Near Dark

Agathodaimon

Part One:
This is a world blessed by the victims of carnal tragedy
The humans ritual of love and adoration dense-waven history
Sentiments decide existance, the artwork that I've bled
Bizarre she defined her presence
With the lament of the undead
When her eyes have bathed in danger
And the moon had new design
In the cradle of our desire all the blood has turned to wine
But the love no longer remained than just a stir to survive
In this labyrinth of perfidity for my mistress to recover
I'll forever strive...
Part Two:
Dem Sterbenden - die Hoffnung, dem Propheten - der Fluch
Der Liebe - die Dichtung, die dem Sterben entsprung...
The night is crystal clear - words are sent from pictures
Sounds that I can't hear - as weakness wins my body
Selling cheap my soul - and its bleeding heart
Eclipsing the whole - planet, history and light...
Part Three:
Sometimes, when the sun hides in the back of the earth
When the hungry souls, to whom pain gave birth
Embalm their coldness with the blood's warmth... then
I can clearly hear the calling of a lonely and distant star
In the shade of the abhorrent
Yet in the still of the nights - In the still of the moment
When the moment dies - There she gently approaches
With the new meaning of life...
In a haze of hazard, in the withering chill
Baleful's the passion, when hearts stand still
A flood of sentiments entwined - Rattle thru my falling soul
I slumber against the spirit of time
Like a stranger in a foreign world!
In a park, along the alleys, stained with blood and tears
In the hour, when dusk disperses
Its colors on the white statues
Then I'll wander as a phantom of the posthumous regrets
And my fiery lips I'll freeze
With the kiss of these unrivalled statues

"Si-n asta noapte sfirsese printr-un sarut
Poeme - agonizate de-un infinit si-un inceput"
Part Four:
"The all-engulfing dawn of habitude shows his claws again-
Do you still remember our oath? - Til light do us part!?"
Come forth, Feline - Mere moment of melancholy
Drink deep of my desire - The quenchless fire
That unites our tameless embers...
Come forth, Feline - Tortured by our final duet
Let thy pale fingers slide on the petals of the flowers
That thee stained with mortal, coagulated blood...
On the walls, midnight closes even the stoical eyes
Of the unsleeping portraits
And the white-eye of a lonely candle falls asleep
Into its own startling solitude...
Part Five:
Silent heart desires
The balm that drives away the human waste
Oh come, infidel duchess
Shrouds of frost fall furiusly down... of thee I taste again
Deciphering eternity of its ruined scripts
Of the tenebrious river I pleasantly sip
Upon lifeless leaves autumn has banished
Arises my lovelorn aura's odyssey
"Un ornic cu rostiri funebre, suna amiaza-ndirjit
Iar ceru-nprastia tenebre, peste parcul amortit"
..Returned into that park as a whole
Under the questioning eyes of stars and heavens
Dreaming away on the lost love I've recovered
Death suddenly rises - Annoyed that he couldn't save me
He turns pale from envy
The seasons vanish and so does this story
As the same poets hand raises the pen
He pictured this spectacle with...
The actors fade on the dreary alleys of that elder park
Only two nightshades remaining -
Celebrating the sunset of ages while their sullen laughter
Lustfully haunts the mortal seeds of ruin...
Nights were crystal clear - words were sent from pictures
The color have seared - these pages, whereas
The darkest hour revealed - the mysterious hand
Which dutifully sealed
This episode's arcane end.

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