

The Unknown Dead

Lunar Aurora

Behold the flowers of a spring so soon,
Its harvest leaf in foul brown bloom.
Whirling fog and a cauldron of stew,
A seer's drench haggard witches' brew.

Es werde Nacht...

Trembling choirs from children in their graves mouldring so young.
Old corpses' morbid grace.
Oh, I hear them, still don't fear them!

...und es werde Finsternis!

Here's to you ye unknown Dead!
Twinkle at your misthung battlefield
Or breathe in the moist den's bed.

Dem Totenvolk der Kelch des Sehens...

Uncloak me miracles from a Kingdom.
Come, king of the woods, lords of the Atlas,
Whispering takes long lost and gone.

Den Lebenden der Trank des Hexers!

From bloodstained Stargates to hellish forges
And skyelad summits to the eeriest gorges.
But now depart for my road goes yonder,
A road that darkens while in light I wander.
But pierced with beams when everything's sombre.