

Where the mountain stream falls beneath the frozen shroud  
In the bleak forest home, a thousand years old frost is the companion

Thick white clouds of haze embrace the animals' moss shelters  
In the time of sleep, shared by all the forest creatures  
While the ember is smouldering, ready to catch fire again  
In the spring the snake crawls in to swallow the last shreds of grey

from the nutrient virgin soil  
the colourful splendour of the world is reborn  
the armed man and a stallion  
.. adventurous endless wayfaring

nobody knew where the way  
he took would lead  
Steel, which he refined  
When his forge shined with the glitter of all stars into the black nights

The man treaded the wolf trails, crossed by those of deer, lynx  
and delusions  
Frightened bird flocks let know of his presence  
In the moments he resisted the traps of wilderness  
As it read in the visions of his election

Alliance with mighty spirits ruling the weather  
Influencing what is to become ...  
How long did he have to travel to get to his destination ....  
What things did he discover and learn  
How many wounds did he suffer and how many did he have to deal

He who wields iron by rude force and delicate touch  
He who tasted and dealt no mercy in regal portions

Words of return, gradually fell into oblivion  
As so many moons passed, and people lost their count  
No one had a clue who was the man the traveller spoke about  
No one knows where he disappeared, and who cut off the head of the  
the  
the devil master, plundering here long ago