

## The Fog (...and Grief Still Moans)

Khors

Over the high hills the wind carries  
The voice of the old man-magus, herald of the death  
His news are echoing in the distance,  
Breaking the rest of the Earth

Proud birds sing their song  
To heroes of the fights and to defeated  
To their pure souls and to their unbending will

Deep waters of the river fly  
Hide bodies of the fallen  
Taking souls and healing wounds

In the fog of cold gloom  
Grief's moaning is heard  
The moaning of the destroyed destinies  
And the spell of the old man.