

Oh, Sleeper

"War Symphony"

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Iron horses burn the land
Iron eagles sky attack
The dogs of war, now are loose
To devour through their pass

Rain of fire, metal storm
A roar of winds takes away our souls
Carve my stone, carve my name
To the hires of flesh
Among the thorns I lay

...and I listen the war symphony
My last ode of ecstasy
The orchestra plays dark melodies
as I fall in endless sleep

When the wicked are confunded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission!
See, like ashes my contrition!
Help me in my last condition!

...and I listen the war symphony
My last ode of ecstasy
The orchestra plays dark melodies
as I sink in bottomeless seas

"Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis:
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis".

"We are like certain rickety guitars
Whenever the wind passes through, it sets
Astir our verses and their dissonant sounds
From the slack strings that dangle down

Like watch chains

We are like certain incredible antennae
That with long finger reach into the void
As on their tips the infinite resounds
But quickly they shall snap and trumble down"

(Poetry by Kostas Kariotakis
translation by Kimon Friar)

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