

Hymn To The Sun

Aesma Daeva

To bright palace of gold sun
I fly on flaming steed
to steer my father's god wings.
O please, fulfill my dream.

My queen is the bright-haired sun.
Herald young horse master;
crescendo the dawn chorus;
bow to bronzen pilot;
as Pantheon blessed sky father, fly to the gods:
few mortals have flown on wings.

Fierce idols drive blood sun
through black heavens
so how shall I dream?
I'll weave a new verse
each dawn for you.

I fear I follow illusion.
Is this my final veil?
The mirage of the phoenix
from ash daily arises.