

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