

Shadows of the Past

Mithotyn

Over mountains and rivers.
Over valleys and creeks,
the spirit of our forfathers sweep.

Past plains and forests.
Past the clouds in the sky.
the shadow of the ravens flies.

Shadows!
Shadows of the past.
Shadows!
Of what once used to be.
Shadows!
Shadows of the past.
Shadows!
Vanishing to be just a memory.

Through land after land.
Through the grass on the meadow,
the breath of the elderly still blow.

Beneath the sun and the moon.
Beneath the stars way up high,
the ancient oaks reaches for the sky.

Shadows!
Shadows of the past.
Shadows!
Of what once used to be.
Shadows!
Shadows of the past.
Shadows!
Vanishing to be just a memory.