Reviving Of The Master Of The Dead

Abused Majesty

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In the deepest cave
of the Mountain of the Dead
There was a body of the Moonlit Knight,
the master of the dead

Numb from stillness and a restless sleep
Chained firmly to the stone
The tree immortal old men,
the highest priests of god Hamon

Knew that the only way
to revive the sleeping knight' body
Was through making sacrifice
of virgin blood

From the beginning of the World
The power of the Temple of Nine Rings
Had been lasting intact in its majesty

But here the enemy pulled out his pointed swords

So let's make the last desperate step
And let's free imprisoned in the emptiness god
Let him guide, lead his army
Leading to victory of both the alive and the dead

She stood in front of him,
stunningly beautiful
Wearing flowing,
purely white robe

Her first touch awakened blood in his numb, cold body
Spasms trembled his long lifeless muscles
He rose to his feet, clinging his chains
Enormous like a statue, conqueror of the worlds

For the ritual to be accomplished
he only had to make love to her
Who stood in front of him ready for everything
Despite the pain, the young girl's body wasn't resisting to
The fallen master

The fallen master,
arising from the emptiness
After a while
the chains around

his body cracked
And the three old men
brought the master of the dead
the helmet of a long dead hero

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awakened blood in his numb,
cold body spasms

trembled his long lifeless muscles
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clinging his chains
enormous like a statue,
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