

This is the story I will tell you. It's happened long before I was born
When the ancient rider Zordrak met the dark goddess of war Nayanna
Amidst the lurid black forest of Carpathia. Hearken! And observe how
Calmly I can tell you the whole story interpreted by the mouth of Zordrak himself

It was about dusk
One evening during the supreme madness
The church bells mournfully chimed
As I rode under the cloak of darkness
The last echoes of the last chime
Had utterly sunk into silence
Perhaps I fell into a profound slumber
As I entered the deep forest

The trees were black against the evening sky
And the blackness of these sombre trees appal
The sun disappeared slowly beyond the horizon
And the moon rose in all its glory
With fire in my heart
Amid the shadows of the trees
I was dazzled by the amber light
Of the eeriness and magic enigma

At the dead hour of the night
Amid the dreadful silence
I've seen a strange form in the dark
Formidable but exceedingly grand
She looked like Venus approaching me
She had stalked with her black shadow before me
And enveloped me with an ethereal mystery
It was the mournful influence
Of the unperceived shadow that caused me to feel
Although I neither saw nor heard as she came

Nayanna ... come to me, approach me
Nayanna ... speak to me, touch me

"Come, come with me", "Whither, oh my goddess",
"To your dreams, to your mind, where you can find your greatest power,
come with me, I can show you the way of immortality"

I fastened my eyes upon her face
She was the maiden of rarest beauty
The blood was her avatar and it makes me insane
Angelically beautiful with emerald eyes
Her long black hair billowed out in the breeze
An aura of mystery surrounded her
And this flawless beauty enthralled me evermore

Is it an incarnate nightmare incumbent eternally upon my heart?

In the inmost corners of heart heart
She has forsworn all her delights
Her eyes flashed fire as the shadows of the flicker of the candle
No gaiety upon her face, the smile gave way to sorrow

The tears glistened within her eyes
And an insatiable desire for blood as well
She turned away so that I shouldn't see her tears
Than she looked at me for the very last time
And in the nocturnal silence she calmly evaporated

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