

Korova

"After The Fruits Of Ephemeral Pulchritude"

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Under der krÄ´nen wÄ wintro ist hÄre
Wart ich gewÄfent gen minne und fÄind.
Staimbort und suertu wÄren mÄn frouwe,
Der ich schÄnkte bluomen von bluat.
Exhaustedly I leave the fields of winter.
My sword is rusted for steel is the mirror of my soul.
I shed their blood on frozen statues from the glacial
race,
But now I shroud my horns in lethe
and nevermore they shall emblazon me.
Unto the gardens of vigour and warmth
I trudge a long time, but far is my bourne.
Where father's snow melts and springflowers sprout
I sleep to wake up in my mother's arms
And I thaw.
Clothe me with colours and feed me with glee
As my weapons corrode by the aestival kiss.
My craving for glory and might I'll subdue
After the fruits of ephemeral pulchritude.
Sweet and vinous the trees pour their wealth
And my youth and beauty return.

Mid my sisters I cheerfully dance
As milk flows from my breast.
I extol the female god before the altar of the sun
For her gift of peace and stainless pulchritude.
Love me, just the loss of thoughts can grant me
bright felicity
In mere illusions of her esoteric lies.
Six hundred dreams have passed in the garden
of thornless pleasures,
I am summer's caughter and embellish paradise.
But still my legions conquer for the throne of winter,
And ice that swallowed all the world now
besieges this reich.
Ferocious hordes unsheathe and vanquish eden.
Without compassion they rape me for I'm weak and
frail.
Inferior I die as frost covers my body
But braced by hate I will return
To the vast of my gorgeous fatherland.
(Lyrics & Music finished in January 1994)

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