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LET ME
TELL YOU
A STORY

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A STORY



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

Tytuł: Let Me Tell You a Story

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FOREWORD

Lyrics in this album are songs taken from one of fantasy worlds that I have created. They reflect some aspects of that world from the perspective of people inhabiting it.

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‘Crescent Knight’ is one of many tales about the legendary knight Rodwin, who aimed to end war between two kingdoms long forgotten.

‘Tearless Lady of Sorrows’ is a very old prayer sang to Death by those who suffered so much, that they see no hope for a better life.

‘Crimson Wanderer’ is one of many tales, as well as warnings, about Garen — incredibly talented miracle maker.

‘Thy Black Hand’ is a letter written by courtesan Olivien to prince Hanri.

‘Crown of Thorns’ is a tale about the ancient artefact created by the Earth Elemental as a gift for the human kind, that was meant to help them create a perfect kingdom.

‘Rotten Spine’ is a song about a plague brought by gods on a nation whose rulers were incredibly corrupted. People afflicted by this plague die a slow painful death caused by their rotting spine.

‘Kingdom of the Blazing Star’ is one of many anthems created in the kingdom of the same name.

With no strength left in you to carry your shield,
You wander as a ghost on the blood-soaked fields.
You gave them all your might.
You gave them your last blade.
They carried it to the other side.
They carried it far, far away.

No home for you to return to.
No crown for you to serve.
Only death. Only death.
Only death.
No maiden to tend to your wounds.
No friend to dry all your tears.
Only death. Only death.
Only death.

While the Blazing Star settled down on Earth,
Calling forth the veil of evening mist.
You gave them your last goodbye.
You gave them all your regret.
They carried it to the other side.
They carried it far, far away.

No land for you to reclaim.
No queen for you to love.
Only death. Only death.
Only death.
No grave for you to rest in.
No prayer for you to be said.
Only death. Only death.
Only death.

Oh, Crescent Knight, blinded by hope.
Haven't you heard?
Your fight was for naught.

Oh, Crescent Knight, blinded by love.
Haven't you heard?
You won your final loss.

Carry him, carry him, Sisters of Dawn.
Carry him beyond the Horizon.

Tend to him, tend to him, Mothers of Dawn.
Let him find rest beyond the Horizon.

Tearless Lady of Sorrows

18 lipca 2019 r.

Descent among us.
Bless us with your gentle touch.
Descent among us.
Haven't we suffered enough?

Take us to your home, fair Lady.
Gather your children under your wings.
Take us to your home, fair Lady.
Let us forget who we used to be.

So much pain runs through our veins.
So much pain runs through our bones.
Deliver us from this hollow place.
Deliver us from this cruel land.

Descent among us.
Tearless Lady of Sorrows.
Descent among us.
Tearless Lady of Death.

Take us to your home, fair Lady.
Gather your children under your wings.
Take us to your home, fair Lady.
Let us forget who we used to be.
Take us to your home, fair Lady.
Make us forget how we used to sin.

So much pain runs through our veins.
Haven't we suffered enough?
So much pain runs through our bones.
Bless us with your gentle touch.

Deliver us from this hollow place.
Let us move on beyond the Horizon.
Deliver us from this cruel land.
Let us move on beyond the Horizon.

Grant us our death.
Grant us our death.
Grant us peace.
Grant us peace.
Grant us your one tear.

Crimson Wanderer

20 lipca – 5 sierpnia 2019 r.

He can see through your soul.
He can see through your heart.
He can sense your deepest pain.
All the things you hide in vain.

To so many folks he offered his hand.
To so many folks he promised new land.
They shook his hand without second thought.
They took that land without second thought.

Through so many lands he travels alone.
So many towns he calls his own home.
Cloaked in red and dressed in your sins.
He moves on, and on, and on.

You better close all your doors shut.
You better close the windows shut.
Be sure to not catch his gaze.
Be sure to not catch his gaze.

