

# Arcturus, La Masquerade Infernale

(based on the poem "Tragediens Trone" by John Henrik Svaren)  
(is translated by the undersigned, and hereby dedicated to Kristoffer Garm Rygg)

Hear!  
From this day forth  
are the heights of Horeb broken  
and the sea of sulphur-ice.

And blasphemy!  
in heaven's chambers:  
Souls had fled their halls  
and closed was the book of life.  
And behold!  
The great, white throne:  
black  
with sacred blood

Our father -  
Dead by his own hands:  
an epitaph  
worthy no king.

And so is everything  
a nameless lie.  
Who, my god,  
am I?

Man knows me  
as Lucifer, the serpent of old.  
The wretched hold my banner high.  
Your gift  
- all life! -  
I grant a grave  
Yet I am not your death.

Come carry forth the crown  
to your once held throne.  
Here is where my suffering should cease  
- but alas; I am crowned  
in grief unheard of!

In this lone monarchy  
- without a friend of foe -  
I greet the mourning sun  
with strife and a song:  
Please speak my name!  
And leave me not  
in the dust of death.

I am weighed down  
beneath the tragedy crown, -  
nameless,  
and alone,  
a fatherless son.

(JHS 1996)