

Funerailles

Dark Sanctuary

Le froid envahit sa pauvre âme
Quand sa tombe se referme sur lu
La sculpture aux regards infâmes
Ferme les yeux, saluant minuit

Aujourd'hui est mort le paradis
Dans ce cimetière triste et si brumeux
Sous le pâle visage de Marie
En écoutant ce chant miséricordieux

Coldness overcomes his poor soul
When his tomb shuts on him
The sculpture with vile glance
Close its eyes, greeting midnight

Today Paradise died
In that sad and misty graveyard
Under the pale face of Marie
Listening to that merciful hymn