

Les Litanies De Satan

Necromantia

O thou, of Angels loveliest, most wise,
O God betrayed by fate, deprived of praise,

(O Prince of exile, who was dispossessed,
Who ever rises stronger when oppressed,)

O thou who knowest all, Hell's sovereign,
Known healer of mankind's afflictions,

(Thou who the lepers and pariahs doomed)
Show out of love the Paradise to come,

(Thou who in Death, your mistress old and strong,)
Breeds Hope - delightful aberration!

(Thou who dost give the outlaw the proud glance)
Which damns the crowd who watch his sufferance,

Thou whose clear eye knows (the deep sepulchres)
(Where multitudes of metals lie interred,)

Thou who by magic softens the old bones
(Ofloitering drinks by horses trampled down,)

Thou who, consoling frail mankind in pain,
(Taught us to make our guns and gun-cotton,)

(Thou who put into women's) hearts and eyes
The cult of wounds, the love of poverty,

Father to those whom in his sombre wrath
God drove from his Paradise on earth,

Thou who didst set thy mark, (accomplice skilled,)

(Staff of the exile and discoverer,)

To thee, o Satan, glory be, and praise,
In Heaven, once thy kingdom, the abyss
Of Hell, where now, thou dreamest silently!
Grant that my soul, one day, beneath the Tree
Of Knowledge, may rest near thee

Show out of love the Paradise to come,

(Thou who in Death, your mistress old and strong,
Breeds Hope - delightful aberration!)

Thou who dost give the outlaw the proud glance
Which damns the crowd who watch his sufferance,

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Father to those whom in his sombre wrath

God drove from his Paradise on earth,
Thou who didst set thy mark, (accomplice skilled,
(Staff of the exile and discoverer,
To thee, o Satan
Thou who didst set thy mark, accomplice skilled,
Upon the heart of Croesus harsh and vile,
Staff of the exile and discoverer,
Confessor of condemned conspirator,
Thou who dost know where greedy earth enfolds
Satan, have mercy on my long distress!
Satan, have mercy on my long distress!
Satan, have mercy on my long distress!
Satan, have mercy on my long distress!
To thee, o Satan, glory be, and praise,
In Heaven, once thy kingdom, the abyss
Of Hell, where now, thou dreamest silently!
Grant that my soul, one day, beneath the Tree
Of Knowledge, may rest near thee,
Like a new Temple, its wide branches spread!