

## Akin

# "The City In The Sea"

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A stir is in the air, the waves  
There is a movement there  
As if the towers had thrust aside  
In sinking the dull tide  
The waves have now a redder glow  
The hours are breathing faint  
And low down down that town shal settle

Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim west  
Where the good and bad  
And the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.

There shrines palaces and towers resemble nothing  
That is ours  
Around by lifting winds forgot resignedly  
Beneath the sky the melancholy waters lie

Beneath the sky the melancholy waters lie  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town.  
But light from but the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets and gleams  
Up the pinnacles far and free

L'Â des temples ouverts et des tombes bâ©antes  
Bâ©illent au niveau de vagues Â©tincelantes  
Mais ni la richesse de chaque idole  
Ni les morts ne tentent les eaux hors  
De leur lit car aucune lame ne s'enroute hÂ©las  
I li long de cette solitude de verre aucun gonflement

Ne raconte qu'il peut Â©tre  
Des vents sur quelque mer plus heureuse du loin  
Aucune houle ne suggÂ©re que des vents  
Ont Â©tÂ© sur des mers d'une moins  
Hideuse sÂ©rÂ©nitÂ©

Mais voici! Un branle est dans l'air la vague  
Il y a un mouvement comme si les tours  
Avaient repoussé en sombrant doucement  
L'onde morne comme si les fautes avaient  
Alors faiblement fait le vide dans les cieux  
Figés les vagues ont présent une lueur plus  
Rouge les heures respirent sourdes et faibles  
Et quand parmi les gémissements autres que de la  
terre  
Trés bas thés bas cette ville hors d'ici s'établira  
L'enfer se levant de mille trénes lui rendra hommage

Death has reared himself a throne in a strange city  
Lying alone far down within the dim west  
Where the good and the bad  
And the worst and the best  
Have gone in their eternal rest.

Beneath the sky the melancholy waters lie  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down

From the sun and the stars whence I had drown  
Froth a passionate light such for my spirit was fit

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