

Takitum Tootem (Trance)

The Ruins of Beverast

Thrones...as far as the eye can reach...thrones
Rotting ungarnished, an unsavoury patina
As if it was given a genuine voice
In a strident elegy for the shame of Kings

Bones...a landscape of bones
Here, at the junction of old roads, old dust raised
Welcome our Kings in their iron chariots
Acclaim them in humility, and form a guard of honour

Skeletons of the underbrush
Beasts of the mountains
Ghosts of the sea
Bury your hearts in obedient silence!

Pride devours pride
King devours king
Dynasties of miserable sleep -
Finally haunted by animal eyes
Finally fallen!

Here, at the very end of all bacchanal frenzy
Behold our Kings - naked, ashamed, abased

Hubris! Hubris! Hubris!
No nightmare left undreamt
Hubris! Hubris! Hubris!