

Crown Of Autumn, Towers Of Doleful Triumph

Oh my doleful betrotehed, enbewered in baleful marvels thou art
Thou chariotest the soft of evil as whilome you did
A host of shadows sings for mee
The lamentucus quire of dead leaves in blushful woods
From ivy-mantled towers I hark
The thunder'fit urging from the horizon's dim verge
The drawbridge it slowly lowers
And a legion of armoured spectres rides towards the walls of fog...

Sire dell'Imbrunito Regno
Del dorato tuo manto la vista m'enfiamma 'l cuor
Scuro 'l color del verbo tuo
Quando m'encanti con storie d'antico splendor

From my blade and dudgeon drop gouls of blood, the blood of thy vermal foe
To dumb forgetfulness a prey, death swallows Aurora's vows of hope
On carpet of sapless foliage thou stalk whilst Zephirus swells your cloak
A Supernat Kingdom built of dreams, such wilt thou be to mee...