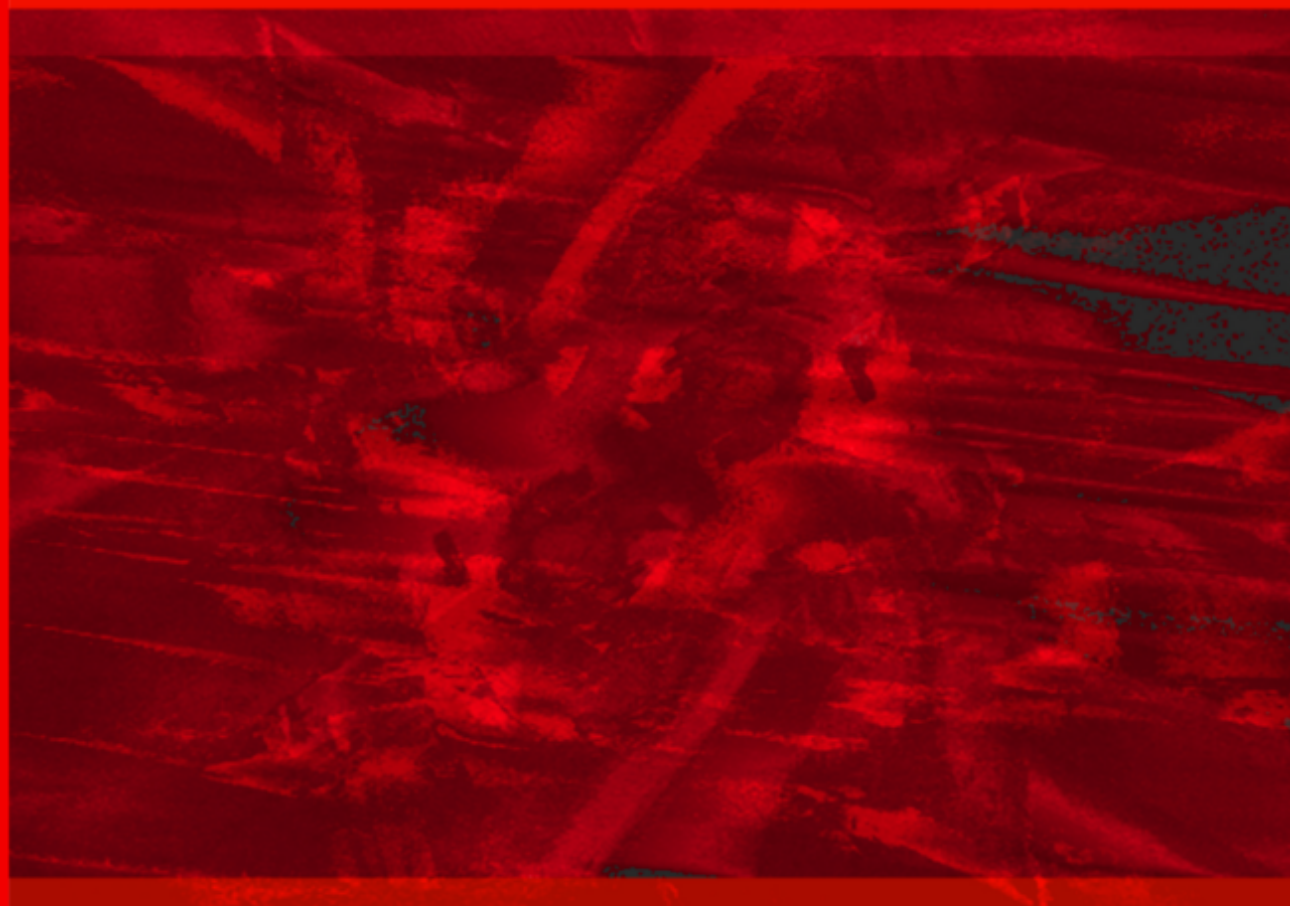


PR⊕PHET



THE LAST MONARCH



THE LAST MONARCH ACT I SCENE I

STORMING IN TO THE CAPITAL WITH HATRED AND MURDEROUS BLOODLUST
ON HIS FACE, STRONG AS MARBLE AND ARMED TO THE TEETH WIELDING
AN ANCIENT HAMMER OF HIS PEOPLE A NEW MONARCH NAMED BORGAL
OVERTAKES. SLAUGHTERING THE PUPPET KING AND HIS MEN WHEN SETTING
THE CAPITAL MADE OF GOLD ABLAZE. PEOPLE ACROSS THE GALAXY CHEER
WHILST BORGAL ADDRESSES THEM WITH HIS FIRST SPEECH AS KING.

