

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.