

chaomphalos
ardour
sunwar the dead
ares in their eyes
the hemlock sea
la terre n'aime pas le sang
a song of ashes
laceration
poliorketika
blood and grey skies entwined
threnos

τούτω γὰρ Ἄρης βόσκειται, φόνω βροτῶν

κεῖμαι δ' ἐπ' ἄκταις, ἄλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σάλλω,
πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος,
ἄκλαυτος ἄταφος·

Here I am rolled and rolled by the stream.
The taste of foam
The moaning of the winds

We burned like lions with
Ares in their eyes
But it is only in songs
that I envy the winds.
O let them scatter
my heart
among the ruins.
Over the cracked roads,
Through the reeds of the marshes,
Hollow voices blow
And the leaves bow down to other masters.

Ashes the cold,
the silent cast in stone,
Lifeless the corpses,
the stench, the horror.

Our eyes are enslaved by the sight of the pyres.
Les corps n'en finissent pas de brûler.
Depart from us or we will leave you
In the raining fire above.

The joys of sleepless nights are awaiting you.
The son of Morn may cry and never reach you.
I have seen the veil,
I have seen the grave,
The rain it came
And silence covers all.

The drop like spears, this hollow chest
These salty eyes that never rest.
They have seen this world,
They have seen the dead,
The night it came
And silence covers all.

O praise the moon
Don't await the dawn
The river's stream, the glimmering sky
I wandered all alone.
O sweet hemlock kiss,
The poisonsea burns
And silence covers all.

I poured into the vial of life the terror of living, the worst poison of all.

The young mocked our weakness.
Le soleil-guerre n'est pas au firmament.

Onde de sang, vent ardent.
Nous pénétrons des forêts de serpents ;
Nos lances – des aspics.
Des nuées sanglantes assombrissent l'horizon.
Nous avançons et à mesure que nous avançons, le sol se dérobe sous nos pas :
la terre grouille de corps.
Une grisante odeur de pourriture hante l'air de ses bois – nulle

corruption dans ce parfum, mais la douce amertume de notre échec.

The young mocked our weakness.
Le soleil-guerre n'est pas au firmament.

Les corps n'en finissent pas de brûler.

Ashes the cold, the silent cast in stone
That putrid moisture... and the rotting rain that hushes
Over the living
and over the dead
the delusion of thought
floating
that once ravished them
Je n'aimerais pas mourir sur de tels rivages
That olden piece you sang me by
The river
I can't remember
We had mud in our hair or
Was it the ashes
Blended into the blood flowing from
Your open chest
I can't remember
That song
You
Sang me by
The river
Still the
glimmering
sky I wandered all
alone.

*"Red river, red river,
slow flow heat is silence
No will is still as a river
Still."*

*"Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of Light, the silence
Oed' und leer das Meer".*

Drunk of our blood, a sky's faded.
Onde de sang, vent ardent.
I rolled like the sand
the
water
unfurls.
We are the everdead, the spark in the air.
Dust and water,
the blood of the harvest.

Vision is all that matters
To a wayward traveller

We were so proud in your pale masquerade
And we were lured by your glimmering shade.
We burn like lions with Ares in their eyes
But it is only in songs that I envy the winds.
O let them scatter my heart among the ruins.
You turn, you shiver
Your skin so pale, your breath so cold
I have been longing for your love,
I have been trying not to lose you.
Come, come, fear not...
The Son of Morn may cry, he will never reach us.
Thus is the promise of the winds.
And aimless on those muddy fields,
we wandered all night.
The columns of ashes
from the pyres draw
a solemn temple:
We have reached the altar.

ἔσται τι νέον·
ἤξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς.
Es muß etwas geschehen sein!

The vision is gone, what is left to see?

A poison for the eye, a cure for the heart
And the end of all faith.

De la source profonde jaillit ce chant mystérieux.

Θυμέ, θύμ' ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσιν κυκώμενε,
ἀναδευ, δυσμενῶν δ' ἄλέξει προσβαλῶν ἐναντίον
στέφνον, ἐνδόκοισιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθεὶς
ἀσφαλῆως· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο,
μήτε νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσῶν ὀδύρεο,
ἀλλὰ χαρτοῖσιν τε χαίρει καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα
μὴ λίην· γίγνωσκε δ' οἷος ὄυσμος ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.

