

Sopor Aeternus "In Der Palästra"

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As through the pipes, the waters fell
Down to the bottom of well,
In listless apathy I gazed
At the cold waters... as he bathed.

I half behold that scenery
And its most sensual masculinity.
Yet, disappointment - oh, can't you see -
Is still the cause and the cardinal symptom of my sick, sad reality.

Silver equals chill, but that suits me just fine.
I'm shyly sipping water while he drinks whole jugs of wine.
He likes all kinds of women, and I... I only HATE... men.
He marvels at all things new to him... - And I only wait... for all things in this sick world... to
end.

The water pouring down his spine,
Caressed his strong physique, oh, so well-defined,
Calm like a rock he stands, oh, behold his body and soul
A friendly God must have built this man to an all well-balanced whole.

What sad bewilderment this brought,
Physical clearness, alas, still so much abhorred.
An ancient ghost awoke and fiercely arose in me.
It was that old, savage, yet half-forgotten, ideal of perfect neutrality.

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He likes all kinds of women, And I... I only HATE... men.
He marvels at all things new to him... - And I only wait... for all things in this sick world... to
end.

I somewhat envy this naturally beautiful man,
He never knew or encountered the hatred and shame that I bare.
The doubt, the cloak of disgust and the all-devouring dread,
And if I told him about it, he might only shake his head

With kindly amused, melodious laughter, he then would perhaps merely smile
At my Â... oh, so stupid silliness Â...and the BEAST that is raging inside.

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