

Il Pagano

Ethereal Pandemonium

I heard the euphony, brothers' heathen hymn for the last time,
Dying in agony, implacably killed by the cross of saviour...

My soul arisen from blood of your fear in darkness
Chalice of blindness is brimmed with emptiness,
I despise the light of candle that wax is seen as death
And my hands won't join and my mind won't defer...

Melancholy choir of death, sounds through the pagan sun,
Sword desires the blood on behalf of no one,
The tears of the desperate pagans, who've lost even themselves,
Their crying is accompanied with the sinister church bells,

Wake up, my brothers, friends, now you cannot be dead!
It is the time to defend our motherland!

You've stayed alone, my son, your gods will show you the way!
But how can I vanquish my grief?
Never go astray!

That day when the reign of book was changed into the empty dust
,
False candle with extinguish and the sword will rust,
Conscience of the ancestors will turn up with the clever sign,
The fears brought the Darkness to minds of the roots of time...

Sono Pagano, Odio la Christianita!

Vidim mŕtve tela, tisice Slovanov, čo padli v boji za nas, pohanov,
Srdce zvierá mi ziaľ. Kresťan! Stihne ťa sud!
Pomstíme svojich bratov, povstaň moj ľud!

I burst into the tears, when I feel the blood of my sons,
Meadows studded with the death, a part of me died,
You are the last and fated
Who stayed to fight for the honour of the pagans,
Whose dignity was trampled by the beast,
Coming on behalf of Jesus Christ...

The prophecy of the fourth rider was hidden in the rose,
The fallen gill means the fall of the genuine pure horse,
The spines mean the pain of knowledge which has been so narrow,
I didn't succumb to embrace of candle's shadow!
Never!