

Final Donation to the Oath

Panychida

Frosty morning in cold darkness
on sorrow mountain it's drowning...
somewhere in the deep your fear awaits
ancient borders are down-falling.

Kneeling to pray the God of the Sun
bloody hands are shivering
painful mist is poisoning your heart
shackles are changing into sharp knife.

Icy wind is blowing hard
through the landscape of your mind...
calling you to cry and repent
taking away the truth of the past!

Arteries sheltered in red fire
sacred edge will open way
closed eyelids in dreams of death
fortune holds silver blade of sentence.

Your last journey leads to stars
your soul's waiting for long way
in the middle of the wastelands
life is flowing like a shifting sand...

Memories of the pain...
Inflame lava bright as stars...

Defence... gloominess... sand... despair
failure... madness... night... and blades!

Fatality... desert... sweat... blood
suffering... fall... screaming... and dust!

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Building the pyre of the wood
swallowing bitter tears of the sorrow...
celebrating rites described in ancient rules
this night pharos shines for his soul...

Raging flames, embracing figure in leather.
History is fading... up in the smoke
takes a last look to his gone brother
oath of the eternal revenge he spoke...