

NAVb - Carpathian Sonnet Of The Dead

Depresy

Solidified clay deceived by faint light of day
Across trees flew short dusk without flame
Today the frost drains marl drunken by rains
Doused will be land tortured by winds

Embrace of mist overflowing the sticks
Eagerly awaits on repulsive gravestones
Under funeral ground is bore nocturnal fear
Silence screams when unrest resides on soul

Chilly timber surrounded chalcedonian seas
Ominous whip of wings spoke from the crests
Crimson eyes flared and clearly burn
Darken skies by quills are declaring Kraèún

Burning crimson of twilight has disappeared
Paraselena is hidden by mist
Funeral calm turned to gale in necropolis
And mortal land crossed the dead

Fiery glances soared over rainy mountains
By mourning screech they are paving their way
Souls that fly will recover on ground
And dead men on hooves will bring the revenge

Behind the gates of life, beyond the fire of torch
From sacred yird, where dead ones dwell
Come souls so silent and secretly

Aeons of wolflike famine howl the choirs
That chant of the dead will burn by blaze
Invisible black hordes will gallop tonight

Clatter turns to silence - majestic and solemn
Seven winters passed away, twelfth fullmoon rules
Spirits are still roaming and graves are emptied
Graves are vacant and spirits are wandering

Marble on cenotaph got so cold
Nightly gesture oranta redeems the forlorns
And carpathian forests will hide the strayers