

# Sopor Aeternus, There Was A Country By The Sea

There was a country by the sea, but I cannot say for certain, whether it was part of a lonely isle, or  
A landing-stage of rotten planks stretched carefully into the waves, and for one moment I did wonder  
O, heavy, roaring, endless seas, what secrets does this rage entomb? Have ancient memories or hopes  
Deep-seated gardens, almost a labyrinth, walled in by ruins and rocks ivy-clad, perhaps this strange  
A young boy was taking me by the hand and unerringly he was leading me down below the garden  
We came to a room with only small windows, and to my surprise I could somehow still hear, though  
The boy has built a catacomb, he is living in a tomb, below the ground, where there's no sound, he  
Something resembling an altar was built there, a secret overshadowed structure and use, underneath  
Yet, this dark material had an unearthly lightness, and when I touched it, to feel what it was, it did so  
Then out of a sudden from under the barrow something, appeared, unexpectedly: it was the bones

(Chorus)

There must have been something in my look(s), 'cause the little boy started to speak, and to my un-  
"This is the only way I can be saved from her, only this can guarantee, that she will not rise again  
There's just no alternative, I cannot escape from her, because as soon as I try, she will get up again  
But here in these vaults I have finally found something that works like a seal, these jet-black granules  
Piled up in a certain, specific form, all the remains must be covered with it, then everything keeps so  
Yet, all the time I must be on my guards, because now and then it can happen indeed, that frequen-

So, constantly I have to control the barrow, the jet-black darkness of the coal-like mass, in order to

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