



پیران سال

The Dream

O the lonely old man,
Awake from your sleep
O the lonely old man;
From thy sweet slumber,
Awake!

Awake, -- to the blade
That awaits thee;
(To the) pikemen,
The white bloods and the kings.
Soldiers are on their way;
The black raven in the sky.
To the blind forest, thou shalt run,
Seek a white stallion,
Gaze into the empyrean;
An eternal path will be revealed to thee.

O the lonely old man,
Awake from your sleep
O the lonely old man.

Pandemonium

Swords, soldiers
The city in flames,
Life in grave peril;
Pandemonium!

Just like the dream
Blood in every gully,
Bodkins in every alleyway;
Pandemonium!

The Ruins

No city, no walls, no tanbur and no one's chanting,
Not in sleep, not a dream;
Incarnatus, Crucifixus.

Alas! Left alone at last, that well-sung white dove.
No city, no walls, no tanbur and no one's chanting,
Not in sleep, not a dream;
Incarnatus, Crucifixus.

The smiling peasant, --
As bitter laugh is everlasting.
Nowhere to stay,
And no pathway to go on.

Wisheth he believed in the dream,
This spell is not just a tale;
In the white stallion, in the empyrean,
Black blood, dripping on the land.

No home, not even a dilapidated cabin;
All alone in the woods, at dawn.
The last feeble tears from the eyes,
Dripping on the cold forsaken land.

"His screams reached the heavens
Wept every man that heard his voice"
We all are insignificant;
On the verge of tears,
All alone, is what we are,
Screamed the old man.
Alas! This world, O, is not our world,
This sky is theirs to take.

The Serpent

Water-- is like a mirror;
 (But) the moon is not in it.
Master the burning flame,
 Like the kings.
Water-- is not pure anymore;
 'Tis sorcery, eternal malison.
Reach and attain a dagger from the water;
 Said the serpent, staring at the old man.

Thunder rumbled on the ground,
 The moon is not in it!
Aye, this water is not pure,
 Screamed the wise old man.
Wash your eyes,
 Wash away that quaint dream;
 Awaken! Awaken!
From the eternal curse.

The Wise Old Man

Came from a fire,
A wise old man.
Thou art nothing!-- he screamed;
Ye, the lonely old man.

Do not seek the white stallion,
(the lantern)
In the shadows, thou wilt burn.

Halberd! Halberd!

An Old Ancestress

A weak light flickering,
From the distance, a lantern;
Like a star, to his despondent heart.
Once again, this lonely old man,
Assumed the old dream of his.
Aye! Come back to the light,
Come back!

This is our song, a beautiful name;
Joyous and blithe, a vigorous string.
A new lair, our era it is;
A majestic garden, a beautiful dream.

But alas; --
'Tis a wicked monarch, this king.
Rivers of blood, flowing in the fortress,
Awaken from the dark waters;
Daggers, bloody swords-- once again,
Aye! Come back to the light!

Aye, love is a fable,
O the rebellious mad man!

Aye, that old ancestress is a fable,
O go insane; an eternal rebellion!

Just a tale,
Just a dream.

Nameless

Crimson Apple

A mad monarch,
A golden mace;
Remembering the dream,
A bloodstained talwar.

My crimson apple, thy white cane;
My crimson apple, thy white cane.

A weak light flickering, from the distance;
Like a bright mirage, in a murky forest.
A weak light flickering.

A weak light flickering,
Like a comforting light,
On his drumming heart; the secret of time.
Maybe on the other side of rivers,
There is a kind mother-- waiting,
With open arms.

Maybe there, we'll see luminous nights,
Riding a black horse; --
Maybe someone's there, waiting.

The weak light still flickering,
From the distance;
In his dream, in his sleep.
Maybe the sweet dreams are there;
The true meaning of time.

The weak light still flickering,
His last dream;
A mother waiting with open arms, --
Kindly!

A blind forest, with its barren children;
Kindly!

A blind forest,
From the distance, in the dark corner;
Kindly!

The weak light flickering,
Overflowing from her heart;
Kindly!

A blind forest,
From the distance, in the dark corner.

A blind forest on one side,
A weak light flickering on the other.
Like a bright mirage;
A kind mother.

All On One Side

Demons, the plague, the storm, this evil;
This broken spirit, the orders and defiance;
Blades and griffins, full of smiles, in the white garden;
Maces, spears, swords... to the sky!

As this is a beautiful dream, in her arms;
A black nightmare, in tomorrow's grace.
An eternal fire, on the white snow;
As this is a beautiful dream-- there.

He hit a rock, turned black;
Emerg'd a black stallion.
Named him "Rakhsh" as a relic,
And voyaged to the underworld.

As this is a beautiful dream, in her arms;
A black nightmare, in a majestic forest.
In the embrace of a blind night!
As this is a beautiful dream.

A short wall, poor hands;
A beautiful vision,
Dreams, dreams, dreams.
An ivory omen, an efrete as a guardian;
A mortal curse,
Dreams, dreams, dreams.
The throne of blood, a majestic flame;
Told him; "Pass on".
A green winter, a green winter,
In the corner of a cabin;
Alone, all alone.

He saw in his dream;
A mother,
With kind hands,
And black eyes.

A short wall;
Poor hands.
A beautiful vision,
Dreams, dreams, dreams.

There's no escape, no dream;
No love, no kind mother.
This is all illusion of the curse;
Aye, the curse of the witch!
Beware!

All On One Side

Beware of the black wand;

This is an illusion, a curse from the dead.

Worthless, forgotten, unnamed, curse of the east winds;

Maces, halberds, swords... to the sky!

The wise old man,

Said to the lonely old man:

Thou art nothing in this place!

Behold the kings!

The palace and the rampart;

This magnificent castle,

That sword and the dagger!

The kings, all on one side!

The kings, all on one side!

The kings, all on one side!

What a beautiful dream,

The kings, all on one side!

A sweet dream,

The kings, all on one side!

A weak light flickering;

From the orifice.

Not a dream,

This is not living,

Nor a nightmare;

An endless cycle.

The kings, all on one side!

Golden crown of thorns,

The kings, all on one side!

Not a dream,

The kings, all on one side!

The lonely light;

And black magic.

All On One Side

Rushed into a cave, hidden from time!

Hidden from prisons; from deceivers.

Away from man; from the world.

Rushed into a cave,

Hidden from time, away from prisons.

Rushed into a cave, desperate and forlorn,

Maybe this is the last dream;

The last plea, to the elegant fate.

Rushed into a cave,

Hidden from time, away from mankind.

Rushed into a cave, hidden from time!

Hidden from prisons; from deceivers.

Away from man; from the world.

All alone with himself,

With his bare hands he drew;

On the walls of the cave;

Shape of a meadow,

Silhouettes of her,

The last dream.

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