

The pain burns in my consciousness  
By a fresh disturbed wound:  
Why is your shape, Khan Tengri,  
Bewitched by a gloomy fog?  
Seeing your silhouette torn apart.

My heart is beating all the more strongly,  
As if at a pillory, wild villains beat the slave...  
Tell me, ancient and mighty:  
How do you avoid burdensome light,

Blackened by a wave of heavy clouds,  
How do you pass through thousand centuries?  
Why does your bottom poplar turn yellow before the autumn rain?  
Why is it so sad?

Open the secrets, two-humped top,  
Deep and long truthfulness!  
Free wind brings to you powerful screams  
From the beautiful valleys.  
Clouds are breaking off above you,  
It's splashing a surf of new life...

Why is your shape, Khan Tengri,  
Bewitched by a gloomy fog?  
Seeing your silhouette torn apart.