

Liedteksten

Aftab Darvishi - Circe

A god with a mortal's voice
Such a one am I
Never belonged

There was no word
For what I was

The word was made For me
Pharmakis
Witch

Never belonged

Life must be a torment to mortal men
Like Odysseus — your father
Fate blew his ship to my shores
I saw him and thought

This is something torn that I can mend I have a taste for
transformation
When he had to leave, I let him go

Your father wanted a child
But that is not why you live,
Telegonus, my son

Never belonged
Never belonged

From the moment you were born into my arms
You wanted to flee from them
You looked at the sea and whispered horizon

Now that you have to go, I let you leave
One of us must suffer
One of us must suffer
I will not let it be you
Life is a torment to those who can't die
My immortality
A cold eternity of endless grief
And there is grief
And there is grief

Never belonged

To be a God
is not
the opposite of death but death itself —
to be
forever
unchanging

The word made me what I am Now let it set me free

We are not our blood

I have a mortal's voice Now let me have the rest
I have a mortal's voice Now let me have the rest
I have a mortal's voice Now let me have the rest
Never belonged

Annelies van Parys - Medea

Sleep, my boys, sleep

Drift away slowly
In this deepening darkness
That holds you softly,
Go now and sleep tight.

Jason

Jason, my love
Do you remember the bed
Where your sons were conceived?
The passion consummated there
My body my sacrifice
To you
One of many

Love demands sacrifices
Blinded by love
I made them

For you, I betrayed my country
For you, I left my home
For you, I steeped my hands
In blood

You owe me my innocence
You owe me a brother
You owe me, my beloved Jason
On all counts

I would be queen / I would be a
heroine / I would be your spouse /
I would be beloved /
My wealth the key to our
happiness
How blind could I be?

I was simply
A means
Just like the Fleece

Love demands sacrifices
Blinded by love
I made them

One more or one less

What does it matter?

What is stained,
Even when washed,
Can never be clean
Blood demands blood
What started badly
Cannot be made good

No throne/ No power / The Fleece
turned sour/
Time to find a girl / to make your
royal plans unfurl
Less strange / more seemly and
decent/ a pearl
Quieter / well behaved / her
waistline thin / and she also has
lighter skin

You think of yourself
You think of your own fortune
You crunch numbers and collate
You add up and calculate
Rational
Purpose
In all that accounting
I am (the) surplus

And if she gives you sons
Our offspring will be
second rate
No longer useful
Just like me

You leave me no choice –
What else can I do
Than to continue down the path
You led me?
A path of blood
And passion?

Don't get me wrong,
My darling,
How gruesome my deed may be
It is no more than the
consequence

Of your betrayal

It is not anger that drives me
It is mercy

I want to spare
my children
My cruel fate

What began with passion
Has become a bargaining chip
Found wanting
A strange currency
with no value
In this country

Love demands sacrifices
Blinded by love
I made them

For you, I betrayed my country
For you, I left my country
For you, I steeped my hands
In blood
You owe me my innocence
You owe me a brother
You owe me a home

I gave you everything
So it is my right
To take from you
And I mean
to take
It all

Sleep, my boys, sleep

Find peace
In this darkness
From which
You will never
wake

Calliope Tsoupaki – Penelope

Wise Penelope was leaning on a chair,
Beside the door,
And spinning fine strands of wool.

Grief wrapped around her, eating at her heart.
The house was full of chairs but she could not
Bear to sit upshot. In her bedroom doorway
Collapsing on the floor, she wept and cried.

Wise Penelope lay in her bedroom, refusing food, (consuming nothing)

Athena's eyes were bright with plans. She poured
Sweet sleep onto Penelope, who lay
Down on her coach; her joints relaxed; she slept.
Athena gave her gifts and godlike power,
She put ambrosial beauty on her face

Wise Penelope
Came out her bedroom
Beautiful as Artemis, golden as Aphrodite.

And went down from her sunny chambers upstairs

Thaws it, and as it melts, the rivers swell
And flow again. So were her lovely cheeks
Dissolved with tears. She wept for her own husband.