The Great Meridian Tide

Naer Mataron

Great star, your happiness is to shine for us
We bless you for this, my eagle and my snake
I am a prophet of the Thunder, the heavy drop from the cloudsThis thunder is me, the overman, of the eternal return, the MentorAnd the devil once told me:
Even God has his own Hell, because of his love for the humanGod is dead!
God is dead!
God is dead!
For his mercy for manThe great empire of man
The one-thousand-year-old kingdom of the overman
Beggars go away, we don't want you
They left far away laming
Now that god lies in his grave, he rots
Now the superior human
Becomes masterWhat I disdain makes me hope
I enjoy inside me my great sin like it is my biggest comfort
I am not the light for the time being
I will blind them with the thunder of my wisdomYou great star, deep of happiness
My eagle has awaken, as I honor the sun
Our fingernails are reaching out for the new light
The lion has come; my children are by my side
The time has come

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