

Arctic Monkeys

"La Masquerade Infernale"

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[based on the poem "Tragediens Trone" by John Henrik Svaren]

[is translated by the undersigned, and hereby dedicated to Kristoffer Garm Rygg]

Hear!
From this day forth
Are the heights of Horeb broken
And the sea of sulphur-ice.

And blasphemy!
In heaven's chambers:
Souls had fled their halls
And closed was the book of life.
And behold!
The great, white throne:
Black
With sacred blood

Our father -
Dead by his own hands:
An epitaph
Worthy no king.

And so is everything
A nameless lie.
Who, my god,
Am I?

Man knows me
As Lucifer, the serpent of old.
The wretched hold my banner high.
Your gift
- all life! -
I grant a grave
Yet I am not your death.

Come carry forth the crown
To your once held throne.
Here is where my suffering should cease
- but alas; I am crowned

In grief unheard of!

In this lone monarchy
- without a friend of foe -
I greet the mourning sun
With strife and a song:
Please speak my name!
And leave me not
In the dust of death.

I am weighed down
Beneath the tragedy crown, -
Nameless,
And alone,
A fatherless son.

[JHS 1996]

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