

The Day Will Come

Drudkh

From the ruins and fire your greatest treasure - the
truth,
That was not given to the vengeance of angry gods,
You, leaving your fire-place, took it
And now you are carrying it through the cold and slush.
Behind there are whistles, somebody's hoarse cries,
Foreign words in the mouth, crushed hearts,
And the evil-enemy's anger - such as yours, big,
That will meet with yours and grapple till the end.
And through the fog and smoke, each time more
confidently, closer
Tears off, gets up - you see it good! -
Under the cataclysm of days: under the black slaughter
High flame of the common goal.
And you are waiting for the terrible nights, thuds of
steel,
Hard as heart sound - you waited for them so long! -
Even the space will cross three-beaked lightnings
And the angry roar of the elements, and the glories of
Alcazar.