« *Qu'est-ce pour nous, mon cœur, que les nappes de sang
Et de braise, et mille meurtres, et les longs cris
De rage, sanglots de tout enfer renversant
Tout ordre ; et l'Aquilon encor sur les débris*

Et toute vengeance ? Rien !... »

Je n'aimerais pas mourir sur de tels rivages,
Sous des cieux si vides
Où ne brûle nulle promesse.

... Soleil-guerre, onde de sang ...

Sunwar, the dead walked into the sand

Watch! the winds are dawning.
March with the streams of awe.
Prince Phobos I tear your wings
Released from the prisons of your grieves,
I am a front, an army of joy,
A century of burning.
Forth on this crawling sea,
I kill, I don't forget their shattered lives:
The perished shall pass along my shores,
They can't stand your eyes.

Raining down under the waves of blood
I chaos, I sunwar
Purple grains attached to linen soil
I roll, I drown into the chasms of war

Sunwar the dead
ὁ νυκτιφόρος ἥλιος· ἥλιος πόλεμος
νύξ – μόρος – κήρ – θάνατος
Νύξ δ' ἔτεκε στυγερόν τε Μόρον καὶ Κῆρα μέλαιναν
καὶ Θάνατον
νύξ, ἥλιος, πόλεμος.

In every deep, every ocean,
In every stream, every river
We have sailed our way,
The storm has led us this far.

We slay and slay,
We shatter and scatter
Carnage

Watch! the winds are swirling.
Rest, let the night fall on your eyes.
– O the night in your dying eyes –
But never long for slumber and mourning.

Raining down under the waves of blood
I chaos, I sunwar
Purple grains attached to linen soil
I roll, I drown into the chasms of war

Sunwar, sunwar, sunwar,
I chaos, I sunwar

πολλά γάρ, εὔτε πτόλις δαμασθῆ,
ἐή, δυστυχή τε πράσσει.
ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἀγει, φονεύ-
ει, τὰ δὲ πυρφορεῖ· καπνῶ
χραίνεται πόλις μ' ἅπαν·

μαινόμενος δ' ἐπιπνέει λαοδάμας
μαίνων εὐσέβειαν Ἄρης.

κορκορυγαὶ δ' ἄν' ἄστν, περὶ δ' ὄρκάνα
πυργῶτις, πρὸς ἀνδρὸς δ' ἀνήρ
δόρει κλίνεται·

γὰ δ' αἰάζει τὰν ἐγγαίαν ἦβαν
La terre n'aime pas le sang. Seule la patrie se repaît du noir torrent
que vomissent les poitrines
Amies, que faisons-nous de nos vieilles parures ?
— Elles ceignent d'autres corps
Que les nôtres
aimés et repoussants à la fois,
Car une telle froideur ne sied qu'aux palais des charognes
et non à des fronts chéris
Ah ! cette pâleur n'a d'égale que le marbre des temples et
même l'ivoire du poignard contrefait mieux la vie que sa pointe
a dérobée que ce visage.
Il se moque... n'a-t-il pas toute l'apparence d'un
dernier
éclat de...
— Vieille folle, c'est un autre souffle qui le fait aller et creuser son sillon :
Euros se lève. Allons, maintenant ! Il n'est pas pire ennemi pour les morts.
— N'est-ce pas plutôt cette terre cruelle qui t'arrache les entrailles ?
— Que dis-tu !
ἴτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηνάς τε, φίλοι,
τῶν δεσποσύνων περιασόμεναι
μόχθων· στερορὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

Hélas ! La cité s'évapore
Le marbre se fait vague, écume
Du ciel
Ondes perdues sous la mer
Éternelle, triste
Vasques tristes
Des noires fontaines
Endeuillées
des eaux du Léthé
Que le sang cesse de sourdre
Ou la fange deviendra marais
Les champs retourneront à la forêt
Et l'eau sera rendue au ciel
Un désert noir entouré de
Sinistres temples
Des troncs, ennemis de la lumière
Une nudité, ennemie de l'ombre
— ... mais l'obscénité plaît aux guerriers
— ... et l'obscurité est le seul refuge des esclaves
As-tu oublié ces terribles mines ? L'obscurité n'est que
le tombeau des esclaves.

Les épis suintent et ploient sous le triste joug
des vents, des morts, de la servitude.
Le chant de deuil aux endeuillées !

