

## **Agathodaimon** **"Banner Of Blasphemy"**

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Trei cruci de lemn, trei cruci enorme de lemn  
Vopsite cu trei culori, păzesc pe marginea soselei  
Fațăntăna celor... crediosi!  
Trei cruci pe marginea soselei  
Cu gesturi largi de mărini bolnave  
Opresc din drum pe călători  
Si parcă-s trei spăronzurători  
De care atârnă trei crisozi...  
Așztr-o zi sămpinsi de-același funerar săndemn  
Ca dou-armate puse una-n fata alteia  
Cumintii se-nțălniră cu nebunii  
Copiii morților de mărini se-nțălniră cu părintii...  
"Se-armatele-ncepură lupta la umbra crucilor de lemn  
Deoparte flutura standardul credintei... alb... curat..."  
..ca albul cel curat, al florilor de nufăr  
Iar tricolorul nebuniei, sănchis cu grija-n căte-in  
cufăr  
De craniu omenesc...  
Sta gata să se desfășoare la cea dintâri  
Așzengenuncheare  
A albului domnesc...  
Așznsă-n ziu-aceea cerul sănnegrit de fum părea  
Un tavan de catedrală ce se năfruia  
"Iar fumul din clopotnitele-aprinse deschidea-n  
albastrul:"  
Drumul altui fum, mai greu, mei negru si-albastrul  
Se-nnegrea...  
Si-n ziu-aceea cerul sănnegrit de fum părea  
Un tavan de catedrală ce se năfruia  
Si multimea-nspăimăntată, spre clopotnitele-  
aprinse  
Sendrumeaază grupuri, grupuri, cei cuminti privesc  
plângând  
Plâng ca resturile unei armate-nvinse, iar nebunul stă  
deoparte  
Si zămbeste ... fredonând:  
Blasfemie!  
"Iar tricolorul nebuniei adăpostea pe-nvingători!"  
TRANSLATION:  
"Banner Of Blasphemy"  
Three wooden crosses - Three huge crosses of wood  
Painted with three colors - On the margin of the road

Guarding the fountain of the believers  
Three crosses on the margin of the road  
With gestures made by morbid hands  
They hinder wanderers whilst passing  
Like three gallows on holy lands  
Where three cristians are hanging...  
Inclined by a funeral stir  
On a fatal sky, so blur  
Like two armies enticed to war  
The mad have fallen upon the brave  
The children of morrows dead  
Their parents had met  
In the shade of the wooden crosses  
The armies began their battle  
Aside... the banner of creedance flattered  
White and clean  
Like the cleanest white men have seen  
And the blasphemic flag of madness  
Safely embedded in each humen skull  
Was ready to unfold at the first  
Subjugation of the royal white  
On the same day, blackened by fumes  
The heavens seem to be the ceiling  
Of a collapsing cathedral, bleeding  
And the fumes of the burning steeples  
Opened in the celestial blue  
The way of another fume  
Blacker, heavier, and the blue  
Has become black, too  
So the horrified people  
Hasten to the burning steeples  
The brave behold whilst crying  
Like the remnants of a defeated army  
And the madmen stay aside  
Grinning and humming: Blasphemy  
And the tricolor of madness was sheltering  
The conquerors!

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