

It is time to begin.  
It is just time to remember. The olden times.  
Who will be narrated now. Since that time sea gets dry, and has  
turned into a desert. The mountain peaks reaching the sky, now  
has vanished and turned into a bog.  
From a mountain rises up dust, from a mountain rises up smoke.  
There patter horses hoofs call to a great war.  
The leader of the tribe leads his troops.  
innumerable years have passed.  
Dressed in chain armour he runs  
When he sees an enemy, fast like whirlwind,  
The man ferocious like the tiger has passed through the centuries!