

Dotyk ohňa

Hromovlad

sklonte hlavy ludске tvory smrtelne,
pred ziarou rannej zory, ktorou plamene
horia svatym ohnom nad vychode krajom,
kolesom svaroga na veky vekov,
slava bohom!

dotyk ohna, vola bohov, zbori svet a spali v prach,
bo oni drzia v rukach osud, vietor, hromy, bleskov ziar,

vam co ste padli v boji, vo velkom tryzneni
kracali bok po boku v bojovom besneni,
patri vecna slava dazbogovho rodu,
patri vecny zivot v perunovom vojsku,
slava bohom!

pribehy slavy su uz len tienom,
prastary odkaz, slabnucim plamenom,
malo nas, malo, dazbogovych vnukov,
co dotyk ohna vyviedol z radov...
...slepych!

dotyk ohna, vola bohov, zbori svet a spali v prach,
bo oni drzia v rukach osud, vietor, hromy, bleskov ziar

Translation: Touch of the Fire

submit your heads,mortal human beings
front of the blaze of morning zora
flames are burnin in holy fire,up above eastern regions,
by svarog's wheel forever and ever,
glory gods!

the touch of the fire and the will of lords can raze the world and bu
rn to dust,
as they hold fate,wind,thunders and lighting in their hands

you,who were killed in war,in heavy rughing
and walked side by side i martial rage,
eternal fame of dazbog's tribe belongs to you,
and never ending life in perun's army,
glory gods!

tales of glory are just an umbrage
archaic legacy,failing torch,
there are only a few of us,dazbog's children
that were led out from blind men's row

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rn to dust,
as they hold fate,wind,thunders and lighting in their hands