one let himself fall into the deep marshes  
constraining the black king,  
with the emerald sword again in his hands, not to

move...

they became soon food for the slimy snakes of the  
abyss...

But this sacrifice had a terrific and great effect and  
Akron's death meant the victory on the evil forces of  
abyss... Once... Forever...

Remember, proud brothers... everything is possible...  
when you let the mystic power of the dragonflame burn  
in your heart... believe it...

...it's the dragonflame!

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