

# Algol

## Vintersorg

[Music: Vintersorg]

[Lyrics: Karl-Erik Forsslund, freely translated by Vintersorg] Algol, demon, capricious your brightness  
shifts from day to day - rises, abates, intensifies  
again, sometimes triumphant and sparkling,  
sometimes pale and faint. For a long time  
we've searched with wonder for the key  
to this mystery, the right element to  
your eager and changing, queer temperament. Now we've dispensed the haze of the riddle:  
you've got a companion on your journey,  
like a slave, a faithful shadow he  
constantly follows you on the desolate  
path, he circles and sneaks quiet around you, closely. Never have we seen his guise, dark, parched,  
stiff and cold, but still we know he exists;  
like ashamed he hides behind you - free  
and merry you shine - until he once  
again crawls out of the darkness and  
covers you. And your glare becomes  
pallid and dull, and your mind cloudy. Now we've dispensed the haze of the riddle:  
you've got a companion on your journey,  
like a slave, a faithful shadow he  
constantly follows you on the desolate  
path, he circles and sneaks quiet around you, closely. And similars there are - many Algols  
wanders in the space - maybe even  
more among us on earth. Sunlight spirits  
darkened by a shadow, young princes  
concealed by old slaves, doublesouls,  
divided creatures - a blissful son of the  
light indissolubely linked with a bitter dark demon. Now we've dispensed the haze of the riddle:  
you've got a companion on your journey,  
like a slave, a faithful shadow he  
constantly follows you on the desolate  
path, he circles and sneaks quiet around you, closely.

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