

Pageant of the eternal ones

Panychida

Sun is rising up on the sky
rays of light are rushing to the earth.
So... smell the wind, follow eagles and fly
so... feel the spring from south to north !

Where the grass grows overhead
please let me rest of bloody world!
Let me forget souls who are dead
far into the lake I am throwing my sword!

Of the wood... they made chairs and tables
Oaken wood... where gods sit from times... immemorial!
Of the wood... they made chairs and tables
Oaken wood... it bled of their wide sharpen axes

Sound of the laugh rings in the air
clash of cups brings taste of the mead.
Thundering spree of the eternal ones
blowing the fear from their sons.

Vesna calls wind, incoming and clear
Veles drives the cattle of best drove.
Morana shines of blackest fear
mighty father Perun sees all with joy!

To live same as their loyal and mortal believers
this has forever been superb pride of our gods!
To fight with ones who dwell in the sewers...
Gods bring the law to the world through acts and words!

Sun is rising up on the sky
Rays of light are rushing to the earth.
So... smell the wind, follow eagles and fly
so... feel the spring from south to north !

Of the wood... they made chairs and tables
In the Woods... where gods sit from times... immemorial!
Of the wood... they made chairs and tables
Oaken wood... it bled of their wide sharpen axes

So... hold up your pints of mead and drink it to the health of all the world
wish peacefull rest to the brave ones who died before decades!
So... think about your dreams and let your wings to warm in cold
let them unfold wide... over your inner lands!

Dark grey cloud...
Got near the place...
Dream away the dream...
Invisible grace...