

## Enthroned

Slechtvalk

Deep in the wilderness on a forgotten path a wanderer is striding forth.  
Persistent his walk and by oath of allegiance bound to go up North.  
His stern face carved by the years he endured, by journeys, battles and long  
winter months.  
With the westening sun he proudly marched on for an army of strength was mustered once more.

To shorten his way and to hasten for the muster he takes a long lost road.  
Now with the sun almost sunken and the shadows prolonged he contemplates his  
oath  
As at his wonder a ruin he saw, like an ancient dwelling, now only heaps of  
stones  
Overgrown in nature's shrines, an echo of what once was in yesteryears long gone.

Full of wonder he became aware of a marble black-veined Throne  
While his eyes gazed at vague remnants of engraved heraldic arms  
He marvelled at the bliss of this forlorn kingdom to him unbeknown  
As a mist came crawling over the cracked old stone-paved floor.

With a sigh of the wind a haze arose over this old hall  
And the more he stared at this upcoming veil, the more ghostly shapes he saw  
Graciously wandering and dancing around, drifting on an unseen wind  
With wonder and awe he witnessed this theatre with an unfolding play.

Now solemn and peaceful then with glory and might full of splendour and passion  
There were satyrs and troubadours jesters and high lords, peasants and squires evoking his impression  
Then slowly came forth in a shadow of threat, a tyrant surrounded by his thralls.  
Perverted shadows though fairest in appearance full of sickening lies blending into the play.

Wholly intrigued but unwilling to witness the end of this mystical play  
His eyes were fixed on the tyrant and his thralls, how humble they bowed as they kneeled at his feet  
They crowned him and hailed him as a high Lord of old, humbling themselves as his servants  
Knowing in his heart all their acting is deceit, still he could not turn away his eyes

Full of hate for this tyrant, but like enchanted by this play  
The thrilling beauty, their cunning and might, the temptation of their charms  
From this filth infected theatre finally he turned his sight away  
Then to his horror he found himself now sitting chained

Slowly the black veins of the marble throne had him partly overgrown.  
He felt the cold grip of stone clamping his flesh slowly enslaving him whole  
.  
From serenity fallen, the play endured, he witnessed it with a moan.  
All beauty brought down by sickening lies to foul and horrible shapes.

Vdrj dig fren lugnaren  
Svekets ansikte  
Mdnnskans furgurare

Tortured by the growing black veins.  
Crowned with poisonous filth,  
By rancid whores drenched in lies.  
He cried like an insane while foul laughter roared  
"Damned all your lies, your whores and your slaves!  
Twisted your words, full of deceit your damned calumny!"

The tyrant was smiling looking down on his prey.  
Slowly fading with the mist in the rain.  
Now darkness surrounded the overgrowing man.  
And with the rain his life faded away.  
Once on a morning on a bright winter day,  
The first sunbeams were shining gloomy  
On a marble statue in the midst of a ruin  
Of a man enthroned like a high Lord of old,  
Grim his face and firmly grasping his throne.  
On the first step of the throne an inscription was engraved;  
"Enthroned by lies, faded away into oblivion".