

Opera IX, Esteban's Promise

I (myself) Esteban son of the dark side,
illuminated monarch of the abyss
(which is) forgotten by the divine light
I'm alive.

Ancient now inexistent laws,
which have been destroyed by you man,
prevented me from waking up.
I will come riding a black dragon
in delirium winds and anguish wings
purify the air 'cause I'm coming and sacrifice
to the big tree with fire and blood.

I Esteban promise...

Power and glory in the anarchy of evil
to you poor mortals unite in my magic circle
in a way without return swear in me voices in the wind
voices from a moan which fades in a delirium
like the weak dust settles on the ruins of the past.
Oh lost souls in the whirl of the infinite
Esteban is alive... and so is the legend...