

## **Naer Mataron "Praetorians"**

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On this long night I shall speak to the dead, the living  
and the unborn  
On this night, when the torches of time will bond them  
all

Mystic land of fathers in communion with you  
To the honored dead I shall speak first  
I see your electrified shade and greet thee  
I worship you but see you not  
Exiled, enchained, the past life I have lost

And as a ghost I can now see and embrace you  
Thy storm shall guard watery borders  
When the world is gone  
And when the fire gives birth to another from the ashes  
of the old

To the dead have I spoken. Now to the living shall I  
speak  
For nine years my voice has not been heard  
Violence accompanied me, violence accompanies me

Violence accompanies you, but loved me more  
She chose me, yet married me not

Let's pay the honour, by raising it's banner high  
And avenge the sacrifice of our dead  
In the black nights glory will wed them with violence  
With a wreath of asphodel

I have spoken to the dead and the living  
In the end shall I speak to the unborn  
Spirits of the future, we mourn thee with funeral chant  
But you shall be incarnated with paeans

Dark, unborn - you shall be born in a dilapidated land  
A thousand reasons to fear her  
A thousand reasons to deny her  
And only one to rise and join us  
Into that blood river of time

