

Opera IX, Cimmeries

Gorgot Assai Belem.

May the Great Portal open to me,
my voice thunder in thy name
and for the power of the Lords of the Great Frost.
The whirling air of the North guide my spirit
in the quest for glorious past.

And it was in the mist of time
that the death fires floodlighted darkness
the wind brought the smell of blood,
the air of extermination and the exterminators outcry.
The blades of sacrifice deepened in the flesh
and the nerves and the black seers raised
hearts still pulsating to unnamable Gods
for their obscure prophecies.

Prepare now your soul for the embrace of the sacred death,
may water suffocate your breath and flame consume your flesh,
all this so that Teutates, Esus and Taranis protect my people.

Heavy and slow were the treads of the black warriors
in the Aeron's march, dust rising like whirls
while the horrible Crow turned His eyes to the battle remains.
Morighon was reigning among the stones of the timeless,
where the stars engraved their symbols
and under the brightness of the moon
the initiates were enlightened on the Great Secrets.

I want to reopen my eyes to look beyond the horizon of fear,
My God is in me,
in the strenght of my arm,
in the light of my sword.

Crom.

I raise my arms to Andraste,
so that only massacre be in my eyes.

Crom.

To the threshold of the abyss I kneel,
so that the Three Furies invade my soul.

Crom.

With wine I honour the Gods,
so that inebriation draws me near them.

Crom.

My face I paint of moon
like all the sons of the dying sun lands,
I belong to Her.

Crom is in me.

Remote are now those archaic deeds in the mist of time,
and the Cimmeries testimonials sleep
in the obscure silence of the tumulus
like ancient relics, mighty sigils to fragile ashes.

But the choirs will thunder again Gorgot Necrod Belem.
May the Great Portal close to you.