

Exile (Les Litanies de Satan)

Ancient Rites

O Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère !

Oh Thou, the most savage of angels
God only judges mild
Those who chant songs to his praise
Oh Prince of exile...

To whom in every tale done wrong
(but who) after defeat, always redresses more strong

Like a patron saint of
Heavens rejected souls
Distinctively closer to
Humanity Thou art
Connected to
Mother earth more profound

Oh Thou fallen angel of gloom, joyfully I join thy side
Even if this means eternal fire, I embrace thy kingdom of night

Exile, exile!!!!

Wandering in Thy wastelands
Far away from the heavenly autocrat
Close to Thee I chose to repose
Liberated from God's wrath
Exile!!!

A temple raised for the ones like us
With plentiful room for science
A shelter for creative minds
To dream away in silence...

Oh Thou fallen angel of gloom, joyfully I join thy side
Even if this means eternal fire, I embrace thy kingdom of night