

Carpathia

The Vision Bleak

From the deepest valleys to the highest mountain peaks
The sun caress with care.
Carpathia! All hail to thee!
Thy beauty is beyond compare ...

When the soft white shrouds of morning dew
Lay down on meadows green,
Thy praise is due, but keep thy poetry
For the night you haven't seen.

For when the sun doth set in Carpathia ...

... and the worm that gnaws the grave
Crawls hence forth from gulf and cave.

And when the moon doth rise in Carpathia ...

... then the creature leaves the lair
And the ghost is on the stair.

For there is no such beauty in the morning light
Nor in the later hours of day
As when darkness fell in the deep pinewoods
And the wolves go hunt their prey!

Ah, you should hear the sweet sullen song
Of the night birds call to the moon
And the glorious howling sound of the wind
In all wastes and plains marooned.

For when the sun doth set in Carpathia ...

... and the worm that gnaws the grave
Crawls hence forth from gulf and cave.

And when the moon doth rise in Carpathia ...

... then the creature leaves the lair
And the ghost is on the stair. (2x)