

Mandragora

Opera IX

The village sleeps and all is silent in the dark night no dogs
and the cockrel hasn't sung to break the spell.
Spirits of the wind, you are silent too.
The stranger rocks on the tree in his cradle of death.
Three drops of his blood fall on the dark lands caressed by the
shadows and protected by the moon.
They have brought the great dame into our realm.
Silver is the path, that leads to the silent woods and three lone
women walk praying and singing ancient liturgy.
Three low flames dance in the night, saint sacred and cursed because
a spell of love and hatred will be cast.
Milk and honey will be offered to the ancient motherland the
witches, letting down their long hair sing their virginity to the
moon.
Only the spirits have eyes for them only the ancients can feed
on their nude and sculptured bodies that dance in the darkness.
The damp leaves stroke the hand on the lady of the witches, she
who is rendered magic and potent with the oil, she is the lady
of flight, she is the Mandragora.
In the flash of lighting that cuts the darkness, the great dame
is pulled from the earth, root that brings visions, love and hate,
she is the Mandragora.
Queen of the sabba.
Bodies jerk in the frenetic dance, to the sound of screams from
the infernal realm.
The earth shakes and the witches sing, in honour of the goddess
and the dark roots.
She is the Mandragora that consecrates this great rite.