

La masquerade infernale

Arcturus

(based on the poem "Tragediens Trone" by John Henrik Svaren)
(is translated by the undersigned, and hereby dedicated to Kristoffer Garm Rygg)Hear!

From this day forth
are the heights of Horeb broken
and the sea of sulphur-ice.And blasphemy!
in heaven's chambers:
Souls had fled their halls
and closed was the book of life.
And behold!
The great, white throne:
black
with sacred blood
Our father -
Dead by his own hands:
an epitaph
worthy no king.And so is everything
a nameless lie.
Who, my god,
am I?Man knows me
as Lucifer, the serpent of old.
The wretched hold my banner high.
Your gift
- all life! -
I grant a grave
Yet I am not your death.
Come carry forth the crown
to your once held throne.
Here is where my suffering should cease
- but alas; I am crowned
in grief unheard of!In this lone monarchy
- without a friend of foe -
I greet the mourning sun
with strife and a song:
Please speak my name!
And leave me not
in the dust of death.I am weighed down
beneath the tragedy crown, -
nameless,
and alone,
a fatherless son.(JHS 1996)

