

Agathodaimon "Stindardul Blasfemiei"

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Trei cruci de lemn, trei cruci enorme de lemn
Vopsite cu trei culori, pazesc pe marginea soselei
Fintina celor... crediciosi!

Trei cruci pe marginea soselei cu gesturi largi de miini
bolnave
Opresc din drum pe calatori si parca-s trei spinzuratori
De care atirna trei crisosii...

Intr-o zi impinsi de-acelasi funerar indemn
Ca dou-armate puse una-n fata alteia
Cumintii se-ntilnira cu nebunii
Copiii mortilor de miine se-ntilnira cu parintii...

"Si-armatele-ncepura lupta la umbra crucilor de lemn
Deoparte flutura stindardul credintei... alb... curat..."

...ca albul cel curat, al florilor de nufar
Iar tricolorul nebuniei, inchis cu grija-n cite-in cufar
De craniu omenesc...
Sta gata sa se desfasoare la cea dintii ingenuncheare
A albului domnesc...

Insa-n ziu-aceea cerul innegrit de fum parea
Un tavan de catedrala ce se naruia
"Iar fumul din clopotnitele-aprinse deschidea-n
albastrul:"
Drumul altui fum, mai greu, mai negru si-albastrul
se-nnegrea...

Si-n ziu-aceea cerul innegrit de fum parea
Un tavan de catedrala ce se naruia

Si multimea-nspaimintata, spre clopotnitele-aprinse
Se-ndrumeaza grupuri, grupuri, cei cuminti privesc
plingind
Pling ca resturile unei armate-nvinse, iar nebunul sta
deoparte
Si zimbeste ... fredonind:
BLASFEMIE !!!
"Iar tricolorul nebuniei adapostea pe-nvingatori!!!"

English translate: 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 christians 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 'morrrows 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 human 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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