

# The Throne of Tragedy

Arcturus

Hear!  
From this day forth  
are the heights of Horeb broken  
and the sea of sulphur-ice.

And blasphemy!  
in heaven's chambers:  
Souls had fled their halls  
and closed was the book of life.  
And behold!  
The great, white throne:  
black  
with sacred blood

Our father -  
Dead by his own hands:  
an epitaph  
worthy no king.

And so is everything  
a nameless lie.  
Who, my god,  
am I?

Man knows me  
as Lucifer, the serpent of old.  
The wretched hold my banner high.  
Your gift  
- all life! -  
I grant a grave  
Yet I am not your death.

Come carry forth the crown  
to your once held throne.  
Here is where my suffering should cease  
- but alas; I am crowned  
in grief unheard of!

In this lone monarchy  
- without a friend of foe -  
I greet the mourning sun  
with strife and a song:  
Please speak my name!  
And leave me not  
in the dust of death.

I am weighed down  
beneath the tragedy crown, -  
nameless,  
and alone,  
a fatherless son.

[JHS 1996]