

## Prologue : The Bride Wears Black

Evereve

Masks concealed the real mourning  
No noise were allowed  
Misfortune came with large steps  
Enveloped the future into a shroud

The bride wears black tonight

Valleys got deeper and deeper  
The summits disappeared in beautiful  
Clouds a path in sick infinity  
Deep abysses and beside it

Travelled in endless trains  
Try to solve my existence  
Sins, often pure temptation  
Praised, hallowed, just lies

Voices to hear, inner futility  
Be it true, be it my love  
Coming to torture you...  
...to torture you with my devotion