

The Grim Palace

Varathron

Leaden once but now grey - green
Because of the years
King Sarrob's tower rise
In the background dark, thick clouds
In the foothills of an inaccessible mountain
Which leans and its shadow covers
A dead forest that the imbeciles has burned
Streams full of lichen and moss
Full of frogs which with their voice.

Like being the ones who centuries ago listened
To the mystical ritual of the people that glorified
The dark lords like being a message for those to come,
And those to dethrone.
Shadow and silence wrap like a shroud
(the everlasting) castle, the king's tower
You hear only the wind blast
Like an eternal conqueror with his whip!!!

Whipping walls rising
Wishing to demolish
Wishing to liberate souls
Worth of eternal peace!!!

Here then lives a love
The king looking at the palaces (frescoes).
Looking at the unspeakable figures
Which slide on damp walls!!

(The) nights that the full moon call you
(to its kingdom)
Recollecting mystical rites
Sung for them who live beyond (galaxies)
Beyond the forest of stars!!

Sing the strange hymn - sing the hypnotic psalm!!

The damned king Sarrob
The ruler whose dreams
Are occupied by full of nightmares
His tortured soul seeks for salvation!!

His thoughts deep in bottomless wells
His will dead and incapable
In front of the kingship of his wild rush
Like a living dead who looks for that
Which will bring him back to life
Like a wandering soul in
The labyrinth of knowledge
Seeking for the key of eternal truth!

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