

## Gargantuan Decline

### The Misanthrope

Nothing can cheer me  
I am like the king of a rainy land,  
Wealthy but impotent, moribund and senile.

Nothing can cheer me  
Even the sage alchemist who no longer smooths my gold,  
Nor my subjects who come to die beneath the balcony.

Nothing can cheer me  
I am like the king of a rainy land,  
Wealthy but impotent, moribund and senile

I'm the dissonant chord in the divine symphony  
Comdemned to eternal chants but unable to sing  
Gargantuan decline  
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I shed a darkness sadder than nights (are)  
Detestable silent child, hurl a horrible howl  
Chamber of eternal mourning vibrant with old agony  
Hear the bitter laughter of the whale.  
Prince of exile, to whom injustice has been done  
In your defeat arise more firm.

Nothing can cheer me  
Even the sage alchemist who no longer smooths my gold,  
Nor my subjects who come to die beneath the balcony.

Vampire of my own heart  
Kisses alive mortuary chrysalids  
Gargantuan decline  
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Prince of exile, Implant in hearts the cult of wounds  
Soaring aloft like a second sun  
Prince of exile, to whom injustice has been done  
Enable the lotus to bloom