

Ashes will scatter on earth as a necklace, beginning of night.
Scars stare at us from the sky.
The mirror of lake water will give us the way,
The sublimity of cities will unveil to our eyes.
Sad mirage reflects the pain,
The southern wind quietly dies in silence.

The ancient mountains will freeze a heart of the earth.
Draw eyes on your palms,
Let your hair fall down onto shoulders,
Let the wind to dry them up.
Recollect a song forgotten by me, let trees remind you..
Throw some salt into a fire

Clear the ground of gods.
Fall on the sand, embrace the cold stones,
Ask only which you'll need for the way.
Their soul awaken by your breath,
So let their advices through your ears.
Listen to the ground,
A footfall of horses are audible here,
Look at the sky, the star - your satellite, flashes up.
Pray to fire, there is a life flow in his flame...

In the morning, we will make a way,
In the middle of deserted waters,
Under the gold of the burning sun,
There damp, dusty and sour rain,
The smell of thunder-storms, and bile of freedom,
There calls an inner voice
The rich merchant will come to us and give us a thousand coins.