

Karjala 03:38 Mait Karm, Erik Sakkov | Anzori Barkalaja

Ingeri 03:06 Erik Sakkov | MercA

Ikkagi 04:05 Erik Sakkov | Peep Ilmet

Luhäl 04:53 Henno Kelp, Erik Sakkov | Anzori Barkalaja

Inimsoohämarus (Déjà vu 1938) 04:10 Mait Karm, Erik Sakkov | August Sang

Narrivile 03:10 Erik Sakkov, Taavi Langi | MercA

Las 03:32 Erik Sakkov | Veiko Belials

Papale 02:53 Erik Sakkov | MercA

Mis isad ütlevad 03:25 Erik Sakkov, Elmar Liitmaa | Juhan Liiv

Salvestanud ja produtseerinud | Recorded and produced by Erik Sakkov

Miksinud ja masterdanud | Mixed and mastered by Austin Deptula

AD 2025



PANTOKRAATOR

Taavi Peterson - vokaal | vocals

Elmar Liitmaa - kitarr, taustavokaal | guitar, backing vocals

Henno Kelp - bass, taustavokaal | bass, backing vocals

Roland Puusepp - trummid | drums

Erik Sakkov - süntesaatorid, taustavokaal | synthesizers, backing vocals

Kaastegevad | Featuring:

Kaie Mikheim - torupill | bagpipe (1)

Kert Krüsban - akordion | accordion (2)

Taavi Langi - akustiline kitarr | acoustic guitar (6)

Rait Sohkin - taustavokaal | backing vocals (6, 7)

Fotod | Photography by Herkki Erich Merila

Kujundus | Design by Marge Nelk

Suur aitäh | Special Thanks:

Kristjan Rahu, Markus Gaisbauer, Margus Kulden, Margus Kangro, Raido Saar, Aivar Kaseste, Mait Karm, Mart Moldau, Janek Mäggi, Silvia Kübar, Marge Nelk, David Ryan Jenkins, Mari-Lin Sakkov, Helmi Sakkov, Indrek Patte, Ove Ainsalu, Marius Vahter, Ergo Ehte, Andreas Lukin, Andres Siitan, Karel Boggens, Sten Teppan, Juku-Kalle Raid.



Hea kuulaja,

Pantokraator on alati uskunud, et suurim ime on luua midagi eimillestki. Meie teekond pole olnud sile, aga ta on olnud sirge; sest eesmärgiks pole kunagi olnud kuld ja kard. Me loome, sest see on meie kirg ja rõõmu allikas. See album on järjekordne teetähis bändi tänaseks juba 44-aastaselt rännakul.

Elame keerulisel ajal, seetõttu on albumi nimeks August Sanga 1938. aastal kirjutatud luuletuse "Inimsoohämarus" lugemisel tekkinud äratundmine - see tekst kõlab täpselt nii nagu oleks see kirjutatud ... täna.

*Déjà vu**

On maagiline tunne.
Aitäh.
Head kuulamist.

Austusega,
Pantokraator

*Album Déjà vu on triloogia esimene plaat. Järgmine album ilmub 2026. aasta sügisel ja koosneb William Shakespeare sonettidele kirjutatud muusikast.
www.panto.ee

Dear listener,

Pantokraator has always believed that the greatest miracle is to create something out of nothing. Our journey has not been smooth, but it has been straight – for our aim has never been gold or glory. We create because it is our passion and our source of joy. This album marks yet another milestone in the band's 44-year-long journey.

We live in challenging times, which is why the album takes its name from a moment of recognition while reading August Sang's 1938 poem *Inimsoohämarus* (The Twilight of Mankind) – a text that sounds as though it could have been written today.

*Déjà vu**

It is a magical feeling.
Thank you.
Enjoy the music.

With respect,
Pantokraator

*The album *Déjà vu* is the first in a trilogy. The next will be released in the autumn of 2026 and will feature music set to the sonnets of William Shakespeare.

www.panto.ee







Karjala

Anzori Barkalaja

soine mäGINE
üe'ksavä'GINE
põhjatu kõrvemaa
kaeksakandne, korraga haa'rata küll ei saa
vikerkaarene
maa seitsme süllane, nii ja naa
sätib pilte silme ette
muistne Karjala

puine rohune
kuuelohune
küllane koskenmaa
viie ve'rsta vi'rune, vôi'ski oodata,
teedetol'mune
maa tuhatneljane, jaa! ahaa!
otse silmapiiri takka
kannab Karjala

luine lihane
kolmevihane
piinatud piirimaa
kaheraudne võib ju ka vaa'data nii ja naa
vastus ühene
maa siit ei tagane, küll ei saa
nägemata unedesse
jätta Karjala

päästad meeleepaelad valla
laisalt luitund kulda kallab
muist läeb üles, muist läeb alla
päripidi süüd
ristikiudu sööb end sisse
valgus sõlmesidumisse
ajapilti minemisse.
ongi meeles nüüd

