

1. Prologue

[Instrumental]

A morning in magenta, the petals fed from the dew.
She held her breath for a moment, to pause off the stream.
Still clinging to vast, old memories.
And I would marvel at her beauty, playing through the rain.
The coffin is beautifully engraved.
Stained by soil, symbols of death.
All of which are stared upon, with porcelain eyes it seems.
Some spoke, and it was my turn to go.
In death entwined, I could not believe.
But it hangs around my neck.
A soft breeze passed me by, somewhat warmer for a second.
I knew it was the coming of spring, thus our APRIL ETHEREAL.

2. April Ethereal

It was me, peering through the looking-glass.
Beyond the embrace of Christ.
Like the secret face within the tapestry.
Like a bird of prey over the crest.
And she was swathed in sorrow, as if born within its mask.

Her candlelight snuffed, the icon smiled.
Emptiness followed by her wake.
I could clasp her in undying love.
Within ghostlike rapture the final word was mine.

She faced me in awe. 'twas a token of ebony colour.
Embodied in faint vapour.
Wandering through April's fire.
Compelled to grasp and to hold the one that was you.

I will endure, hide away.
I would outrun the scythe, glaring with failure.

It is a mere destiny I thought, a threshold I had crossed before.
The rain was waving goodbye, and when the night came
the forest folded its branches around me.
Something passed by, and I went into a dream.
She laughing and weeping at once: "take me away".

I don't know how or why, I'll never know WHEN.

3. When

Red sun rising somewhere through the dense fog.
The portrait of the jaded dawn who had seen it all before.

This day wept on my shoulders.
Still the same as yesterday.
This path seems endless, body is numb.
The soul has lost its flame.
Walking in familiar traces to find my way back home.

So there I was.
Within the sobriety of the immortals.
A semblance of supernatural winds passing through.
The garden sighs, flowers die.

The gate was closed that day, but I was bound to carry on.
She could not see me through the windows.
In dismay, strangest twist upon her lips.
Graven face, she said my name.

Once inside I heard whispers in the parlour.
The gilded faces grin, aware of my final demise.

And I cried, I knew she had died.
Her obsession had died, it had died.

When can I take you from this place?
When is the word but a sigh?
When is death our lone beholder?
When do we walk the final steps?
When can we scream instead of whisper?

When is the new beginning,

the end of this sad MADRIGAL.

4. Madrigal

[Instrumental]

Our abode 'mongst the stars is waiting,
long enough for our last breath of life.
You stare at nothing, right through me,
at times resembling the Devil's concubine.
And me, I am the idol that would long
to caress our eyes until they would open no more.
I would comfort you if I only could,
but as we all know by now... I am just thin air.
Unaware as you are of my presence,
you are losing yourself.
Hiding within THE AMEN CORNER.

5. The Amen Corner

White summer.
So far I have gone to see you again.
Hiding your face in the palm of your hands.
Finding solace in the words I do despise.

You snatch at every sound.
And even though you believe that I am shackled within death,
memories are tainted with paleness.
Crestfallen still.
Those eyes... empty like a barren well.

It was the only task I would undertake.
To reap the harvest that was mine.
The seed that had sprung into a florid meadow,
and left me helpless in your embrace.
The bond we never spoke of, once stark and enticing,
now slowly smoldering to dust.

The celestial touch, from grey to black.
A fathomless void enclosing.
Unwritten secrets beneath the cobwebs.
I can not endure.

And so I rose from my sleep.
The moon turned away its face.
Overture of the long, black night begins...
something you said: "Eerie circles upon the waters".

Until now we have shared the same aura.
My ashes within your hands.

My breath in the sepulchral mound.
You know that your night is my day.
The final spark that blew life into me,
the DEMON OF THE FALL.

6. Demon Of The Fall

Silent dance with death.
Everything is lost.
Torn by the arrival of Autumn.
The blink of an eye, you know it's me.
You keep the dagger close at hand.

And you saw nothing.
False love turned to pure hate.
The wind cried a lamentation
before merging with the grey.

Demon of the fall.

Gasping for another breath.
She rose, screaming at closed doors.
Seductive faint mist forging
through the cracks in the wall.

I shant resist.
In tears for all of eternity.
She turned around and faced me for the first time.

Run away, run away.

Just one second, and I was left with nothing.
Her fragrance still pulsating through damp air.
That day came to an end.

And she had lost in me, her CREDESCENCE.

7. Credence

Deserted again.
You speak to me through the shadows.
Walking in closed rooms, using cold words.
Captured by the night.
The yearning escapes from my embrace.

Strange silhouettes whisper your thoughts, scream your sadness.
And they all turned away,
unable to face more of this death.

Credence in my word.
Written in dust, tainted by memories.
I confess my hope, recognize my loneliness.

Your laughter weeps the truth.
Push me into corners.
Confirming the epitaph of my soul
and displaying the once unknown KARMA.

8. Karma

And as they say, grief is only able to possess.
The rotting body clad in ancient clothes
is left behind with a wave of the hand.

I have gone away. The bed is cold and empty.
Trees bend their boughs toward the earth.
And nighttime birds float as black faces.

It was the hand reaching out through the mirror.
Unknown and scarred by life...
the luring eyes, you had never seen.

You have nothing more to find.
You have nothing more to loose.

The cold season drifts over the land.
They huddle in the brown corners.

Some would settle for less.
The castles were all empty, asleep.
Long awaiting their king.
Beckoning round the bend.

Amidst the forest one would hear that I had been there.
Draped within a fate I could not change,
and always welcoming Winter's EPILOGUE.

9. Epilogue

[Instrumental]

There it was.
The final destiny.
A sunrise that never came,
still the night lamp that never faded away.
Farewell was the word,
and the afterglow was the brave morning.
Rising and telling everyone
about the beauty of its PROLOGUE.

10. Circle Of The Tyrants

[Celtic Frost cover]

After the battle is over
And the sands drunken the blood
All what there remains
Is the bitterness of delusion

The immortality of the gods
Sits at their side
As they leave the walls behind
To reach the jewels gleam

The days have come
When the steel will rule
And upon his head
A crown of gold

Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near

I sing the ballads
Of victory and defeat
I hear the tales
Of frozen mystery

The new kingdoms rise
By the circle of the tyrants
In the land of darkness
The warrior, that was me
Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and war
Are like everlasting shadows

Where the winds cannot reach
The tyrant's might was born
And often I look back
With tears in my eyes
Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and wars

11. Remember Tomorrow

[Iron Maiden cover]

Unchain the colours before my eyes.
Yesterday's sorrows, tomorrow's white lies.
Scan the horizon, the clouds take me higher,
I shall return from out of the fire.

Tears for remembrance, and tears for joy,
Tears for somebody and this lonely boy.
Out in the madness, the all seeing eye,
Flickers above us, to light up the sky.

Unchain the colours before my eyes,
Yesterday's sorrows, tomorrow's white lies.
Scan the horizon, the clouds take me higher,
I shall return from out of the fire.