

# The Grim Palace

Varathron

Leaden once but now grey - green  
Because of the years  
King Sarrob's tower rise  
In the background dark, thick clouds  
In the foothills of an inaccessible mountain  
Which leans and its shadow covers  
A dead forest that the imbeciles has burned  
Streams full of lichen and moss  
Full of frogs which with their voice.

Like being the ones who centuries ago listened  
To the mystical ritual of the people that glorified  
The dark lords like being a message for those to come,  
And those to dethrone.  
Shadow and silence wrap like a shroud  
(the everlasting) castle, the king's tower  
You hear only the wind blast  
Like an eternal conqueror with his whip!!!

Whipping walls rising  
Wishing to demolish  
Wishing to liberate souls  
Worth of eternal peace!!!

Here then lives a love  
The king looking at the palaces (frescoes).  
Looking at the unspeakable figures  
Which slide on damp walls!!

(The) nights that the full moon call you  
(to its kingdom)  
Recollecting mystical rites  
Sung for them who live beyond (galaxies)  
Beyond the forest of stars!!

Sing the strange hymn - sing the hypnotic psalm!!

The damned king Sarrob  
The ruler whose dreams  
Are occupied by full of nightmares  
His tortured soul seeks for salvation!!

His thoughts deep in bottomless wells  
His will dead and incapable  
In front of the kingship of his wild rush  
Like a living dead who looks for that  
Which will bring him back to life  
Like a wandering soul in  
The labyrinth of knowledge  
Seeking for the key of eternal truth!

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