Karelia

by Anzori Barkalaja

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

swampy, craggy
ninefold mighty
bottomless wilderness
eight-sided, too much to grasp at once
rainbow-hued
land seven furlongs wide, to and fro
lays out visions before my eyes
ancient Karelia

woody, grassy
six-fold-vallied
abundant land of rapids
five miles riding hard, what we waited for,
road-dusty
land passing at a gallop - yes! aha!
just beyond the field of view
stands Karelia

bony, fleshy
threefold fury
tormented borderland
a double-barrel may look here and there
only one response
there can be no retreat, no way at all
to empty thoughts and unseen dreams
leave Karelia

Chorus:
you release your fantasy
faded gold poured idly
some will rise and some will fall
going with the grain
across the grain the threads will bind
and rays of light will slowly wind
painting pictures in my mind
to stay in memory

Ingeri

MercA

Astun raskelt üle luha.
Maas on kaste - märg ja puhas,
jäljed kastes nagu lüngad,
vabarnaisse kasvand kungas ...
Siin kord oli majaase.
Kodukased! Kodukased!

Juurte vastas värsked naadid,
tüve ümber okastraadid -
voorusvööna ümber piha -
kidad kinni valges lihas.
Neitsid noored, ihajased:
kodukased, kodukased.

Püssitoru rõhub selga.
Kurat, surma ma ei pelga!
Näed neid kaski nagu mina,
tunned seda taevasina,
sina, kes mind selga lased?
Kodukased, kodukased.

Veri rohelisel rohul,
veri valgel kasetohul,
tüve küljes kuulitäkkes,
künka kõrval vanad äkked ...
Hommik peale valab vase.
Kodukased, kodukased ...

Ingria

by MercA

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

I tread alone across the lea.
The grass is dewy - wet and clean,
steps like gaps in morning's glaze,
a lonely mound with raspberry haze ...
Once a homestead, my eye searches
Home birches! Home birches!

Fresh weeds press against the roots,
the trunk with a barbed wire noose -
chastity belt around the waist -
steely barbs in white flesh laced.
Maidens ripe with longing, nurture:
home birches, home birches.

A rifle pressing from the rear.
Still of death I have no fear!
You see these birches, just like me,
you feel the same blue canopy,
you, from whom a bullet lurches?
Home birches, home birches.

Blood upon the grass and green,
blood upon the birch bark's gleam,
bullet holes left in the trunks,
upon the hillside rusting hunks ...
Morning's copper slowly reaches.
Home birches, home birches ...





Ikkagi

Peep Ilmet

Päevade pikku
kuude kaupa
aastate viisi
ei lakka imestamast

kui erinevad kujud
ometi ei ehmu eemale
kui erinevad näod
ometi ei heitu inetuks
kui erinevad silmad
ometi ei kohku kurjaks
kui erinevad meeled
ometi ei hirmu hingetuks

päevade veeredes
kuude kuludes
aastate haihtudes
ei võõrdu imetlemast

nii erinevad kujud
ometi tõmbavad teineteist
nii erinevad käed
ometi terendavad teineteisele
nii erinevad silmad
ometi peegeldavad teineteist
nii erinevad meeled
ometi meeldivad teineteisele

mõtlen kujutamatu
ometi kujunenud
mõtlen nähtamatu
ometi nähtav
mõtlen silmitsematu
ometi silmitsetav
mõtlen mõeldamatu
ometi olemas.





Still

by Peep Ilmet

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

Day after day
month following month
year upon year
I never cease to be amazed

how such different forms
still do not flee with fear
how such different faces
still do not appear unsightly
how such different eyes
still do not startle with malice
how such different senses
still do not flinch with fear

as days drift by
as months go missing
as years disappear
I never tire of marveling

that such different forms
still embrace each other
that such different hands
still reach for each other
that such different eyes
still mirror each other
that such different senses
still please each other

I think of the inconceivable
still it is conceived
I think of the invisible
still it is visible
I think of the unobtrusive
still it obtrudes
I think of the unthinkable
still it exists.

