

Carpathian Forest

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Three times the eclipse.
Before she lay her soul to rest.
Channeling the darkness of many nights,
All this was once her dream.

See and feel,
The blackened blade of revenge.
Cold white towering mountain,
The passage to the land of the phantoms,
Deep forlorned woods,
Where the gleam of neither light or bliss reach.

"The castle lies in the mist,
Between the mountains and marshes.
Through the last centuries,
Have the moonshine enlighten her coffin.
The black soul of the hunter..."

The hungering thirst,
For the enchantress of the night.
The hungering thirst,
Evil, devour its soul.

And since the medieval times,
Have your shadows haunted...