

Dotyk ohňa

Hromovlád

sklonte hlavy ľudske tvory smrteľne,
pred ziarou rannej zory, ktorou plamene
horia svatým ohnom nad východe krajom,
kolesom svaroga na veky vekov,
slava bohom!

dotyk ohňa, vola bohov, zbora svet a spali v prach,
bo oni držia v rukách osud, vietor, hromy, bleskov ziar,

vam čo ste padli v boji, vo veľkom tryznení
kracali bok po boku v bojovom besnení,
patri večna slava dazbogovho rodu,
patri večný život v perunovom vojsku,
slava bohom!

pribehy slavy su už len tienom,
prastary odkaz, slabnucim plamenom,
malo nás, malo, dazbogových vnukov,
čo dotyk ohňa vyviedol z radov...
...slepych!

dotyk ohňa, vola bohov, zbora svet a spali v prach,
bo oni držia v rukách osud, vietor, hromy, bleskov ziar

Translation: Touch of the Fire

submit your heads, mortal human beings
front of the blaze of morning zora
flames are burnin in holy fire, up above eastern regions,
by svarog's wheel forever and ever,
glory gods!

the touch of the fire and the will of lords can raze the world and burn to dust,
as they hold fate, wind, thunders and lighting in their hands

you, who were killed in war, in heavy rushing
and walked side by side in martial rage,
eternal fame of dazbog's tribe belongs to you,
and never ending life in perun's army,
glory gods!

tales of glory are just an umbrage
archaic legacy, failing torch,
there are only a few of us, dazbog's children
that were led out from blind men's row

the touch of the fire and the will of lords can raze the world and burn to dust,
as they hold fate, wind, thunders and lighting in their hands