

La Grande Danse Macabre

Marduk

This ghastly skeleton, bone bare on ghostly nag
gallops through space
no spurs, no whips
and yet his steed pants towards apocalyps
nostrils a-snort in epileptic fit
headlong they rush, athwart the infinite
with rash and trampling hoof
the cavalier, his flashing sword aflame
glashes - now here, now there

amongst the nameless slaughtered horde
then goes inspecting like some manor-lord
the charnel ground, chill and unbound where
under a bleak suns pallid leaden glare
histories great sepulchered masses lie
from the ages near
and the ages long gone by

death can on both black and white horses ride
across the threshold of infinity he you guide
death can step along smiling within the dance
and as a pawn in a game of chess you stand no chance
death can also beat a drum
he drums hard and he drums soft
the time has come for you to leave the mortal croft
all your dreams he beats into dust
die, die, die you must

i svangen latta i dansens ringar
i stigen yra i nojets lag
och myrten blommor och lyran klingar
men over troskeln stiger jag
d5 stannar dansen
d5 sankas ljuden
d5 vissnar kransen
d5 bleknar bruden