

Slechtvalk "Enthroned"

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Deep in the wilderness on a forgotten path a wanderer
is striding forth.

Persistent his walk and by oath of allegiance bound to
go up North.

His stern face carved by the years he endured, by
journeys, battles and long winter months.

With the westening sun he proudly marched on for an
army of strength was mustered once more.

To shorten his way and to hasten for the muster he
takes a long lost road.

Now with the sun almost sunken and the shadows
prolonged he contemplates his oath

As at his wonder a ruin he saw, like an ancient
dwelling, now only heaps of stones

Overgrown in natures shrines, an echo of what once
was in yesteryears long gone.

Full of wonder he became aware of a marble black-
veined Throne

While his eyes gazed at vague remnants of engraved
heraldic arms

He marvelled at the bliss of this forlorn kingdom to him
unbeknown

As a mist came crawling over the cracked old stone-
paved floor.

With a sigh of the wind a haze arose over this old hall
And the more he stared at this upcoming veil, the more
ghostly shapes he saw

Graciously wandering and dancing around, drifting on
an unseen wind

With wonder and awe he witnessed this theatre with an
unfolding play.

Now solemn and peaceful then with glory and might
full of splendour and passion

There were satyrs and troubadours jesters and high
lords, peasants and squires evoking his impression

Then slowly came forth in a shadow of threat, a tyrant
surrounded by his thralls.

Perverved shadows though fairest in appearance full of

sickening lies blending into the play.

Wholly intrigued but unwilling to witness the end of this
mystical play

His eyes where fixed on the tyrant and his thralls, how
humble they bowed as they kneeled at his feet
They crowned him and hailed him as a high Lord of
old, humbling themselves as his servants
Knowing in his heart all their acting is deceit, still he
could not turn away his eyes

Full of hate for this tyrant, but like enchanted by this
play

The thrilling beauty, their cunning and might, the
temptation of their charms
From this filth infected theatre finally he turned his
sight away
Then to his horror he found himself now sitting chained

Slowly the black veins of the marble throne had him
partly overgrown.

He felt the cold grip of stone clamping his flesh slowly
enslaving him whole.

From serenity fallen, the play endured, he witnessed it
with a moan.

All beauty brought down by sickening lies to foul and
horrible shapes.

VÃrj dig frÃn IÃgnaren

Svekets ansikte

MÃnniskans fÃrgÃrare

Tortured by the growing black veins.

Crowned with poisonous filth,

By rancid whores drenched in lies.

He cried like an insane while foul laughter roared

"Damned all your lies, your whores and your slaves!

Twisted your words, full of deceit your damned
calumny!"

The tyrant was smiling looking down on his prey.

Slowly fading with the mist in the rain.

Now darkness surrounded the overgrowing man.

And with the rain his life faded away.

Once on a morning on a bright winter day,

The first sunbeams were shining gloomy

On a marble statue in the midst of a ruin

Of a man enthroned like a high Lord of old,

Grim his face and firmly grasping his throne.

On the first step of the throne an inscription was
engraved;

"Enthroned by lies, faded away into oblivion".

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