

Nightfall, I'm A Daemond

[Efthimis KARADIMAS 1995]

This eerie abode over there
between the firs silent breathes
is my palace, where I rest and lust,
the emerald of the forest, an epoch making castle

This embossed signs on my sinuous arms
shall be the encomium of my victorious acts
balk as they stood at my ablaze hordes
I turned their ground into a mosaic of bloody thorns

I hold the sunbeams like the sky does the moral's world
like mother Earth the penis of father Ouranos
I shout to my creators, "I'm the lord"
and my voice becomes one with the astral vault

In this brimstone dale
where adders etch the skinland deep, yet sweet
I'll crow over my success once more, aye, aye
high in the crescent moon's flourished kingdom never cave in

Those I quoth, those I have done