Pénombre éclore, l'inconstance des cœurs
Hier l'épithalame, aujourd'hui le thrène
La semence de l'œil
Ces larmes
Que les dieux boivent avidement.
Le chant de deuil aux endeuillées !

Allons ! Sous ces cieux fades de promesses,
des horizons hallucinés,
cette terre nous est désormais étrangère.
Seuls les vents hurlent à nos oreilles : qu'ils soient nos guides et
nos maîtres
Laissons là ces yeux fracassés que le sang aveugle.
Le chant de deuil aux endeuillées !

Arbres-vautours, festins de charogne,
chaomphalos devant nous : allons !
la cendre enténébre l'aveugle de lumière
écarlate dépecée au festin
des morts
vautours-géants

oubli transe
derniers éclats de nos yeux dispersés
fragment de
lumière
éteinte
chaomphalos
Allons !

Dying into a dance,
Dismal the tide of woes,
Your eyes still can't see
A wave in the foaming streams
Turned loose our praying son.
We dance about a fallen sun.

Hollowed by the pain,
I feel the rage coming in
Suffocating waves.

As a wreck in the streams of my bloodied kin's blood,
I dreamt of times saturnine when the festering might
Enflamed our hearts to the point where the lacerating
Was a joy...
It was a joy!
And then, when the vision's gone
And death's unformed,
I am torn.

Our eyes are enslaved by the sight of the pyres,
Cast under the yoke of our own death.

Uttermost the drugs that have led us this far:
The eyes, the poison, the vision, the might,
But still we don't probe the silence.

Here I am rolled and rolled by the stream.
The taste of foam,
The moaning of the winds.

The crawling snakes of massacre mesmerize the worn-out.
We gathered the first drop after the bite
And spilled the poison
over
the earth.
The taste of rain was bitter:
Blood and grey skies entwined.

Les corps n'en finissent pas de brûler.

Over
the
cracked roads,
Through the reeds
of the
marshes,
Hollow voices
blow
And the leaves
bow down
to
other masters.

Esteri Rémond
solo soprano
Camille Balarie, Louise Legendre, Julia Michaelis, Chloé Nadeau, Esteri Rémond, Séverine Ronsard, Anna Maria Sarasto, Karine Sylvain
female choir

David Kempf
solo violin, first violin, solo viola, conductor
Ismaël Guy, Inga Larusdottir, Elsa Saulnier
first violins
Sylvain Daumard, Hélène Hector, Sébastien Thaumon
second violins
Émilie Dunand, Étienne Philibert, Isabelle Robel
third violins
Shinji Chihara, David Choreman, Mathieu Hilbert
first violas
Sandra Cardon, Judith Thomas, Emma Urbanek
second violas
Julie Corda, Alexandre Grimaud, Anne Tigier
third violas
Vincent Catulescu, Catherine Fiolka
first cellos
Anne Fournier, Benjamin Rabenau
second cellos
Christian Dourinat, Éléonore Toinon
third cellos
Raymond Lebars, Yves Levignon, Arnaud Pioncet
basses

Nizar Attawi
ney flutes
Estelle Sandrard
bass flute
Vladimir Jamet
oboe
Camille Drillon, Samuel Gresch
clarinets
Michaël Hardy
bass clarinet

Klaus Amann
trumpet, french horn
Samir Hussein, Philippe Laumont
french horns
Arnaud Pasquier
trombone
René Adam
bass trombone

Marc Bertaud
timpani, bass drums
Alexandre Clément
bass drums, snare drum
Paul Lantenot
cymbals, gongs, tamtam
Pierre Mangin
various bells, steel drums, windchimes
Simon Eberl
industrial devices

All other instruments (*flutes, prepared piano, spinet and other keyboards, santur, percussion*) and vocals, sound-design and programming by Iskandar Hasnawi, Sébastien Roland and Renaud Tschirner.

Ensemble work recorded at *Studio des Moines*. Solo work recorded at *The Fall*.
Engineered and produced by Hasnawi / Roland / Tschirner at *The Fall*.

Texts by Hasnawi, with excerpts from Hesiodus' *Theogonia*, Archilochus (apud Stobaeum), Aeschylus' *Septem contra Thebas* and *Persae*, Euripides' *Hecuba*, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Arthur Rimbaud's *Vers nouveaux et chansons*, T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and *Landscapes*.
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