

## NAVb - Carpathian Sonnet Of The Dead

Depresy

Solidified clay deceived by faint light of day  
Across trees flew short dusk without flame  
Today the frost drains marl drunken by rains  
Doused will be land tortured by winds

Embrace of mist overflowing the sticks  
Eagerly awaits on repulsive gravestones  
Under funeral ground is bore nocturnal fear  
Silence screams when unrest resides on soul

Chilly timber surrounded chalcedonian seas  
Ominous whip of wings spoke from the crests  
Crimson eyes flared and clearly burn  
Darken skies by quills are declaring Kraèún

Burning crimson of twilight has disappeared  
Paraselena is hidden by mist  
Funeral calm turned to gale in necropolis  
And mortal land crossed the dead

Fiery glances soared over rainy mountains  
By mourning screech they are paving their way  
Souls that fly will recover on ground  
And dead men on hooves will bring the revenge

Behind the gates of life, beyond the fire of torch  
From sacred yird, where dead ones dwell  
Come souls so silent and secretly

Aeons of wolflike famine howl the choirs  
That chant of the dead will burn by blaze  
Invisible black hordes will gallop tonight

Clatter turns to silence - majestic and solemn  
Seven winters passed away, twelfth fullmoon rules  
Spirits are still roaming and graves are emptied  
Graves are vacant and spirits are wandering

Marble on cenotaph got so cold  
Nightly gesture oranta redeems the forlorns  
And carpathian forests will hide the strayers