

The Curse of the Great

Cryptopsy

Das ist der fluch der mächtigen

Let us settle with swords
The affairs of men:
Violence is the answer:
ŤSis im blutt... Eisblut!

In this soiled world
We see aspects of damnation
On the faces of the killed
Instead of gratitude

This psychology may seem
A bit baroque at first
But what a boon it be
When the demons come

With time and telling, memory dulls
Of rotting boys with empty skulls:
All sons of ares, sons of mars
Whose flesh be worms, whose souls be stars

Myriads of combat corpses
The eggshell skeletons of men
Debris over which weep
Their stricken families:
Parents, wives and children
Their heroic children
Their heroic sufferings
Do strengthen hearts
And moisten eyes

Know ye not (Have ye forgotten?)
Your place in the earth?
We know (as we've always known)
(that) there can be no place
For such as ye
Upon our blameless, benighted earth

The breath of the dead
Fills the stagnant breeze:
Now, the world is perfect
(and) those left behind still weep

(And) should the question of terror arise
We'll draw our hate down from the skies

We live beneath a carcass moon
That makes a horror of all days
For on this battlefield
Even the wicked get worse than they deserve

ŤBut then, it is the curse of the great
To have to walk over the corpses.ť
ŤEs war schon immer der fluch der mächtigen
Über leichen schreiten zu müssen.ť

With our deeds of carnage
We hail bloodshed our immortal king