

## Sacrament of Buyan

Khors

Waves are breaking on the rocks  
The moonlight is scattered on the water  
Night has fallen on the old island  
Wrapping the splinter of earth with darkness

The ancient land remembers  
Reflections of great battles  
The eternal land still keeps  
Secrets and ashes of the ancient

Flares of lightnings, peals of thunder,  
Abate over wood, letting the light through  
And the sun, breaking through the embrace of the gloom  
Will warm the Earth, bringing life to her