

# Dies Irae

Dark Moor

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis.  
When the sun is flustered  
And the moon is free  
The great little master  
Write a bitter melody  
The notes fevers in my breast,  
Aches to be away  
Eternal wisdom  
In glorious kingdom  
That is my sole wish

Chorus:

The first violins lead me while the harps  
Embrace me like the blood  
The madness beats my art  
In the stage my baton cuts the air,  
I am,  
In a world I never made, a man  
Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla:  
Teste David cum Sybilla  
Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando iudex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

The sound is around  
Long life to the king  
Never falling down  
Rex gloria, Rex gloria  
Witness of the time  
Spirit is sublime  
No more feels of pain no more hate  
A revenge is going away  
Where is my destiny?  
Where is my fantasy?  
I need to free my soul and cry  
Someone to pray for me  
I need to free my soul and will die  
There wells up the only tear  
We shed without woe  
And ride like the wind because  
The music is enthralled  
The notes fever's in my breast,  
Aches to be away  
Eternal wisdom  
In glorious kingdom  
That is my sole wish  
chorus:

The first violins lead me while the harps  
Embrace me like the blood  
The madness beats my art  
In the stage my baton cuts the air,  
I am,  
In a world I never made, a man  
Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla:  
Teste David cum Sybilla  
Quantus tremor est futurus,

Quando iudex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

The soft sleep to your bed  
Is not worth pursuing  
You will so soon be dead  
Death will serve instead  
Turn to the thing  
He was born to be  
A master to the king  
Keep your fancy free  
In the deep of the sea  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

chorus variation:

The first violins lead me while the harps  
Embrace me like the blood  
The madness beats my art  
In the stage my baton cuts the air,  
I am,  
In a world I never made, a man  
Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla:  
Teste David cum Sybilla  
Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando iudex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.