IS THERE A MAN AMONG YOU? CAPABLE OF WHAT I CAN DO?

ANY STRONG KINGS LEFT IN YOU?

IS THERE A MAN AMONG YOU? WHO CAN LEAD LIKE I CAN LEAD?

LAYING SIEGE, BURNING LANDS THRUSTING HAMMERS

LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF

YOU KNOW WHO I AM

YOU KNOW WHO I AM

OH MY FELLOW BRETHREN LOOK UP AND SEE

YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR AN ALPHA KING

COMMANDING YOU TO ACT, SETTING YOU FREE

OH MY FELLOW MEN LOOK UP AND SEE

OUR DAY HAS COME, TAKE UP ARMS

OUR DAY HAS COME, LAYING SIEGE UPON WEAKER FLESH

DRAWING BLOOD, OUR DAY HAS COME

STAND UP AND FIGHT

OMEGA MEN, YOU KNOW WHO I AM

THE CRUSADE

TAKING CONTROL OF THE REMAINING TROOPS AND CONVERTING THE
GALAXIES CAPITAL INTO A WAR PLANET, BORGAL TAKES HIS ARMY OF
BRUTALLY TRAINED YOUNG WARRIORS TO CLEANSE THE PLANETS AND
RECLAIM THE ANCIENT ORDER AND CONTROL OF THE FIRST MONARCHY.

HERE TO CONTENT ADOLSCENCE OF AN ARK
MAUVE MEMORIALS BUILDING THEM BLISS
SHEEP, OXEN, SERVANTS RESTORED
BUILDING FOR BRASH APPROACH DAZZLING
BUILDING FOR BRASH APPROACH DAZZLING

THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
FOREVER MORE

STRUCK THE PHARAOH OF WATER
WATERED HURDS AND COMING ATTAIN
SO SEVENTH INCARNATION WATERING BRETHREN
WHEN TERRITORY TO NOBLES STRUCK
WHEN TERRITORY TO NOBLES STRUCK

THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
THE HOLY LAND IS OURS
FOREVER MORE

FORGED IN BLOOD

AFTER OBLITERATING ALMOST ALL OPPOSITION BERGAL OUTSIDE THE
KNOWLEDGE OF HIS TROOPS OR ANY OF HIS KINGDOM EMBARKS TO VOLCANO
PLANETS ACROSS HIS DOMAIN AND BEGINS CRAFTING A WEAPON INFUSED WITH
UNHOLY BLESSINGS.

THE TEMPLE BEEN DESTROYED
THE PLANETS FALLING DOWN
THEY ALL BEGIN

FORGED IN BLOOD

GOIN BUILD A SUPER WEAPON
GOIN KILL YOU
GOIN BUILD A SUPER WEAPON
MADE OF YOUR BLOOD STAINED IN BLUE
GOIN BUILD A SUPER WEAPON

FORGED IN BLOOD

GALATIC VENGEANCE (END OF ACT I):

TWISTED BRUTAL BLACK ARMOR
TWISITING HER HONOURABLE REIGN
THE TEMPORAL ABYSS
BRED BRUTAL STOMPING
HIS HANDHELD COUNCIL AND EMPIRE
FALLEN FLAMES
IRON FLAG WAR

I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR
TWIST TWIST
I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR
GOING TO MAKE YOUR LEGACY DEAD

GAZE ENGRAINED OCEAN PLANET
IRON SARCASTIC WAR
PAILED THE RAGE
MONOTHEIST SMILING

I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU STAND
FOR
I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOUR LEGACY DEAD

AXE-WIELDING SADNESS ACHING HER
POWER OF ALL WELL BEING; GREAT DESPITE AND
HE KNOWS

I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING HE STANDS FOR
TWIST
I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING HE STANDS FOR
TWIST TWIST
I'M GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU STAND
FOR
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOUR LEGACY DEAD
TWIST

FLAG BEARING, YOU'RE UNBREAKABLE, TWIST
FLAG BEARING, YOU'RE UNBREAKABLE, TWIST
TWIST TWIST TWIST TWIST TWIST

AFTER PROCURING THE SUPER WEAPON FROM
THE FORGES OF THE VOLCANO PLANETS BERGAL
BEGINS TO WAR HIS WAY TOWARDS THE
CATACOMB OF PRIMAL CONQUESTING ACROSS
THE GALAXY TO RESSURECT HIM AND BRING
JUSTICE TO HIS HOME PLANET.

