

In The Skin Of A Bear

Nomans Land

Golden rye waits in the fields
For the harvest coming up
Man is waiting for sunrise
Bears crown to try on
Wind bends rye spikes to the ground
This time crops are ripen well
Grains are falling like a gold
To the den of bear

The hymn to bearskins will sung
By their children
And when curtain time will come
By children of their children
Let the heart to prompt a term
When it's time to make a choice
And to clothe like king a wood
Fell in the skin of a bear. "The call of ancestors"

The ice chains will be broken by the first coming rill
And sleeply mighty hands will feel free again
Refreshing vital juices will run thru young veins
Drive out the drunkenness and waking the life up

You hear the voices of the ancestors around
When the mountain top is red-stained by the dawn
And a ship is rolled on surges from impstiens
Just when your palm touch the hilt of a sword

Be ready for the trials new life is coming on
You'll hear the greatest voices
To take the place beside
They call you. In the kingdom
Where forever brave man live