

## In The Skin Of A Bear

Nomans Land

Golden rye waits in the fields  
For the harvest coming up  
Man is waiting for sunrise  
Bears crown to try on  
Wind bends rye spikes to the ground  
This time crops are ripen well  
Grains are falling like a gold  
To the den of bear

The hymn to bearskins will sung  
By their children  
And when curtain time will come  
By children of their children  
Let the heart to prompt a term  
When it's time to make a choice  
And to clothe like king a wood  
Fell in the skin of a bear. "The call of ancestors"

The ice chains will be broken by the first coming rill  
And sleeply mighty hands will feel free again  
Refreshing vital juices will run thru young veins  
Drive out the drunkenness and waking the life up

You hear the voices of the ancestors around  
When the mountain top is red-stained by the dawn  
And a ship is rolled on surges from impstiens  
Just when your palm touch the hilt of a sword

Be ready for the trials new life is coming on  
You'll hear the greatest voices  
To take the place beside  
They call you. In the kingdom  
Where forever brave man live