

Agathodaimon

"Ne Cheama Pamintul"

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[English translate: 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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