Luhal

Anzori Barkalaja

öö on tulnud ma ei maga
kõnnin jõeluhale veel
luiged läinud lumi taga
teab mis ootab neid teel

õhk on selge tähevalgel
helgib jõe sile pind
sellel pinnal vaatan varje
ja sind

vaatan ei saa keelduda
mäletada veenduda
voolad kui taas tulla saan
su juurde veel

öö on tulnud ma ei maga
hinges haiget veel teed
luiged läinud lumi taga
tahaks oleksid ...

hing on kerge olen vaba
näen vaid härmatand teed
luiged läinud minu taga
on need mustavad veed

öö on tulnud ma ei maga
kõnnin luha peal veel
õhk on selge tähevalgel
helgib jõe sile pind
minu ootus läheb mööda
talveks peitu end poeb
ootan valgust päeva selgust
...

vaatan ei saa keelduda
mäletada veenduda
sinu külge naalduda
kui oled...

At the Riverside

by Anzori Barkalaja

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

the night has come, I do not sleep
I walk the riverside
swans are gone, with snow now deep
who knows what fate they'll find

the air is clear in starry light
the river's surface glows
and there I watch the shadows' flight
and you

I watch - I cannot turn away
remember, feel, obey
you flow - and when I can return
to you again

the night has come, I do not sleep
you still sting my soul
swans are gone, with snow now deep
I wish you were ...

my soul is light, at last I'm free
I see a road of frost
swans are gone, behind me
waters dark and vast

the night has come, I do not sleep
still I walk the meadow's shore
the air is clear in starry light
the river's surface glows
my expectation starts to fade
and hides itself in snow
I wait for light, day's clarity
...

I look - I cannot turn away
remember, feel, obey
have my body pulled your way
if you are...





Inimsoohämarus (Déjà vu 1938)

August Sang

Õhtutaeva õhetus akendes
nagu surija silmakoopas.
Oma tähe pea süütab jumal, kes
nüüd valitseb terves Euroopas.
Palu, papp, aga taevast me abi ei saa:
jumal valitseb tähtede karju.
Umbsajus veel soovitab Britimaa
garantiide vihmavarju.
Kuigi mõistus meid manitseb rahule
ja mugavus ahjunurka, -
pööblil ässitus karvad viib kahule -
Poola väljadel algas masurka.

Näe, marssijaid massimiitingul koos.
kõmab tervitus tuhandeist suudest.
Jah, liiga palju on tõde ses loos,
mida Gulliver vestis jähuudest.



Nende pilgus on viha ja kättemaks,
nad on uue Euroopa fanfaarid.
Vaimu võimule saapaviksijaks
degradeerivad homsed tsaarid.
Ja kuigi ma tean, et põld ja nurm
vajab järjest ümberküнди,
Olen eilsete perest ja see on mu surm -
näha uute aegade süнди.
Nagu muiste, kui jää oli tulekul,
haistis hukatust kohmakas saurus,
nii tähtede poole pea pöördunud on mul
uute aegade tapvas aurust.



The Twilight of Mankind (Déjà vu 1938)

