

Purple flames celebrate the new warrior's feats  
while dry tears take the old triumphs to a silent death  
The old men's corpses consumes in an obscure dust  
while the new secret shines in a golden aura  
Past glories could rejoice only a brief instant  
Soon the new gloom's birth will wrap the present and the future  
in a pall of algid fires and glacial quivers  
No blood is willing to be shed in memory of your sighs  
No wind will agitate the trees' fronds at sunset  
The foul insect will suck the virgin infant's pulp  
The fifth simulacrum's sect will perish under  
the vibrating echo of the white queen  
Every sword is unarmed in the presence of the goddess's dagger  
Every shield is smashed by the young witch  
The third magic star protects my mental acts  
The master of the astral fluid illuminates my path.