

## 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