

Dance Of Druids

Fferyllt

Old stones by the sun will be lighted,
Summer's longest day will begin.
We'll make a sacrifice to remind
The Gods and Goddesses for our win.

The cheerful clang of the sickle is around -
Anticipating the pleasure of Gods.
We're making better our beautiful ground,
Our native land spilling enemy's blood

Hands to sun we have raised..
Fire of hearts and mood of Midsummer is reflecting in our eyes...

Druids gather in glade of the forest,
Silently talking near stone altar
The scoured echo of the oldest stories
Is flying through branches to the Northern stars.

"We're there... We're staying on our Great land
With bowls full of a glimmer blood..
For you, the Gods, our open hearts and
For sun, its arrows through the clouds..."

Between the elements our freedom
It's time to glorify the crop..
Let's fade everything we needn't
And ask the win in future war!"

When spirits of the forest are dancing near the fire
The twilight will come to us from horizon's line.
The silence has enveloped the loudest someone's crying..
And summer's songs of birds and wind will recall in our mind.

"The Gods! Take the gifts from our land
And give the goodwill for our tribe.
We've sent in battle not one thousand
Their names by ice wind have been scribed..."

No more our land will be another's..
Our wish is enemy's fast death.
The Queen of Hel will waiting for them
When they are gone by icy breath..."

The northern night is closer; the longest day is ending..
Old stones are raying the heat like from entrails of Earth.
And in the middle of the world named Midgard we're standing
While in the bowl is impious blood of a christian girl.