‘Cause he will see through your soul.
He will see through your heart.
He will use your deepest pain.
And you will struggle in vain.

You will shake the hand he'll offer to you.
You will take the land he'll offer to you.
And you will be so well.
Till he comes back to collect.

Thy Black Hand

24 sierpnia 2019 r.

Come to me.
Come to me.
Wrap thy black hand around my throat.
Take my breath away.
Take my breath away.
The kiss from your lips hurts me so much.

Why would you ever go away?
Why would you ever leave me behind?
Who would love thy black hand as I?
Who would drink your pain like I?
Stay, just stay.

Loath me.
Loath me.
Wrap thy black hand around my heart.
Stop my heartbeat.
Stop my heartbeat.
The kiss from your lips hurts me so much.

Why would you ever go away?
Why would you ever leave me behind?
Who would love thy black hand as I?
Who would drink your pain like I?
Stay, just stay.

Remain my king.
Thy black hand is everything that I desire.
Remain my king.
Thy black touch puts my soul on fire.
Stay, just stay.
Let me hold thy black hand.

Why would you ever go away?
Why would you ever leave me behind?
Who would love thy black hand as I?
Who would drink your pain like I?
Stay, just stay.

Why would you ever go away?
Why would you ever leave me behind?
Who would love thy black hand as I?
Who would drink your pain like I?
Stay, just stay.

Crown of Thorns

24 – 27 sierpnia 2019 r.

Somewhere in this land, hidden from common sight,
Awaits the Crown of Thorns, the sign of royal might.
Accursed thing, one might say.
Holy Grail, others would call it.
As long as you have your faith,
Your fingers will never reach for it.

Somewhere in this land, hidden from common lust,
Awaits the Crown of Thorns, the sign of days long past.
Herald of Death, one might say.
The Harbinger, others would call it.
As long as you have your sins,
Your fingers will never reach for it.

Somewhere in this land, hidden from common fate,
Awaits the Crown of Thorns, above which the Heavens shake.
Ocean of pain, one might say.
Saving hand, others might call it.
As long as you have your greed,
Your fingers will never reach for it.

Only the purest.
Only the brightest.

As long as you have your innocence,
Your fingers will reach for it with ease.

Only the purest.
Only the brightest.

Once touched, it will take you, it will end you.
It will pierce your core in, out and through.

Only the purest.
Only the brightest.

Accursed thing you will become.
Oh, poor child.
Poor child...

Rotten Spine

14 sierpnia 2019 r.

Your rusted, ailing heart.
Your greedy, scaring lust.
Your darkest thoughts and deeds.
All that from which we bleed.

Your plague!
Your plague!
Your rotten spine!

Your violent, merciless heart.
Your cruel, heartless line.
Your darkest thoughts and deeds.
All that from which we bleed.

Your plague!
Your plague!
Your rotten spine!

Our pain...
Our pain...
Your rotten spine!
Our deaths...
Our deaths...
Your rotten spine!

Kingdom of the Blazing Star

9 września 2019 r.

Hail to our Golden Crown.
May the gods favour our Kingdom of the Blazing Star.
Hail to our Golden Ram.
May the gods favour our Kingdom of the Blazing Star.
The land that belongs to us, we protect with crimson shield.
The sea that belongs to us, we protect with azure fleet.
The sky that belongs to us, we protect with sunlight beam.
All hail the Queen.
All hail the King.
All pray to their diamond hearts.
All pray to their golden crowns.
All hail the Princess.
All hail the Prince.
All pray to their enlightened minds.
All pray to their silver crowns.

May the Earth burry our enemies.
May the Water drown our enemies.
May the Air suffocate our enemies.
May the Fire consume our enemies.
May the Blazing Star guard our doorstep.
May the gods favour our kingdom.
All hail the Queen.
All hail the King.
All hail the Princess.
All hail the Prince.

May the gods favour Kingdom of the Blazing Star.
May the gods favour Kingdom of the Blazing Star.

