

Misery

Khors

Through the haze of the fog
You can hear the breath of the grief
Souls of warriors are passing away,
Bringing suffering to the hearts.

Red river carries sad news
The songs of birds cannot be heard
Silence hanging over gloomy wood
And the sun hesitating to rise.

Life and light passed away from this world
Having left the moans of sorrow
Death-rattles and mothers' sobbings.

Behind the ancient wood
Shadows of gods receive to their world
The souls of brave and eternal.