

## 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...