

# 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)