

Under the Sign of the Red Dragon

Opera IX

I raise my eyes at dead of night
I hear the silence moulding my body
I hear the damp and living ground throbbing
I belong to it.

I'm the guardian of this land,
I'm Dracula, Prince of Walacchia.
My name is synonymous with fear and terror
which I sowed and grew and which I fed on.

I led an army of dead soldiers
that I myself had raised from their graves.

I spread death and destruction.
Stifling smell of blood and excrements,
desperate cries, sobs.

Thousands of corpses rotted in the sun.
Thousands of poles rose as I passed.
My head beheaded and laid down.

The law: my law.

I was Vlad, the Impaler,
nobody could obstruct my path.
And the powerful Turks come in crowds.

And the new forest came up,
forest of fright and blood.
And the sultan of gold and silk
came with his numerous army,
thousand of persons were horribly impaled
and crowds came, crowds of enemies.

And at the end I was surrounded.
Chill, blood, horror of an irrepressible slaughter.

By then I was a prince without land.

And from the ground a whisper,
the whisper of the dead, rose:
"Dracula, please, come back!"

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