

Agathodaimon "Ne Cheama Pamântul"

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La voi cobor acuma, voi suflete-amagite
Si ca sa va ard fierea, o, spirite-ametite
Blestemul ĂfĂfĂ, Ăn invoc
Blestemul mizantropic, cu vĂfĂfĂ, Ănata lui gheara
Ca sa va scriu pe frunte, vita ce se-nfiara
Cu fierul ars ĂfĂfĂ, Ăn foc...

O, fiarba-va mĂfĂfĂ, Ăndria ĂfĂfĂ, Ăn vinele
stocite,
ĂfĂfĂ... Ăn ochii stinsi de moarte, pe frunti
ĂfĂfĂ, Ănvinetite
De sĂfĂfĂ, Ănge putrezit
Ce am de-alege oare ĂfĂfĂ, Ăn seaca-va fiinta?
Ce foc far-a se stinge, ce drept fara sa-mi minta
O, oameni morti de vii

Vedeti cum crapa urna, cenusa reĂfĂfĂ, Ănvie
Cum murmura trecutul cu glas de batalie
Poporului Roman
Cum umbrele se-mbraca cu zale ferecate
Si fruntile carunte le-nalta de departe
Un Cesar, un Traian

Cad putredele tronuri ĂfĂfĂ, Ăn marea de urgie
Se sfarma deodata cu lantul de sclavie
Si sceptrele de fier
ĂfĂfĂ... Ăn doua parti Infernul portalele-si deschide
Spre-a-ncapea cu mia rasufletele hĂfĂfĂ, Ănde
Tiranilor ce pier

O, sfinte firi vizionare
Ce faceti (valul sa cĂfĂfĂ, Ănte, ce puneati) steaua
sa cĂfĂfĂ, Ănte(zboare)
Ce creati o alta lume pe asta lume de noroi
(Noi reducem tot la pravul, azi in noi mani in ruina,)
Prosti si genii, mic si mare, sunet, sufletul, lumina
Toate-s praf, lumea-l cum este... si ca dĂfĂfĂ, Ănsa
sĂfĂfĂ, Ăntem noi.

[Chorus:]

Si singur stau si caut, ca uliul care cata
ĂfĂfĂ... Ăn inima-omenirii de viata dezbracata

Un stăfăfăfă,Â®rv spre-a-l sfăfăfă,Â®sia...

[English translation: Earth Summoning Us]

To you I now descend, oh you, deluded souls.
And to purge your sorrow, you forlorn spirits,
The curse I shall invoke
The misanthropic curse, with its sordid, purple claws
To carve your forehead, instead of cattlebrand
With iron burnt in fire

In vain will pride be seethed in veins dried up and
scorched
In death-swallowed eyeballs, on foreheads purple-
hued
By putrid blood that died
What can I ever chose from your exhausted entity
No fires free from dying, no undeceiving right
Oh, you dead men walking

See, how urns now burst, the ashes resurrect
Alike the past, which murmurs with the battle-cry
Of the roman empire
See the far-off shadows, they dress in steely armour
And raise their noble foreheads that gone grey
Great traian and great cesar

The rotten thrones are crumbling swept by tempests
waters
The rulers iron scepters, the heavy chain of slaves
Together are now crushed
The gates of the inferno outrageously wide-opened
Engulfing now by thousands the filthy, depraved
breaths
Of tyrants grim who perish

Oh, holy visionary minds, who set the stars to sing...
Who create another world on this realms of mud and
grime
Fools and wise, young and old, sound, soul and light
All is dust, the world's like this, and so we all are

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