The Oak

Opera IX

In the whirls of time,
turning their eyes
toward the shadowy monumental
symbols of the past,
following the lines up to the places,
where power and mystery reign
some people raised many stones to the sun
in their imposing silence.
A warm wind is blowing in my face
melting the ice of death.
Burnt alive victims around the cromlec'h
in honour of my immortality.
Crucified on The Oak.
My blood is trickling down it
no light in this church made of trees
some men in white are chanting their song
to the altar of Cernunnos.
Crucified on The Oak.
Oh you, God of Moon,
sanctify this magis ritual.
In my heart there's the power of glory,
in my eyes the shine of the sword.
Oh you, God of Death, rescue me from this fear,
I will be your messenger,
rescue me from this light.
Oh Mother Darkness, receive the son of cruelty and wisdom.
Crucified on The Oak, in honour of Esus.
The earth is imbued with the blood of my God's enemies
and from flames a battle-cry is madly risen.
Far away the death-song is going on with the crossing of the swords.
The fog is hiding our temples made of stones
and the Gods are silently waiting for the event.
The bloody encounter between our Pagan Devotion and the only god.
Ruins around The Oak.
Corpses in oblivion.
Sealed up by the light of reason.
Oh, cursed mortals, which is the right way?

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