

## Stindardul blasfemiei

Agathodaimon

Trei cruci de lemn, trei cruci enorme de lemn  
Vopsite cu trei culori, pazesc pe marginea soselei  
Fintina celor... crediciosi!

Trei cruci pe marginea soselei cu gesturi largi de miini bolnave  
Opresc din drum pe calatori si parca-s trei spinzuratorii  
De care atirna trei crisosii...

Intr-o zi impinsi de-acelasi funerar indemn  
Ca dou-armate puse una-n fata alteia  
Cumintii se-ntilnira cu nebunii  
Copiii mortilor de miine se-ntilnira cu parintii...

"Si-armatele-ncepura lupta la umbra crucilor de lemn  
Deoparte flutura stindardul credintei... alb... curat..."

...ca albul cel curat, al florilor de nufar  
Iar tricolorul nebuniei, inchis cu grija-n cite-in cufar  
De craniu omenesc...  
Sta gata sa se desfasoare la cea dintii ingenuncheare  
A albului domnesc...

Insa-n ziu-aceea cerul innegrit de fum parea  
Un tavan de catedrala ce se naruia  
"Iar fumul din clopotnitele-aprinse deschidea-n albastrul:"  
Drumul altui fum, mai greu, mai negru si-albastrul  
se-nnegrea...

Si-n ziu-aceea cerul innegrit de fum parea  
Un tavan de catedrala ce se naruia

Si multimea-nspaimintata, spre clopotnitele-aprinse  
Se-ndrumeaza grupuri, grupuri, cei cuminti privesc plingind  
Pling ca resturile unei armate-nvinse, iar nebunul sta deoparte  
Si zimbeste ... fredonind:  
BLASFEMIE !!!  
"Iar tricolorul nebuniei adapostea pe-nvingatori!!!"

English translate: Banner Of Blasphemy

Three wooden crosses  
Three huge crosses of wood  
Painted with three colors  
On the margin of the road  
Guarding the fountain of the believers  
Three crosses  
On the margin of the road  
With gestures made by morbid hands  
They hinder wanderers whilst passing  
Like three gallows on holy lands  
Where three christians are hanging...

Inclined by a funeral stir  
On a fatal sky, so blur  
Like two armies enticed to war  
The mad have fallen upon the brave  
The children of 'morrrows dead

Their parents had met

In the shade of the wooden crosses  
The armies began their battle  
Aside... the banner of creedance flattered  
White and clean  
Like the cleanest white men have seen

And the blasphemic flag of madness  
Safely embedded in each human skull  
Was ready to unfold at the first  
Subjugation of the royal white

On the same day, blackened by fumes  
The heavens seem to be the ceiling  
Of a collapsing cathedral, bleeding

And the fumes of the burning steeples  
Opened in the celestial blue  
The way of another fume  
Blacker, heavier, and the blue  
Has become black, too

So the horrified people  
Hasten to the burning steeples  
The brave behold whilst crying  
Like the remnants of a defeated army

And the madmen stay aside  
Grinning and humming: Blasphemy  
And the tricolor of madness was sheltering  
The conquerors!