

## **Dirae**

### **"Song About Azothien"**

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Along the meadows and valleys  
one who appears as a queen regularly passes  
drawn by the dark woods  
her quickness measured like that of an eagle

with the icy frost of a thundering waterfall  
her soul is cleansed  
like a god  
She thinks alone

Beloved by a god  
immortal  
under his protection  
she exists

with infinite pleasure  
she glimpses a different world

to her, the endlessly beautiful  
yet indomitable one  
the god Wotan himself  
prepares to come forth

with a roaring of thunder  
and the torrent of a cyclone  
in human form  
he reveals himself before her

in a sudden peace  
with the dancing of forest souls  
the pleasure of the gods  
is made known to her

with infinite pleasure  
she glimpses a different world

with the look of a demon  
as seen from the outside  
within one damned by the people  
sprouts a godlike fruit

on human flesh

according to Wotan's wish  
she fed uninhibited  
so that his son would be strong

in this area thus damned  
a mere man sometimes gets lost  
so that the nourishment  
of the god's princess should occur

on a sunny day  
after the blissful pain  
a great spirit  
the light of the world came forth

at the celebration where  
each one drunk of the nectar of the gods  
with a majestic name  
the heavenly son is christened

his name  
awakens a sacred fear  
Azothien  
shall be his name

fed on heavenly nectar  
the princess' son grows  
a robust man  
is already perceived  
with the passing of baths in forest springs  
a year of life has already passed

all the cowardly base people  
who worship a dead god  
slowly get the idea  
that the radiant girl  
seen at times among them  
is according, to their stupid brains  
in league with the devil

the infinite happiness  
which remains within an indomitable spirit  
is excessively godlike  
and as such, it cannot last forever

this is why they convened  
in a mindless herd of sheep  
so that justice would be base  
and the effort worthwhile  
and the rifle hunt for the princess  
undertaken in the nearby forest  
where she was last seen

after the all-day chase  
when each corner was searched  
many men found death  
their eyes poked out  
from their heads  
which were then sliced  
clean from their bodies

from the cliff where the mob is in pursuit  
a wind, suddenly lifts  
the one in danger jumps into the abyss  
with heavenly laughter upon her lips

(funeral song)

With a terror-filled night  
when a man can hardly sleep  
there resounds in the deep dark forest  
the joy-filled laughter of a child

by the help of forest demons  
the princess' son flourishes  
fed on the fresh meat of venison  
and the wine of the forest fairies  
in the rocky cavern he dwells  
and on boar's skin he sleeps  
undisturbed by the people  
because in these parts  
specters are said to haunt

bad spirits search for him  
because under the protection of Wotan  
he can take pride in his son

around his fifth year he insulted  
the treacherous queen of the fairies  
and she retaliated  
at noon with a damp kiss  
in the lighted clearing along the path  
she brought upon him a weary sleep  
as uncertain fate would have it, nevertheless  
exactly here a plentiful  
and very honorable family comes along  
and this lost child  
the parents of the Crucifix  
try to give root among them  
and confused after his strange sleep  
they drag him to the town without resistance

After a long year

Azothien forgets his origin  
the people now call him John  
in recognition of the Gospel

He began to think  
in the miserable ways of common people  
at Mass he hurries enthusiastically  
to the Crucifix so that  
he could eagerly pray

with his brothers and sister  
they race for knowledge of the Holy Scripture  
so that good believers  
in life they would become

Uncontrolled by him, however  
no one, not even the Pope himself  
can erase his noble dynasty  
his pattern of behavior

the evening was sinister  
when the storm bent the trees  
his pious father urged John  
to kneel under the cross and pray

there flashed however in Azothien's eyes  
when in his thoughts he caught  
sight of his subservience  
and ecstatically he slashed  
both of his parents' throats like pigs

the next day over the corpses  
he grieved with his siblings  
from last night  
he suffers a peculiar amnesia

Uncontrolled by him, however  
no one, not even the Pope himself  
can erase his noble dynasty  
his pattern of behavior

Azothien in love with  
his voluptuous sister  
holds in his hand the Holy Scripture  
he is worn down by suffering

by doubts all is worn away  
he can't sleep well  
because after all in the next room  
lives the object of his desire

truly however he has a feeling  
being a very sensitive young man  
that his chaste sister  
waits for him every evening

into the virgin's chamber he quietly enters  
she stops weeping  
there together, a chalice full of pleasure  
they drink the whole night long

The next day however with doubts  
he is totally overtaken  
for the great sin he committed  
he will suffer

but he starts to doubt  
the teachings of Christ  
what right does this dead rogue have  
to order him around

his tremendous doubts  
he takes to weigh upon the priest, however  
this man for his reprehensible sin  
has little understanding

in a pool of blood lies the man of God  
a cross sticks from his stomach  
Azothien, himself confused  
runs to hide in forest where he was born

Azothien loses himself for a long time in the forest  
he enters a cave which is strangely familiar  
for hours in his black thoughts he is lost  
the wind outside suddenly dies down  
and at midnight under the light of the full moon  
the body of his soul rises

waist deep in mud he wades for days  
a swamp pours forth from his thoughts  
a crystal waterfall however appears before him  
from this vision a will flows into his veins  
with pure courage he enters the wall of water

clean like a child in an enormous hall he found himself  
around him stood a thousand statues  
suddenly a booming voice resounds from all sides  
"if you doubt your will for one second  
this column will pound you into the ground"

from the ceiling, where the eye could not reach  
an enormous ancient column comes crashing down

and with a swift blow crushes one statue  
and another column and another and another  
already Azothien is alone  
from his throat a tremendous ecstatic laughter  
comes forth

On the eastern horizon the red clouds are fading  
the joyous singing of birds could be heard  
in the first rays of the sun  
Azothien stands transformed before the cave

With thoughts that are clear yet overflowing  
he devotes himself to divine daydreams  
god is dead, this "only one"  
who hardly deserves a funeral

in his ears a roar of deathly guitars resounds  
the sun nears its zenith  
however enough already of these fruitless dreams  
now with an act he must  
celebrate his victorious will

with the will to live  
to look into the abyss of death

At home where he spent so many springs  
five gendarmes wait for him  
before they can level their pistols  
their brains are swimming on the ground

the sister, whose blood is not his own  
enthusiastically views the act  
she packs what is necessary into a pouch  
and with Azothien flees from the law

in the spirit of a great man  
who himself is half god  
abysses and even great cliffs are reborn  
on which in dark nights he exists

with the will to live  
to look into the abyss of death

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