

Once, in a land, a pale king
Had a strange crown...
The king's crown spoils his life,
He no longer wants to wear the crown...
The crown is cursed, the crown is damned:
"Oh father, your cursed inheritance!"

Because, if in the heart of the poor king,
Ah, only a hint of love stirs,
The crown starts to glow as well.
He no longer wants to wear the crown...
The crown is cursed, the crown is damned,
The crown scorches his forehead...

Yet, true to his duty, to the throne and kingdom,
The pale king endures, alone.

Until the day when a burning love
Seizes the heart of the king with power.
He cannot let go of his love any more
And the crown glows,
And the crown sings,
The crown stings him even to the brain!

The king throws the crown in the sea
And horridly, even in surging waves,
Its glowing heat extinguishes.

Yet out of the deep it sounds like cymbals,
And wedding bells:

There a pale woman rises up
With wild eyes and wet hair.
She reaches for the king,
And she pulls him below.

"Oh father, your cursed inheritance!"