

The Sentry

Gorod

Eyes... on the domain of death

Watching from afar the lowest place of the underworld
Keeping the dark abode of the earth

Wise, the sentry sees and hears what others do not perceive
Clear-sighted, prophetic, the omen of the twilight rises to rec
all the truth

And decipher the warnings of fate

Watching from afar the lowest place of the underworld
Keeping the dark abode of the earth... Silent flight
Ominous, its cry foreshadows war and disorder
Storm, flood, heralding death to come
Here comes the eagle of the night
One can hear its silent flight
Glowing with its golden eyes
The sentry... holds a wake for those who died
Storm, flood, heralding death to come
Elegiac chant leading the soul to grief
White deadly dress stained with the blood of the weak
Haunting the caves, standing on the graves
Bringing wealth only to the brave

Solitary and restrained with its gaze piercing the obscurity
Whose flyover is considered for some as an omen of victory

Heralding death to come!
Ravenous spree... tearing bowels and flesh
Is there something better than getting drunk with their blood?
Good-for-nothing, banished to the night-time hours
Keeping the dark abode of the earth
Heralding death to come!