

Arcana

"Lapped In Moonless Centuries"

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[Verses by Demether; music by Anastasia & Eugen]

Germanareh narrateth to Isabelle's spirit the story of
His life, when She has come to Him for ever. Her spirit
has set off to the world of her favourite king after the
burning on sacrificial bonfire, - mayhap Love has
connected these two, so different, hearts: devilly dark-
fathomed serpent and light morning windflaw, washing
the wings of seraphim. Isabelle and Germanareh stride
in a wood having embraced, and pearl flowers grow
from under Her steps,
As though the sky is clarified on an instant from Her
delightful, already unearthly, sight,
But a Shadow, which has hung above the king, still
darkens the surrounding world...

Melodies Of Splintered Hearts
"I've lived with you in thy last days
I saw thy death, I felt the pain
But I'm immortal, I'm a slave
I found my way in splendid grave
I'm lord of earth, I'm god of sword
I am the master of the world
I was a tsar, I was a khan
I won all wars that I began

My history is very long
I've lived through ages but I am still alone

Well I'll lead thee through the time
Across the dismal world of mine
I hear the sound of daemonic bell
'Tis time to tell thee fabled tale

"I'll live with you forevermore
Though you are only dreamy ghost
My heart is full of crystal love
My soul is ever lost!"

But hark 'tis sound of the bell
And time hath come to tell the tale

And thou wilt grasp my eon life
Let 't wouldn't show thee as the lie"

"Thy hand in mine and I am calm
For many moonless centuries...
Our love betrayed by many people
And on my grave eternal woe
Our souls fly to heaven steeple
Where fairy whirlpool steal us into flow!"

Rueful History Of Mine

The year 351 (three hundred fifty one) was time when I
began to rule
My father Agiulf the Brave hath conquered many
eastern tribes
He's sacrificed so many men (torn the threads of lives)
unto the ball of astral wool
That people called him "awful beast with gory fire in
the eyes"
Our writer Ghor described for the descendants his
anabases
I was the worthy son of him so I began to conquer East
Ten years I have attacked the thorps, crushed the walls
and burned the cities
I had no pity to the dogs who lived in lands which grew
by Mist

My life had changed when Sar & Ammiy they were the
great Slavonic czars
Together with their own councillors had showed to me
their cowardice
They didn't want to militate against my envoys of the
night
The Slavs fain ransomed two score bullions and e'en
the princely sib
Whilst mine courageous warriors amassed to
barbarous fight

Then-a-days the sere and yellow leaf
Came to me and I wrought myself in
The unable nonagenarian, but my avarice
Fordid the Goths and our nation turned thin

I interred my audacity and swollen unreason
The strength forsook me everlastingly
My ardour was sweeter than hurtle of weapon
And the licentious lust overpowered me

Sunhilde was name of my damned bride,
Whose beauty took away my pride!

I wished to possess the heart of Slavonic princess
But I don't conceive the wight power of Aryan sons
Pending was the bridal night I descried that 't is
meretrix --
My child wife wasn't vestal and my sword efforced her
soul, minx

Her brothers heard about my
Irremissible direful villainy
Their glorious and dauntless arm
Had scuttled us to th' four winds

"Their bestowal for peace was our merited death!"

I all stricken and tatters of my people
Went to plod under the weight of hurts
Towards the west
En route I deceased beshrewing the Slavs;
My bone rest
Upon that wooded embreastment, it laves
In piercing rains (many perpetual centuries),
But my martial and rebellious spirit not knoweth
The soothing rest...

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