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 bloodOur 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]

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