

Malediction de la Madame Blanche

Carach Angren

Tâchez d'être rentrés avant le clair de lune
Parce qu'alors

...

la forêt devient vivante!

They plough on the lands near a damned, baleful source of evil

Drifting foreign knaves, broken slaves of war

Trying to avoid the wrath of the french revolution

Eyes of fear and confusion

They seem terrified of the white cloaked haze that lies dormant
in daylight yet haunts moonlit crops at night

The french peasants called the apparition "La Madame Blanche"

Some of them worked late on their fields and mysteriously disappeared

As if they just ran straight into the black marsh, to escape from the atrocities of the white ghost

Certainly convinced she came forth since that hellish fire

Like a straw she burned!

None concerned until her phantasm had returned from a bleak spectral world

Frequently she's seen in the gleam of a dismal chimerical moon
floating through clouds of gloom

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This town is haunted

This town is goddamn cursed

These trees have eyes

Staring through your soul during moonrise

Oh, you don't believe the truth?

Turn around!

Perhaps she's standing right behind you

Right now!

Right now!

The french peasants called the apparition "La Madame Blanche"

These words were transformed by the church which identified the
curse as "De Lammendam"

And don't expect a happy ending when I say goodbye

You may kiss the bride before you will brutally die