by August Sang

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

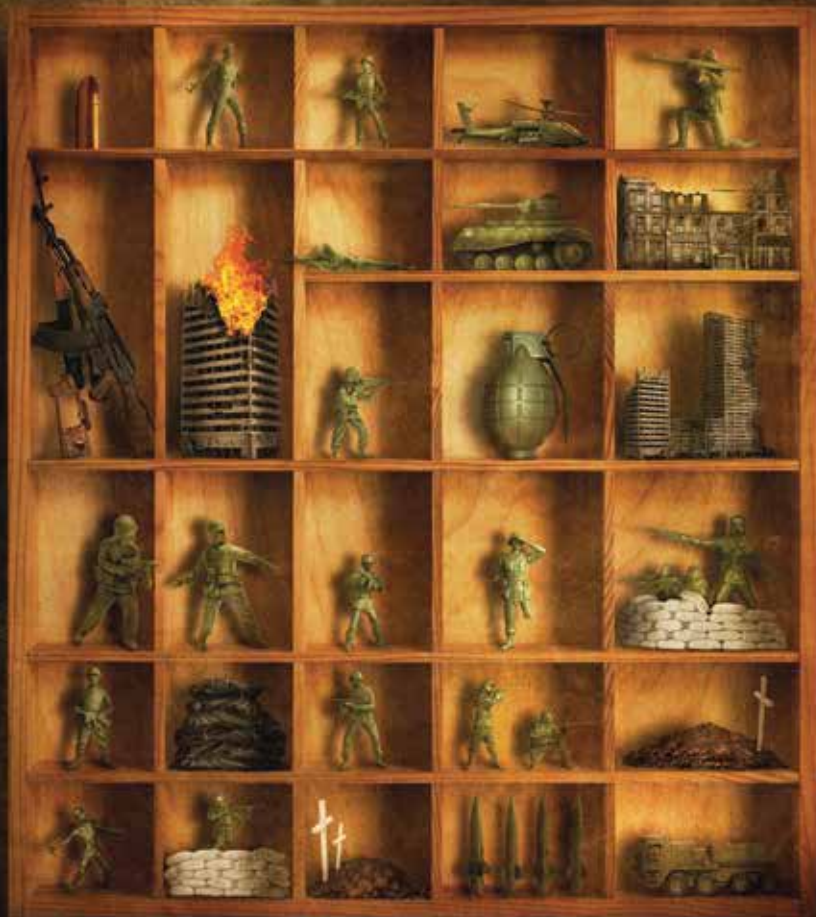
The glow of evening skies in the windows
like the eye socket in a dying man's skull.
A god lights his star above us - he who
now reigns over Europe all.
Pray, priest - but skies won't listen:
God governs the flocks of stars.
Drenched by torrents, a suggestion by Britain
guarantees as an umbrella so far.
Though reason drives us toward peace
and comfort calls us to hearth and home,
the mob's rage just will not cease -
on Poland's fields, the mazurka has come.

Chorus:

Behold the marchers in rallying crowds,
a chorus of mouths shouts their cheers.
Yes, too much truth speaks clear and loud
in Gulliver's tale of the Yahoos' jeers.



Their gaze is hatred and vengeance in kind,
they are the new European fanfares.
Shoeshiners for the power of the mind
degrade tomorrow's czars.
And though I know the meadows and fields
must be plowed all over again,
I am of yesterday's stock revealed -
seeing the new dawn will be my end.
As once, with the impending ice,
the clumsy dinosaur sensed its doom,
I turn my head to the stars
in today's poisonous plume.





Narrivile

MercA

Narr vilepillist valu välja ajab,
kõik sõrmeaugud täis on pisaraid,
viis müüririnnatiselt vastu kajab:
ka narri nutuga läeb hauda kuningaid.

Ei ole kõrval uhket leinakoori,
vaid narri vilepilli kurblik huik,
loeb lahkund vürstil kokku eluskoori.
Kui annab Jumal, lahkume nii kõik!

The Jester's Flute

by MercA

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

The jester blows sorrow from his flute
each finger hole full of tears,
echoes from the ramparts follow suit:
at the king's grave, a weeping jester appears.

No requiem by a funeral choir,
just the flute and its doleful wail,
weighing the deeds of the departed sire.
And by God's will, so must we all die.

Las

Veiko Belials

Las rooste rabab rauda
Las halge nilpsab leek
Kes jõuetu - läeb hauda
Ja vaesed pärib seek

Las repetavad rondid
Las tumeneda kuld
Las pudenevad kondid
Las mureneda muld

Las sõrenevad liivad
Las tumenevad ööd
Las hõrenevad tiivad
Las aeg teeb oma tööd

Las soodest saavad rabad
On maailm püsita
Las rooste rauda rabab
Me käest ei küsita

Let

by Veiko Belials

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

Let rust devour iron
Let the log be caressed by flame
The weak find a grave to lie in
The poor inherit the same

Let wrecks be torn asunder
Let gold lose all its glow
Let bones fall down to powder
Let earth break down below

Let sands wear thin and scatter
Let night give way to black
Let wings grow frail and tatter
Let time complete its task

Let bogs from wetlands grow
The world won't stand, won't stay
Let iron be devoured
We're not asked, anyway





Papale

MercA

Pole taeval äärt ei otsa -
õhk on kõikjal sinine.
Aga ükskord aeg saab otsa,
ära lahkub inime:

Igavesse minemisse,
häosse, mis on mullamust.
Igavikku murrab sisse
sadatuhat armastust.

