

## The Oak

## Opera IX

In the whirls of time,  
turning their eyes  
toward the shadowy monumental  
symbols of the past,  
following the lines up to the places,  
where power and mystery reign  
some people raised many stones to the sun  
in their imposing silence.  
A warm wind is blowing in my face  
melting the ice of death.  
Burnt alive victims around the cromlec'h  
in honour of my immortality.  
Crucified on The Oak.  
My blood is trickling down it  
no light in this church made of trees  
some men in white are chanting their song  
to the altar of Cernunnos.  
Crucified on The Oak.  
Oh you, God of Moon,  
sanctify this magis ritual.  
In my heart there's the power of glory,  
in my eyes the shine of the sword.  
Oh you, God of Death, rescue me from this fear,  
I will be your messenger,  
rescue me from this light.  
Oh Mother Darkness  
Receive the son of cruelty and wisdom.  
Crucified on The Oak, in honour of Esus.  
The earth is imbued with the blood of my God's enemies  
and from flames a battle-cry is madly risen.  
Far away the death-song is going on  
With the crossing of the swords.  
The fog is hiding our temples made of stones  
and the Gods are silently waiting for the event.  
The bloody encounter between  
Our Pagan Devotion and the only god.  
Ruins around The Oak.  
Corpses in oblivion.  
Sealed up by the light of reason.  
Oh, cursed mortals, which is the right way?