LOOKING AND SEARCHING(MANTRA OF THE HYPERLOVER)

FAR, FAR AWAY FROM BORGAL'S COMING WRATH UPON THE REST OF THE GALAXY A LOWLY TRAVELING SPACE BARD SITS AWAKE WITH HIS SHIP'S LIGHTS DIMMED LOW AS TO APPEASE HIS CO-PILOT CURRENTLY A SLUMBER. THIS LOWLY SPACE BARD IS CALLED THE **HYPERLOVER** AND WHILST HIS CO-PILOT SLEEPS HYPERLOVER LOOKS TO THE STARS AND SINGS HIS MANTRA TO THEM.

I'M TRAVELING ACROSS SPACE

I'M TRAVELING ACROSS THE SEA

LOOKING AND SEARCHING FOR SOMEBODY

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO COULD LOVE ME

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO COULD LOVE ME

I'M TRAVELING ACROSS THE STARS

I'M TRAVELING ACROSS THE STARS

LOOKING FOR A VENUS TO MY MARS

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO COULD LOVE ME

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO COULD LOVE ME

SOMEBODY WHO COULD LOVE ME

WHO COULD LOVE ME

CITY OF MIDNIGHT(ZAIREX) ACT 2 SCENE I

THE TWO SPACE BARDS TAKE THEIR TINY SPACESHIP AND LAND UPON A SPACEPORT
IN ZAIREX, A CITY STUCK IN UNENDING NIGHT. WORKING ON COMMISSION THEY
SING TO TRAVELER'S ARRIVING IN TO THE SPACEPORT. HYPERLOVER LOOKS OUT
AT THE BEAUTIFUL CITY LONGINGLY.

TONIGHT, IN MY FLYING CAR
WE CAN LOOK BELOW, AT THE
GLOWING CITY
OR WE CAN LOOK ABOVE, AT THE
STARS
AND WATCH, AND WATCH
AS THEY TERRAFORM ANOTHER MARS

ALPHA'S NEW PLAYMATE (TAINTED INTERJECTION)

TWØ SECTØRS AWAY FRØM HYPERLØVER, BØRGAL GIVES IN TØ THE WØRLDLY PLEASURES ØN THE FLØATING GARDEN, CREATED FØR AND ØWNED BY THE IMMØRTAL BEAUTY VØRZA. SØRRØUNDED BY HANDPICKED SEXUAL SUITØRS CLAWING AT HIM, BØRGAL DEMANDS ACCESS TØ THE BØDY ØF VØRZA'S DAUGHTER VERLA. VERLA REFUSES BØRGAL'S ØFFER WHØ IN TURN SUBJECTS HER TØ TØRTURE AND LEAVES HER BEATEN AND SØ RAVINGLY TAKEN ADVANTAGE ØF AFTER HE DØES SØ SHE CØLLAPSES DEAD.

CØME NEAR/CØME HERE/I WANT YØU
I WANT YØU/I WILL HAUNT YØU/I WILL TAUNT YØU
BECAUSE YØU'RE MINE/AND YØU WILL BE
'TILL THE END ØF YØU/AND THE END ØF TIME

DØN'T BE A WASTE DØN'T BE A WASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
DØN'T BE A WASTE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE FØR ME

CØME BACK/CØME BACK/BEFØRE I ATTACK YØU
YØU YØU
I'M GØING TØ ATTACK YØU BECAUSE YØU'RE MINE
AND YØU WILL BE TILL THE END ØF YØU
AND THE END ØF

DØN'T BE A WASTE DØN'T BE A WASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
DØN'T BE A WASTE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE FØR ME

CØME ØN CØME ØN, GIVE IT TØ ME
CØME ØN CØME ØN, GIVE IT TØ ME
CØME ØN CØME ØN, GIVE IT TØ ME

DØN'T BE A WASTE DØN'T BE A WASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
I NEED YØUR TASTE
DØN'T BE A WASTE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE
I PAYED THE PRICE NØW MAKE IT NICE FØR ME

