

# Agathodaimon, Sfintit Cu Roua Suferintii

Cnd lumea se preschimb-ntr-o  
umed-nchisoare  
n care-n van speranta, biet liliac se  
zbate  
Lovindu-se de ziduri, cu-aripi sovtoare  
Si  
dnd mereu cu capu'-n tavanele surpate

Deodat,  
mnoase, prind clopote s sar  
Si catre cer  
url-ngrozitoare  
Lungi si nesfrsite convoaie mortuare

ncet si fr muzici prin suflet trec mereu...  
M-ati  
sfintit cu roua suferintii  
Si mi-ati pus venin n snge

Iar speranta-nvins plnge  
Ca sufletul meu  
Si  
muta-i gura-dulce a altor vremi  
Cind timpul creste-n urma  
mea  
Iar eu m-ntunec!

E-o or grea si mare

Aripile-mi negre n ceruri se-ntind  
Astfel lume  
amuteste la-ntunecri solare  
Astfel mare amuteste vulcane  
cnd s-aprind...  
Cnd prin a vietii visuri ostiri de nori  
apar  
A mortii umbr slab cu coas si topor  
Tceti  
cum tac n spaim, crestinii din popor  
Cnd evul asfinteste  
si dumnezeii mor!

Se mistuie-n moarte si durere  
Vpaia care-n mine a stralucit  
Ciudata ntristare ce  
creste ca sie marea  
Pe-un trm stincos, pustiu...

Peste flcri, peste fumuri, pe cadavre descnate  
Pe cmpii deserte, pe altare profanate  
Vino, s-asezi  
pe ele tronul tu de oseminte  
nalta-te n culinea  
fumezndelor morminte!  
Cci eu nu m las nrobit de tine,  
crestinule!

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"Consecrated with the dew of suffering"  
If the world is in a damp prison transforms  
In the hope zappelnde bat,  
Helpless against the walls and ceilings rebounds,  
With fluctuating wing beats ...  
Then suddenly start bell

Anesthetized Markerschütternd to heaven ring  
And endless convoys funeral march ...  
Slowly and quietly through the soul, continuously ...  
You have me with the dew of suffering doomed  
And in the blood enslaved  
And the hope defeated, crying,  
Just like my soul  
Mute is the mouth of the sweet times andersvergehenden  
The emptiness is growing behind my back and I blacked  
There is a large, dark hours  
My black wings extend to the sky  
So, like a solar eclipse in World silenced  
So, like a sea volcanoes can expire  
If the dreams of life  
Armies of clouds appear  
Silently with weak shadow of death ...  
Then silence! As the full horror of Christianity,  
When a new era to life  
and the gods die.  
Death and pain smother the sparks,  
The inside of me for so long shone.  
Weird is the sadness, like the sea to grow,  
even a rich and utterly deserted shore  
About flames through smoke, corpses on entfleischten  
At the deserted plains, on the altar entweihtem  
Come and judge the throne in your bones  
Come and fly to the summit of the smoky graves ...  
Caci eu nu nrobit Mlas de tine, Crestin!