

We set forth
A retinue
With steed and cart
So we roved the land
Stealthily
We sallied out
To find new shores
As the passage led

Set sail, ye hearts
Into the sea of hope
The druid blessed
This mount froseen
We grudged no pains
We faced distress
Yet a glowing wick
Kindles fire...

Alike a liminal place
A dormant beacon we faced
The haven foretold
A fortress of ages to come

At the rise of a new dawn
Woke the daughter of the sun
Wafted on black wings
Vastly soaring boding skies

We followed
The rites of old
As we stock out
The ordained new land
We held our breath
As the skies got black
And a storm arose
A swarm of crows

Lo and behold!
The black birds branched out
A circle wide
In the riven skies
They lined the nemeton
Of the fulgent hill
and again, and again, and again
The presage witnessed

Adiantunne ni exverti
Adiantunne di nappisetu