

Unholy Matrimony

"A Prelude To Love And Death"

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A Prelude To Love And Death

First signs of a new dawn claimed beyond the sight of
the far mountains

A black sun rising, casting a red shadow under my
lonely body

A seed was growing inside of me, guiding me to the
top of the mountains

Isolde calling me, whispering my name from there
Whispering my name...

Ignorant of the tragic fate that the horned angels were
already announcing

Through the blizzard I was trying to reach the top

Whence my name was pronounced

Against the will of the gods

For the unholy matrimony would be an heresy

Against the very essence of reason

Passion

But the immoral had to be

Strong, pure, destructive

Beyond love

Pleasure and pain

I saw a golden hair carried by the wind getting caught
in my clothes covered with snow

That was the sign, yet unknown the embrace was
already tightening around my soul

Her finger was pointing at me when I discovered Her
sitting on her frozen throne.

Isolde calling me, whispering my name from there
Whispering my name...

On Her side, an old druid was preparing a philtre that
Her and I drank

