

Theatre Of Ice

"Lament Of The Perishing Roses"

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Where'er thou walkest, thou strewest roses - Thornless
and deep reds are they;
Onto a beauteous path harmony thou leadest,
Where waterfalls sing their hymns of appraisal.

Germinate into green the sterile earth -
Equiponderat'd new life against decay.

Wash the macrocosm with morning dew -
Aurora of the waterfalls' encircling rainbows.

In the horizon the appearance of a blackening
empyrean,
A furious whirling wind accompanied by skies of dusk.

In the lead - The Pale Horse - pulling a cart of dead
deities -
The beautiful colors are drift'd away.

Black Asphodels ascend from the overcloud'd livid
blossom;
Completely covering acherontic the land that was
thought everlasting.

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