

Dead Tree Ballad

Opera IX

Slowly and inexorably I turn into ashes I cannot turn back the time has come.

Circle of stars will be forgotten with my departure my time is at the end.

After glorious and great times.

From my childhood to my maturity I became strong with the blood of the sacrificed I became powerful with the knowledge of the Ancients.

Yggdrasill, Irminsul were my names I symbol of the unity between earth and sky I pillar of the world now forgotten and persecuted.

No more dances!

No more offerings!

No more gods!

Only wood, dead wood!

I was strong with blood and sacrifices

I was powerful with the knowledge of the ancient cults.

After glorious passed centuries the link is broken now and you'll wash your hands in ashes.

Our link is broken, be free and die as I'll be your tomb.

Dead!

Woden!

Coffin!

For mankind!

You!

Cruel!

Man!

Die!