

Rhapsody

"The Ancient Forest Of Elves"

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FUOCO, PIANTO, SANGUE, CANCRO
MORTE NERA DENTRO ME
SACRA LOTTA DURA CRUDA DI IDEALI SENZA ETA'
QUANDO CORPUS MORIETUR FAC UT ANIMAE DONETUR
SAD DARK ANGEL WRITE THE POEM'S EVIL PAGE

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Yes, my dear friends, the sun shining on our beloved
lands seems to not be the same anymore...
from when the magic sword was handled by the black
king
Akron none of us... none of us can sleep peacefully...
he's clearly preparing his plans of war to attack the
people of these wonderful valleys...
the ancient towns of Elnor and Thorald
will be surely the first goals
in his ambitious and cruel dream of conquest...
Come mighty warrior... come to help your... your...

Oh god!...oh god... no...
They found it, they found it...
the ancient words are going to be pronounced...
thanks to the cosmic power of the emerald weapon
the book of the dead kept by the dark angel is now
open and the rites of blood are going to begin...
Oh no, god!... oh no... I hear those damned words...
Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...
I hear them... Necros,
Dagma, Atra, Krona
Necros, Dagma, Atra, Krona...
I hear them... Necros,
Dagma, Atra, Krona...

The abyss will soon spit out thousands of demoniac
creatures and she will be back to lead them all...!
Why? Why? The godforsaken bitch ancient servant of

Kron will be free from the spell that was trapping her
in the crypts of the ghostland... what the fathers of
my father were able to do is going to end...
Oh yes, I knew it... I knew it!
...the power of the emerald sword in the wrong hands
can lead to these tragic results...
I knew it!
...the waves of the oceans will soon
become giants attacking our towns...
and if we don't organize
a valid controffensive to stop those
creatures this will only be a tragic...
a tragic prelude to an announced... massacre!

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My dear Elnor, Thorald... the dark angel is now
shedding his tears...
...fight for your past, fight for
your future... Elnor, Thorald... resist... resist!

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