

KRABAT

A raven past away. His feathers, dark, they fell...
Hark! The wheel turns dead. The One-Eyeds call appears in dreams.

Wavering moonlight, a laughter from the dead,
Surrounds him with darkness, black wings fill the air.
Voices are calling "Krabat! Come!"
Krabat is the chosen one. The twelfth in the One-Eyeds wheel,
For eleven and one make it run.
Watching the fire, it's cold, spread from the eye.
Sights from a strange world burn his virginal mind.
Teach me the milling and the rest which means "world"

"Now it's grinding again it is twisting and turning and rolling and grinding,
Again to serve my evil force."
The cold winter days are gone – *I will fly away*
Encouraged by the summer sun.
It's twisting and turning and rolling and grinding,
Again to serve his evil cause.
Dreams guide me on my paths – I will fly away
No way, no path to flee this mill – The summer sun has cheated me.

Good-Fridays early night: Voices calling "Krabat".
Again he follows the call: "Shoo! On the perch!"
Croaking voices upon him, black wings fill the air – *The chosen One...*
One eye binds them in darkness and teaches them the lore – *You saw them...*
Black school further the spirits, going higher and higher – *Eleven and one...*

Shivers run through him – *I feel that I shrink.*
Through his closed eyes he sees them grow feathers, a bill and claws.
Spreads his wings and tries to fly. "On the perch! You masters guy."

Again a raven fell. Appeased the One-Eyeds rage.
Hark! The wheel turns dead. The One-Eyeds call appears in dreams.

Wavering moonlight, a laughter from the dead,
Surrounds him with darkness. A small light fills the dark.
Kantorka is singing "Krabat! Come!"
Krabat is the chosen one. The first in the One-Eyeds mill.
For he is the one who can stop its run.
Facing the fire, it's cold, spread from the eye.
Sights from a new world burned his virginal mind.
You taught me the milling and the rest which meant "world".

"Now it's grinding again it is twisting and turning and rolling and grinding,
Again to serve my evil force."
The cold winter days are gone – *I will fly away*
Encouraged by the summer sun.
It's twisting and turning and rolling and grinding,
Again to serve his evil cause.
Dreams guide me on my paths – I will fly away
A way, a path to flee this mill – The summer sun hasn't cheated me.
Kantorka is singing for me...

Music: kurai tanima, 1993
Lyrics: M. Schröder, 1993