THE PALE EMPRESS

HYPERLOVER AFTER MONTHS WORKING AT THE SPACEPORT IN ZAIREX DECIDES TO FIND SOLICE IN A FOREST PLANET SPENDING HIS DAYS WANDERING AMONGST THE TREES HE FINDS HIMSELF UPON A CASTLE. INSIDE THE CASTLE HE FINDS THE EMPRESS OF THE FOREST PLANET WITH SKIN WHITE AS SNOW AND HE FALLS DEEPLY IN LOVE.

COME LAY BENEATH THE TREES
COME LISTEN TO THE RAIN TRICKLE DOWN
COME LISTEN TO MY HEART BEAT
THE SOUND OF YOUR KINGDOM COME

BE MINE
PALE ONE

BE MINE
PALE ONE

COME LET ME KISS AWAY YOUR FEAR
COME LET ME SHOW HOW YOU'RE UNLIKE ANY OTHER DEAR
COME LET HOLD YOU SO CLOSE
THAT YOUR PROBLEMS THEY DISAPPEAR
DISAPPEAR, DISAPPEAR, DISAPPEAR

BE MINE
PALE ONE

BE MINE
PALE ONE

BE MINE

COME LAY BENEATH THE TREES WITH ME
COME LISTEN TO THE RAIN TRICKLE DOWN THE BRANCHES
COME CLAIM THE THRONE, CLAIM THE THRONE
OF MY HEART

BEING IN LØVE

THE EMPRESS WITH SKIN WHITE AS SNØW FALLS FØR **HYPERLØVER** ØFFERING HER CASTLE UP TØ HIM AS A
NEW HØME. THE TWO FALL ASLEEP IN EACH ØTHER'S ARMS AFTER HØURS UPØN HØURS ØF THE TWO
CØNVERSING, ØBLIVIØUS TØ WHØ IS SØØN CØMING.....

I LØØK ØUT MY WINDØW
LØØKING AT THE GRASS
I'M FILLED WITH A NEW GLEE

SHARING A SECRET
GETTING TØ KNØW YØU
BEING MYSELF
BEING IN LØVE

I LIVE AWAKE TØDAY
A NEW FØUND WAY ØF BEING
AS THOUGH I'VE NEVER MET MYSELF
I'M APPALLED AT WHAT I'M FEELING

SHARING A SECRET
GETTING TØ KNØW YØU
BEING MYSELF
BEING IN LØVE

SHARING A SECRET
GETTING TØ KNØW YØU
BEING MYSELF
BEING IN LØVE
BEING IN LØVE
BEING IN LØVE
BEING IN LØVE

SHARING A SECRET
GETTING TØ KNØW YØU
BEING MYSELF
BEING IN LØVE

SHARING A SECRET
GETTING TØ KNØW YØU
BEING MYSELF
BEING IN LØVE

DEATH OF THE PALE EMPRESS (ACT 3 SCENE I)

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ONLY AFTER HOURS OF HAVING MET AND FALLEN FOR EACH OTHER BORGAL MURDER'S THE FOREST EMPRESS IN HER SLEEP AND LAYS SIEGE TO HER CASTLE. IN A STATE OF TOTAL SHOCKED DISMAY HYPERLOVER SCREAMS THE MOST TRAGIC, SACRED MELODY OF THE HEART. A MELODY SO RUGGED AND HONEST FOR IT'S ENTIRETY BORGAL AND HIS WARRIORS ARE LEFT FROZEN IN IT'S EMOTION, BORGAL'S PLACE AS ALPHA OF ALL CREATURES FEELING CHALLENGED.

