

Visitezmatente: All That's Left's A Laurel

a.d. IV Id. Ian.

Have I crossed
Our Rubicon
Have I become an outlaw
In the republic of your heart

Has the die for us been
Cast
Have we reached the point of
Civil war of civil hearts

Call the augurs
Call them call them
Have them take the auspices
Let their divinations what is worse decree
My crossing the river or your judging me

Will we meet again
At Pharsalus
On Love's battlefield
A final stand

Or will you steal away
To Kerkyra
Like that old optimas
Whose time is up

Call the augurs
Call them call them
Have them take the auspices
Do their divinations hold any hope for me
That not as opponents our demise we'll see

Hypnos: To Aineias' Descendant

Though it should have died it cannot
disappear
What should have been gone so long still
lingers here

In my cave of silence I am to prevail
Ruling over nothing, my twin's gift I would
hail

As your namesake this proud member of your
line
Knows the dice are thrown I wish they could
be mine

Would it make any difference
If like Osiris I would have myself
Torn to shreds and dumped into the Nile

Would it make any difference
If like Persephone you could be
Free of me for just a little while

Would it make any difference
If o'er the Acheron I had gone
To the lake and cleansed my soul defiled

Would it make any difference
Now would it would it would it make
Any difference

The Lion's Pride

Expel me from your court
Have me frog-marched out of sight
Excommunicate me
I was wrong and you were right
Ban me from your heart
Where once I sat enthroned
But to Canossa
I won't

Believe me I repent
There is no saying just how much
For my wrongs I atone
Longing for condonation's touch
But this sackcloth here
I will not wear to be bemoaned
And to Canossa
I won't

I say I was wrong
I repeat it one last time
But I will not move
The Lion's pride keeps me in line
Though it pities me
Even love can't make me boned
So to Canossa
I won't

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Daphne

All there's left now is a laurel standing
All beautiful and ever-green
It is standing where the river's bending
Her father's doing I have seen
I will nevermore have her for me she is gone
But my lyre will turn her soft voice into
song
And all I can do is to admit defeat
And her leaves will not be on my foolish
head
But she will crown nobles and emperors
instead
And better men than me now she will greet

Do you dare, Drusilla?

I'll be waiting for you then
Where lion meets man
Where lion meets man

I'll be standing in the sand
With a trident in my hand
With a trident in my hand

And the helmet on my head
Is from a minotaur that's dead
Is from a minotaur that's dead

And my sword in which I'm skilled
Is adorned with the bones of those I've
killed
Is adorned with the bones of those I've
killed

I'm not weak though I am old
But my heart has grown too cold
But my heart has grown too cold

Tell your brother he should send
You yourself to make it end
You yourself to make it end

And the blood that he adores
Shall be pouring from your pores
Shall be pouring from your pores

As a freeman I will leave
And leave an emperor to grief
And leave an emperor to grief

Aiaia

Marshes and sea surrounding me
As I queen of herbs here sit at my loom
Come to me traveller weary as you must be
Drink from my cup by the light of the moon

Guarded by lions and wolves my friend
The whispering alders this warning might
give
If you disrespect or if you offend
As the sorceress's pet you will continue to
live

Come closer now stranger I'll do you no harm
Lie with me here give in to my charm
You have emptied your cup I am happy to see

And thus you are bound to stay with me

(There Are) 49 Heads At Lake Lerna

There are heads buried here at Lake Lerna
I have counted them all their number is
forty-nine
There are heads buried here at Lake Lerna
The one that is missing
Is mine

Cruelty lies deeply in the hearts of women
What they are able of can be seen at the
spine
Cruelty lies deeply in the hearts of women
Severed heads add up to
Forty-nine

I have been spared
But I just was
Gentle with the time to pass
As your sisters paid their due
It should have been
Me then too

There are heads buried here at Lake Lerna
I have counted them all their number is
forty-nine
There are heads buried here at Lake Lerna
The one that is missing
Is mine

Sense of duty sense of obedience
Sight and sound of blood and gore

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Sense of duty sense of obedience
Why did you leave out
One more

I have been spared
But I just was
Gentle with the time to pass
As your sisters paid their due
It should have been
Me then too

Lamia

Killing the children of others
Of mothers
I hack them to pieces
I skin them and eat them
Killing the children of mothers
Of others
Than me
Who have no right to be

Having my hair grown to serpents
And dragons
And venomous snakes
Follow me in my wake
And if you see when I see you
With eyes
In my hands

That will be when your story ends

Thirsty for blood I am now procreating
And baiting
And waiting

For your final move
Haunting your cradles when darkness
Is falling
Then I will come calling
My voice so enthralling

Newly wed husbands will follow me blindly
And kindly
I will offer them
All my love
You will be left all alone
And forlorn and bereft
Of your everything
And everyone

Caelian Hill

My leathery skin burns
Like my boots it's old and worn
All this fighting has just tired me
As we made the whole globe mourn
Now my pilum leans against the wall
Yes my duty now's been done
And my dry throat for cheap wine aches
And with bloodshot eyes against the sun
I look up and I wonder
If you're living there still
And if you do if you sometimes think of me
Up on Caelian Hill

I would love to wash off all the dust
In the lavish baths above
But down in the cauponae here
With wine I wash away my love

And I look up and I wonder
If you're living there still
And if you do if you sometimes think of me
Up on Caelian Hill

And if you knew that I was still alive
In the gutter depraved at the mill
Would you dance with a love long lost
Up on Caelian Hill

The Triple Pillar of the World

[words by W. Shakespeare, from 'Antony and Cleopatra']

Call to me all my sad captains
Fill our bowls once more, let's mock the
midnight bell

I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way forever

This foul Egyptian has betrayed me
My heart makes only wars on thee

Our terrene moon is now eclipsed
And it portends alone the fall of Antony

Triple turned whore 'Tis thou hast sold me
To this novice. Betrayed I am.

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Fortune and Antony part here
Even here do we shake hands

The shirt of Nessus is upon me
Come then for with a wound I must be cured

But I will be a bridegroom in my death
And run into't as to a lover's bed

Lycurgus, Entombed

Greatest Titans let me thank you
for the madness you instilled
in my mind and for the frenzy
with which you every vein filled

Let me thank you for the bloodshed
I committed cause I found
Here inside lunacy's walls
I feel safe and I feel sound

My dear son I might well pity
What I have done to your limbs
As for ivy I mistook you
but it's not as bad as it seems

Gods I thank you for the bloodshed
I committed with my hands
But your punishment is my reward
Here in sweet mania's lands

And now I'm all alone
In madness I will roam
Delirium my safe home

If I Wasn't Alexander

So I am blocking your sun my friend ?
Let me tell you I adore your life
In its simplicity so self-content
Without struggle without strife

If I wasn't who I am
I would just love to be you
But the powermonger in me screams

You are king born to conquer bound to rule

If I wasn't Alexander
Your crate I'd call my home
If I wasn't Alexander
I'd make thoughts not armies roam
If I wasn't Alexander
These lands would not be reft
But the laurel yes the laurel
For me is all that's left

So I am blocking your sun you say ?
Let me tell you I would think it great
To be where you sit and greet the day
But I will force the sun away
and then in shadows I will play

Alle Texte und Musik © J. Hegel 2008, 2012 [mit Ausnahme von „The Triple Pillar of the World“ (W. Shakespeare)]

