Sopor Aeternus, Baptisma

Shivering with ... awe ... and delight:
"Here is my throat", he said,
As he bowed his head ... in silence ... to him.
Behold his white flesh ... shining in the velvet of darkness.
Take him now, and he will be yours ... -
Can't you see, how he longs to be yours ... forever ... and a day.

...silently the river flows ...

"Meister des Mordes, nimm meine Augen,
An diesem Ort kann ich nicht sein.
Strecke mich nieder, zerschlage mein Haupt,
Meister des Mordes, schenke mir den Tod!"

There he stood, bare and willing,
As the blood ... his blood ... was streaming
Down his naked body ... this naked body.
Gushing out of the wounds, enfeebled he was sinking to the floor.
Gushing out of the wounds, enfeebled he was sinking to the floor.
"Cold" , he thought, "so cold the stones,
But I'll be colder soon!"
Still not enough ... still not enough.
"This is the moment, my beautiful, beloved one,
The time has come to send your farewell to the sun,
To cross the threshold and leave ... all these mortal dregs behind.
You shall be flesh of my flesh ... and blood of my blood.
Flesh of my flesh ... and blood of my blood.
Let me take what you have to give,
Let me take ... and you shall receive.
Feel the beat of my dead heart,
Feel the beat of my heart ... and drink, as I have done ... -
Drink, my beautiful, beloved one!"

A new flower in the ancient bouquet,
Another rose in the garden of darkness,
That will never see the day ... -
That will never, never see the day.

"Trnen sind Perlen, Juwelen der Sterbenden ..."