

Amon Din, Blue Tomb

Deep peace rules the water
still sea keeps silent
Down the smooth high seas
worried sights stroll
No wind, not from a side
mortal peace-horrible and freezing
there in a distance
Not one wave moves
Then suddenly cool wind blew
as if it sent from the heaven itself
the waves break-the wind howls
The must creaks as if it would fall
Still they neither look for the fortune in that stream
Nor expect any salvation from it
Now, strong black barge
starts it's dreary voyage
in it they are quiet and
stiff like stone, dead man's guards
But dark foreboding fell on the boat
death released her black breath
and the blue waves as if they were graves
Took victims into their arms
Now they lay in terrible silence in water
Their blood on the bottom makes a huge pool
their shattered bloody inside feed the sea creatures
in the blue grave those stiff dead men
Curved, black, look like-Oh horror!
Smashed mean monsters without a voice
Skulls of their look like white stones
Smoothed by the cold's freezing veil
And their hand cramped dark and withered
As if it would raise a sword on someone
And they have more stabs and wounds
Than any bodies torn apart by horses
Their bones are full of rot and gloom
It's visible, everywhere, the gadding trace of bullets
And a sabre cut that cut them in a half
Over that silence a calm wave crosses
Bloody and nude, no more can they be seen
Except by the sea and it's frozen eyes.
You, the dead of my land, I envy you!
You, the dead of my land, I am proud of you!