The Serpent's Nemeton

Opera IX

Far-away echos accompany the dim lights of torches
Old and mighty trees twine along the holy way of an ancient procession
Simple but obscure songs are murmured in the deep arboreal temple
Only two mighty blades shine in the reflection of fire
From our directions come the old sages, each with his number and each carrying his ancestor's treasures
Everything repeats as in an old prophecy marked by a vision donated by the Spirit of Nature
And nothing is quiet in the dark heart of the forest
It's inhabitants voices
The breed of the trees and the men's mantra are part of a unique great ritual
Nothing is quiet... nothing
The four shining serpents slowly draw near to form a circle following the rhythm of
Dark and deep rumbles like the heartbeats of a huge dragon as he is drawing near
Everything wheels in an alchemist dance, where the symbols will become laws preserved
By a family of sages, the men of the oaks
Four serpents united and became one circular serpents, just one in the ancient nemeton
Where each man was near his stones and symbols
Now, everything is silent in the large forest
And even the magical lights of the flames seem to burn out in the silence
In the circle of men and stones, only the oldest one begins to sing a new but terrible prophecy

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