

Neptune's Relief (2007)

Neptune's Relief

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 05/2003

The envious billows sidelong
Always swell to whelm the track
And the ever-brimming goblets
They will never bring us back.

Well, the pale and turbid water
The only bosom we adore
And a fever heart starts pounding
When we leave the grassy shores.

Aye, I leave you in the morning
With the night-birds soiling song.
Aye, I leave you in the morning
For the realms where I belong.

And when you hear my gentle footsteps
On the pale shell-dotted floor
Cry a tear in your cold pillow
For the great summers we longed for.

The dancing waters now await me
With its solemn cold distress
And I dip my final anchor
Deep into the Neptune's chest.

The compass-needle tumbled
As she lights their little stove.
And the odour of fresh seaweed
Drifting over from the cove.

Through Halls Of Coral

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 03/2005

That night he walked to the cold coast
And followed the wintry track
As if the frozen waters
would give him his Mary back.

He rubbed the snow crusts deeper
Into his bleeding eyes
The lantern swang. He tumbled.
And broke on through the ice.

She walked into the glossy waters
It must have been the fourth or fifth of May
He nearly didn't sleep since then
He knows not exactly the day.

As he found her pillow untouched
And saw her footprints in the sand
He knew she left the harbour of his arms
To the shores of an unknown land.

Where the pints smell of odorous amber
And the milk from the breasts steams new life
Where red cinnamon perfumes the daybreak
And gold honey runs out of the hive.

In the blue depths of the waters
Where the wave has no strife
Where the wind is a stranger
And the Seasnake has life

Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells.

Over my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echoes rolled
To the spirit of ocean
Thy wishes unfold.

Riddle Of The Sands

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 04/2004

The wild winds weep across
The darkened seas that night.
And in the flashes of the beacon
Her sweeping bones come into light.

The horns of the summer grew silent
Into the darkness flew the day.
Only the ravens circle in sorrow
Above her throne down in the spray.

Each day he wrote her letters
But she sent the letters back
And by the stench of withered roses
He wrapped her spine into a sack.

The raging seas sung her last love-song
Of burning passions she denies
And of the riddle of the waters
And of the sands where she now lies.

Lonely in the wind
Black thoughts dwell in hopeless slumber
While the thunderstorm keeps raging
All across the bleaching fields.

It sings loud of lovelorn summers
With frozen roses in its hands
And as the clouds shiver in laughter
He saw the riddle of the sands.

A Faerie Forlorn

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 08/2005

Farewell, I leave my native shore
Fades over the waters blue.
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

They've told me bout the fairy
On that isle across the seas
Whereon the drowning sailors
Find rest on fragrant leas.

But if their love for troubled waters
For the unfathomed deep blue seas
Burns deep in fiery bosoms
Their hearts shall find no peace.

The smile on my face - is my last lament for the storm
The water's embrace - shall always keep me save and warm.
Lashed to the mast - the foaming waves shall guide us now
A rope round my chest - a wreath of corals on my brow.

Our sails are filled with voices
And the petrel laughs above
Far across the ghostly waters
And the oceans we shall clove.

The breeze bears our vessel
To an isle beyond the dawn
They've told me bout a fairy
But these leas shall not be found.

On Glacial Trails

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 09/2004

The homeport's cliffs are shining
Like cold marble in the dawn
Eastern winds are blowing stronger
Through the hair of these shore's lawn.

And below us sweeps the North Sea
Waving timeless without fears
Men like us swore salty oaths
With its swelling foamy tears.

On Glacial Trails - the course we travel
For amber, ivory and oil
Around the icy reefs we ravel
Poseidon's greed will take its spoil.

Tarry sweat and claims so golden
And the Polar Sea at hand
Thirsty harpoons plunging deeper
As Whale's Blood drops in the sand.

Once we sail a blacker ocean
The last harpoon will be thrown
Deep into the troubled water
When our ship is going down.

Then wrap me in my wet coat
And lay a mussel on my chest
And bury my good iron
Near the hill where I'll once rest.

The Scarlet Sleep

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 02/2003

How darkened are your temples
And your hands so heavy and cold
Like a wreath of raven's black feather
Your dying beauty unfolds.

Was that you I embraced so ardent
Was that me who was draining your breath?
Me and her married in a cold fever
A greeting with mayhem and death.

A hazard - of passions unfolding
A calling - a shriek from the crypts
A bloodshed - of wraths overwhelming
A downfall - the final eclipse.

Under the flickering lightning
Your eyes staring so sad and old
And death's cold embrace overshadows
The ruins of fairies untold.

Was that you I embraced so ardent
Was that me who was draining your breath?
Me and her married in a cold fever
A greeting with mayhem and death.

Weave The Eclipse

music: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt / Severith / Reese

lyrics: Sonnenburg – 11/2005

In heart of June's great summer's breath
She lies bleeding by the dunes
She gently touches the wild red rose
He gave her before death.

His eyes soon rubbed with sorrows
That cast from darkened skies
A stormy wind keeps howling
Within a heart of ice.

White mists will veil his courses
Wherever he may roam
On darker trails he'll travel
Within a heart of stone.

He bears a cold wet burden
Towards the ports of pain.
The brides on bay stop singing
The gipsy calls the rain.

„A curse has been cast on this vessel“
The sailor speaks in his warm ale.
The doors of the inns are closed
For those who stray in the gale.

Seven waves of the cold black waters
He drank as he drifted with tide.
Seven gates of the Halls of the Mermaids
He passed through the doors open wide.

Seven glasses of Whisky he spent on
The wind, the storm and the rain
Seven pearls he gambled at daybreak
Sure of the great treasures he'll gain.