

Towards the Light

Drudkh

Northern winds force them down,
Snows cover up their way,
But they go without ceasing,
But they without rest go.

Their clothes are sodden by blood.
Their flags are torn to pieces.
But each, each of them
With death has overcame death.

Northern winds force them down,
Snows cover up their way,
But they go without ceasing,
But they without rest go.