

Against The Cursed

Adultery

The sky is dark
Like the black candles of damnation.
The wind desisted from blowing and birds became silence.

The last black warriors rose
The rest of the creatures damned by winter.

And the white glare against them,
Holding the white sword over his head.
See, the strength in arms and power in eyes
Are guarantee of freedom.

The orders and swords' tinkling are heard,
The white glare against the curse -
There are dead bodies all around and sighs of killed souls.
Where these ways end, where they take us in time?

The flames burn on the battlefield,
The sky is clearing up over the white glare.
This is the great victory of the King Eltheas,
The death for winter and it's face.