

Ophthalmia

"Via Dolorosa / My Springnight's Sacrifice"

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Poem translation

Spring colour my world
and its soulless body with this hate for life of death
From the dying snow
I feel the dripping water reborn my breath
The first flight of the butterfly
reminds me about my hate for life
Stronger death is than love
for that your destiny is my knife

Oak, popular, pine and birch,
alder hear my immortality demand
leafy white bearded woods
Hungry I am for his majestic king of the hillsides has

Grown green again

Under this rock, under that cliff
The sparkling frozen burnt
Mandrake rise now 'cause the beheaded sing

The heartbeat of the fungus and the anemony
Will be liquitated
Earthworms chill in the lichen foggy ground and the
Insects breathe, evil sprout

This is the nightfall of the wolf
Howling blasphememes in the
Night just like in the past

I am Megalomania the Diabolic,
a stormruler of the southern borns
And I command generation of legions
in my ultimate magnificence
I do have no tears, I do have no funcken fear
On this battle my princess I will be your berseck
Undress my bride and let us feed upon lust
My precious whore I'm delighted by your pain
Oh beloved, trust you must never do
Your scream is heard but nothing they can do

Lie upon this mossgrown altar
and the dewdrops wet will feel your heat
Be my Bathori, my Nosferatu, my black evil witch
My delighted disciple

In your arms I will love
In your arms I will hate
Daughter, this sacrifice is for you

A black shape of Satan
watches our darkened desires, join him
As a bat on the black sky
the shadow of Evil spreads over this world

Sun won't set you free
Heading for the dark
Detta er upprum vonsku

"Pi engar si grona, under himlen si mork
Ute I det skona, vid nyvakinad bjork
Virnattens sista timma, for med sig ditt namn
Pi detta felt av dimma, forenas vi I gronskans famn
Endast mine och stjernor, mitt onda beger vet

Sisom eldens vilda ternor, k+rleken falsk gor dig het
Mitt viroffer du er, blodet frin ditt vita skote
Din sjel slits iser, doden dig har kommit til motes"

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