

Algol, demon, capricious your brightness  
Shifts from day to day - rises, abates, intensifies  
Again, sometimes triumphant and sparkling  
Sometimes pale and faint. For a long time  
We've searched with wonder for the key  
To this mystery, the right element to  
Your eager and changing, queer temperament

Now we've dispensed the haze of the riddle:  
You've got a companion on your journey  
Like a slave, a faithful shadow he  
Constantly follows you on the desolate  
Path, he circles and sneaks quiet around you, closely

Never have we seen his guise, dark, parched  
Stiff and cold, but still we know he exists;  
Like ashamed he hides behind you - free  
And merry you shine - until he once  
Again crawls out of the darkness and  
Covers you, and your glare becomes  
Pallid and dull, and your mind cloudy

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And similars there are - many Algols  
Wanders in the space - maybe even  
More among us on earth. Sunlight spirits  
Darkened by a shadow, young princes  
Concealed by old slaves, doublesouls  
Divided creatures - a blissful son of the  
Light indissolubely linked with a bitter dark demon

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