

We have trampled into dust,
The emptiness of endless steppe.
We have filled with the ring of blades,
The space of the continent.
We were galloping towards that distant line,
Where the sky closes up with the earth.

We were dethroning princes,
And ruining walls of the palace
And it seemed that we were swiping the cities away,
Just with a wave of a hand

Winter is my name.
Time has come again.
Memories of the past day, have gotten cold and ask for fire.
Ground, is a flesh wound, open for the winter sleep.
In the expanse of the high skies, the gates are already open wide.

In his voice there are steel and fire,
And tramping of hundreds of thousands steeds.
His will is the will of Tengri...

"You know your future, Great Khan"

"We rode back home. My father didn't talk.
Finally he said to me : "You did good. A man has to choose his wife."
I didn't know that day... would change my life forever."