

When the Flame Turns to Ashes

Drudkh

At a time you seemed to me like a wounded eagle

That has been left in agony to die...

Your eyes are watching the damned enemy

Who wanted to trample you with their feet.

You're breathing with anger and burning, but not
dying...

To dig you're shuffling ground with your claws,

With one wing you're beating off the rooks

And laying on the other one, that's broken...

At a time you seemed to me like a stately knight,

Who lay in steppe to rest on the stone...

You're hardly sleeping and delirious about the ruthless
battle,

While your enemy is hissing like a snake...

My nation! And you - an eagle, that has been wounded at
the night,

Why aren't you a knight, who has been captured?

Oh my eagle, my winged giant,

Oh my knight, who has been punished for the sleep!..

Why on earth, my eagle, don't you fly with eagles,

But dragging wings, as oars, by the ground?!

Why on earth, my knight, don't you go into action,

But such a wind, you're plaintively crying in the
tillage?!

So what is an eagle, if his flock

Doesn't pluck from the earth into the blue of serene

day,

And what kind of knight are you with smile of servant,

Without proud thoughts, without a honour and a name?!