

# Opera IX, The Serpent's Nemeton

Far-away echos accompany the dim lights of torches  
Old and mighty trees twine along the holy way of an ancient procession  
Simple but obscure songs are murmured in the deep arboreal temple  
Only two mighty blades shine in the reflection of fire  
From our directions come the old sages, each with his number and each carrying his ancestor's  
treasures  
Everything repeats as in an old prophecy marked by a vision donated by the Spirit of Nature  
And nothing is quiet in the dark heart of the forest  
It's inhabitants voices  
The breed of the trees and the men's mantra are part of a unique great ritual  
Nothing is quiet... nothing  
The four shining serpents slowly draw near to form a circle following the rhythm of  
Dark and deep rumbles like the heartbeats of a huge dragon as he is drawing near  
Everything wheels in an alchemist dance, where the symbols will become laws preserved  
By a family of sages, the men of the oaks  
Four serpents united and became one circular serpents, just one in the ancient nemeton  
Where each man was near his stones and symbols  
Now, everything is silent in the large forest  
And even the magical lights of the flames seem to burn out in the silence  
In the circle of men and stones, only the oldest one begins to sing a new but terrible prophecy