

# The Serpent's Nemeton

## Opera IX

Far-away echos accompany the dim lights of torches  
Old and mighty trees twine along  
The holy way of an ancient procession  
Simple but obscure songs are  
Murmured in the deep arboreal temple  
Only two mighty blades shine in the reflection of fire  
From our directions come the old sages  
Each with his number  
And each carrying his ancestor's treasures  
Everything repeats as in  
An old prophecy marked by a vision donated  
By the Spirit of Nature

And nothing is quiet in the dark heart of the forest  
It's inhabitants voices  
The breed of the trees and the men's mantra  
Are part of a unique great ritual  
Nothing is quiet... nothing  
The four shining serpents slowly draw near  
To form a circle following the rhythm of  
Dark and deep rumbles like the heartbeats  
Of a huge dragon as he is drawing near  
Everything wheels in an alchemist dance  
Where the symbols will become laws preserved  
By a family of sages, the men of the oaks  
Four serpents united and became one circular serpents

Just one in the ancient nemeton  
Where each man was near his stones and symbols  
Now, everything is silent in the large forest  
And even the magical lights of the flames seem  
To burn out in the silence  
In the circle of men and stones  
Only the oldest one begins  
To sing a new but terrible prophecy