

The Place He's Coming from

Panychida

Imagine midnight wood,
leaves are falling down from trees.
Let begin election
of sovereign to rule heathens.
Unknown man,
a lonely stranger is coming into camp.
Veiled in cape,
staff in hand - oaken branch from olden land.
Be welcome wayfarer, come and rise some pints with us!
Then tell us, who you are and where's your journey destination.
Our tribe is looking up to those, who reach up dangerous land a
round.
Believe me...honestly,
old blood's flame is burning in your eyes.
I can see your ancestors,
fortune is standing on your side.
Ancient scrolls are speaking clear
"...find last independent nation..."
Help them grow,
teach them how to use their blood's might.
Our tribe is looking up to those... who reach up dangerous land
around!