

O'er crimson moonlight, mirk Poets, lengthering Shadows
revealed dismay impurity hidden there,
In oestrus forest elegies, bloomed in twilight gray,
By sirens of Arkona, Slavon' Gods swore, never to fade away...

Stillness impales me, throughout the years I've yearned,
for thy embrace, for shadows pure, Oeuvre pagan mine,
Lurking with the caves of mist and lunar feeble shine
preternaturally ambient like an aery lullaby...

Oaken God, thy sword arise, With majesty to thee such own,
thy folk shall never thee despise, like shall do Jesus Fucking
Christ!
Remember them when pagan fire, from skies in rains shall burn t
he holy soil.

Wrath... As the Statues Wooden were,
Arisen to life and with the troops of pagas
New era was 'bout to begin
Now... For Volk and Heathen Race,
We, like the gods of human Thoughts
To Heavens rise our Bows and Swords.

Ako Orol, ktorý hniezdo svoje pred supmi chráni,
tak i Hromovládca Perún, pohanskú zem,
A hoc sám už minulosť nenavrátim,
Ja, v boji za národ, i zomrieť hodlám preò...

Barefeet, wandering through the gardens of the past,
Among the founts of long-forgotten lays,
With the sagas of the fallen leaves and tragedies the sunsets w
rote
Shall witness crucifixion of the Nazarene again!

Waterfalls they flow with different waters everytime,
But my pride remains unchanged with every drop that passes
by my side, wishing I could rise my sword, to see the thunder
striking 'bove the Perun's oaken stand...

Roses of darkest colour, the embers flame devours,
the memory of the Dark-Age but still bright and free,
and though the curtain untorn remains, I vow to thee,
that my faith for pagan race shall live eternally...