

A Vespertine Legacy

The Hell

"Prietene, nu te du acolo - este sălașul păsării morții..."

Eastern bound to far Carpathia, how the rain it stings my skin
Brandy's fire and thoughts of hometown fail to quell unrest with
him
Mile on mile the coach wheels clatter, destination looms in sight
Orlok's castle ramparts tower through the blackened veil of night

Soft, in the stark lit dreaming dark, the nightmare comes to me
The curse to begin, blood anointing the skin, with the kiss of
infinity
Heart's race, pulse chase - the price of greed is my humanity
My lost mortality

From the vein, life's source behold
Welcome, death - let life unfold

Mortified, have I become a victim of this barren place?
Rank and stale, my heart hangs heavy, severed from love's embrace
Iron-
bound caskets fall around me, kill what hope that I have left
Thus revealed before me lies The Bird of Death...

I stand alone in the gloom of the undead's tomb, my dread is quickening
Here as I seek where the sleepless creep, in the silence sickening
If I wait - too late! I must return - fate is calling me
My fear is stalling me

From the vein, let blood be drawn
Welcome child of bloodless spawn

What is this God forsaken thing which walks amongst us?

And in silence of her room, a silent stranger stands in thrall
Fatal the dart of the pure in heart - the face of destiny
By fickle fate beguiled, as thrice on thrice unheeded cockerel
calls
The kiss to begin, blood anointing the skin with the curse of
infinity
The light consumes his flesh, binding life and death as one...