

In The Abyss Of The Cursed Souls

Ancient

Walking by the side of my old tired horse
After months of blood red battles

Finally on my way back home
Letting myself be dragged by instinct

In the mist of the cold evening
I suddenly came across a gorgeous glade
At the bottom of a roaring crystal waterfall

An abrupt thirst began to creep inside his throat
There was nothing he wanted more
Than a sip of that fresh water

Fast I ran towards the enchanted oasis
But suddenly my sight was raptured by a blazing image

At the bottom of the spring
A pale and charming maid was laying

Singing sweet melodies
Captured by her perfect beauty I stood still

Bewitched by her flaming eyes
And then I dared to ask her name

Innocent eyes
Already bewitched by my infernal beauty

Another pure soul will soon be corrupted

After an eternity of stone cold silence
The magnificent creature spoke to me

But her words I could not understand

Je suis la belle dame sans merci
Ton sang sera mon vin ton coeur ma vie

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