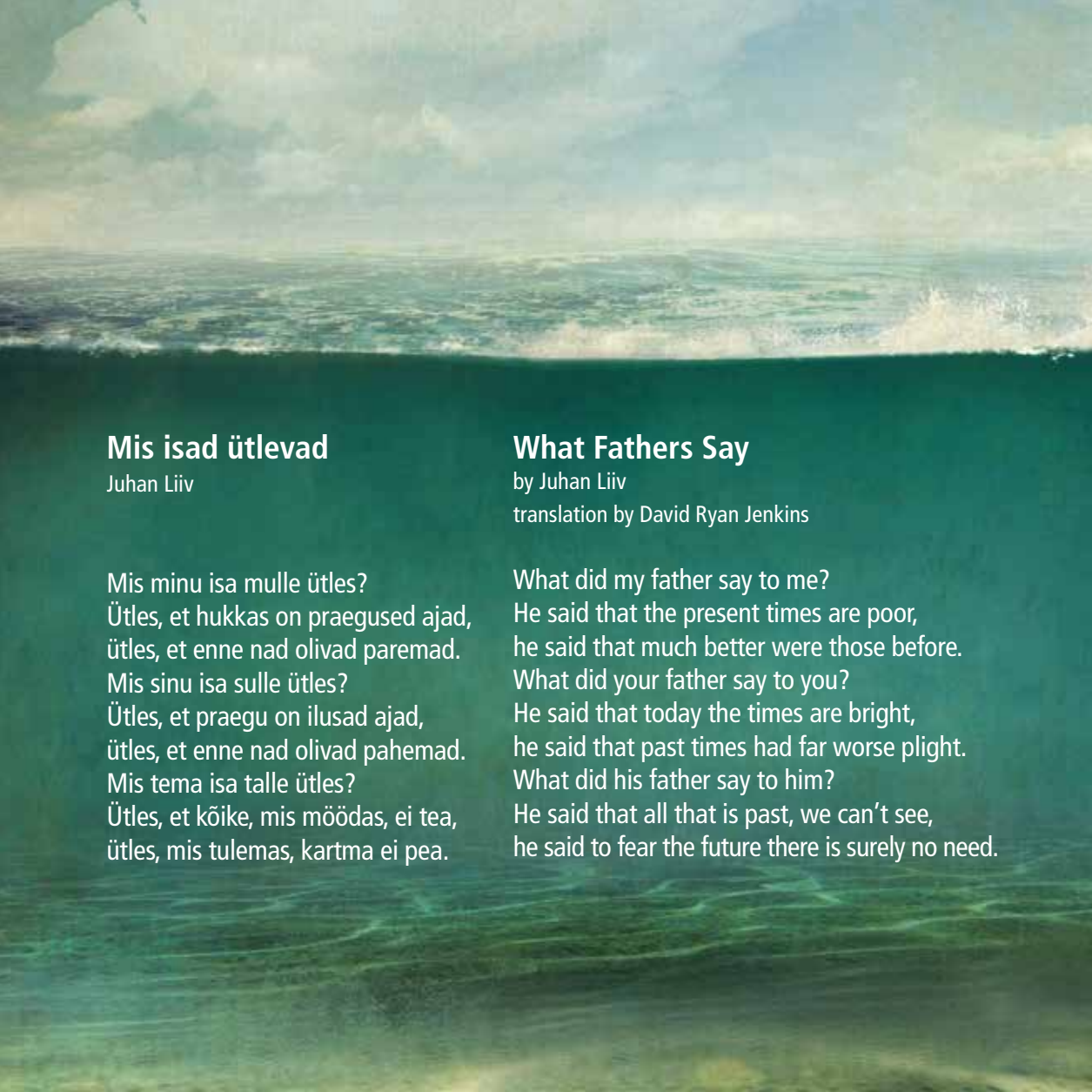
For Papa

by MercA

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

The sky has neither edge nor end -
everywhere the air is blue.
But time, at last, will end,
a person must leave too:

The journey into bleak forever,
into black earthen mist above.
Eternity admits however
a hundred thousand loves.



Mis isad ütlevad

Juhan Liiv

Mis minu isa mulle ütles?
Ütles, et hukkas on praegused ajad,
ütles, et enne nad olivad paremad.
Mis sinu isa sulle ütles?
Ütles, et praegu on ilusad ajad,
ütles, et enne nad olivad pahemad.
Mis tema isa talle ütles?
Ütles, et kõike, mis möödab, ei tea,
ütles, mis tulemas, kartma ei pea.

What Fathers Say

by Juhan Liiv

translation by David Ryan Jenkins

What did my father say to me?
He said that the present times are poor,
he said that much better were those before.
What did your father say to you?
He said that today the times are bright,
he said that past times had far worse plight.
What did his father say to him?
He said that all that is past, we can't see,
he said to fear the future there is surely no need.