DARLING, THERE'S A HOLE IN YOUR
BACK

SECONDS UPON SECONDS PASS
WITH A HOLE STILL IN YOUR BACK
GALLONS UPON GALLONS OF BLOOD
FALLING OVER YOU

NOO NOO IT CAN'T BE

YOU'RE ABOUT TO
YOU'RE ABOUT TO
YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE
LEAVE LEAVE FOREVER
FOREVER

DON'T GO
DARLING
DON'T GO
DON'T GO
DON'T GO
DON'T GO
DON'T GO
I NEED YOU

I NEED YOU

OH DARLING
YOU'RE DEAD
OH DARLING YOU'RE GONE YOU'RE
GONE
DARLING YOU'RE GONE
GONE GONE GONE
GONE IN MY ARRARRRRRMSSSS

THE SACRIFICE (RESURRECTION)

BØRGAL BEGINS TO DRAIN THE BLOOD OF THE PALE EMPRESS OF THE FØREST PLANET TO CHARGE THE SUPER WEAPON. HYPERLØVER REMAINS CHAINED INSIDE A SPACESHIP ON A COURSE TO THE TOMB OF PRIMAL WHERE HYPERLØVER WILL BE A LIVING SACRIFICE USED TO REVIVE PRIMAL.

DUAL (THE WEAPON IS USED)

HYPERLOVER AND BROGAL ARRIVE AT THE TOMB OF PRIMAL. BROGAL COMPLETES THE RITUAL TO REVIVE PRIMAL BY OFFERING HYPERLOVER AS A LIVING SACRIFICE, THEN, PRIMAL REMERGES IN A RENEWED STEEL TITAN BODY. FROM HERE THE GREAT CRUSADER KING OF THE GALAXY AND THE FORMER HERETIC KING OF THE GALAXY BEGIN A DUEL OF STRENGTH, POWER AND ANGER NEVER BEFORE SEEN.

MMM MENTOR OF MY HATRED
NOW IN THE FLESH
AND I CAN DRINK YOUR BLOOD
I CAN SLASH YOU DOWN
I CAN MAKE YOU IN MY IMAGE!

HOW NICE OF YOU TO RESURRECT ME FROM THE DEAD
HOW NICE OF YOU TO WEAR THAT STUPID CROWN ON YOUR FUCKING HEAD
LET ME SHOW YOU THE GUILT
LET ME SHOW YOU THE SLIME
LET ME SHOW YOU THE MENTOR OF YOUR HATE RUN DRY
AWW THEN STRIKE ME DOWN IT ISN'T GOING TO REVERSE WHATEVER I DID
AWW THEN STRIKE ME DOWN IT ISN'T GOING TO REVERSE WHATEVER I DID
AWW I'M SO BRICK NO GOD OR SOUL CAN EVER FAULT WHATEVER I DID
MY ACTIONS COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO
IT WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE

NOW THAT YOU ARE YOU. COMPARED TO MY POWER, YOU ARE NOTHING

THE END OF TIME

BOTH BORGAL AND PRIMAL FOUGHT FOR DAYS UPON DAYS THAT EVENTUALLY BECAME A FULL YEAR ON THE PLANET THEY SWUNG AND THRASHED ENDLESSLY AT EACH OTHER ON. EACH SEEING THE OTHER AS THE EMBODYMENT OF ALL THINGS WRONG WITH THE GALAXY. ON ONE FATEFUL DAY BORGAL BROKE FREE FROM THE GRASP OF THE DUEL AND PRESSES THE BUTTON. UNLEASHING WITH IT THE SUPERWEAPON. THE SUPERWEAPON SUCCEEDS BEYOND WHAT BORGAL IMAGINE, ERASING EVERY PLANET, STAR AND LIVING BEING FROM THE GALAXY ONE BY ONE.

THE CROWN IS BROKEN (EPILOGUE)

AFTER THE SUPERWEAPON FINISHES IT'S EXTRAORDINARY DESTRUCTION, ALL SOULS CURSED, BLESSED AND INBETWEEN COME TO REST AND WHAT WAS ONCE THE GALAXY IS NOW NOTHING. AS THOUGH NO ONE HAD EVER LIVED OR EVER BEEN BORN WHERE ONCE NUMBERLESS THRIVED AND SUFFERED, YET ONE FRAGMENT REMAINS, ONE TERRIBLE FRAGMENT LINGERS ABOUT IN THE BLACK ABYSS OF A ONCE GREAT GALAXY. BROKEN ABOUT, SPILT RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE, IS THE CROWN. A CROWN OF PAIN, AGONY, SHAME, RELENTLESS GREED AND POWER STILL AWAITING TO BE REFORGED AND BE WORN BY A NEW SUITOR. IN TOTAL CONCLUSION I ASK YOU, WHO TRULY KNOWS? MAYBE ONE ILL-FATED DAY IT WILL COME TO REST ON YOUR HEAD.