

Krasatina (Grief for the Idol)

Panychida

As our memories are fading, the time of new prophets is about to come
History turns into myths and legends but their power is after centuries gone

Let the centuries tremble, let my spirit fly through the times of lies

I call you through the ages of oblivion
Where is our father's belief? Where is it gone?

Let the centuries tremble, let my spirit fly through the times of lies
I call you through the eons of time
Obscurity has taken its price

The faith of the folk of meadows, their rulers and noble lords.
Fool, who calls the old names
(Fool who calls the old names, who the forgotten wants to awake
)

I light the fire high, the wealth of times is burning, I call your name through the eons of time. (Made of gold, born to forsee
)

Hair is burning on the red-hot coal
Your miraculous power, the secrets you know
I ask you questions, when death is near
You fall down to the ground, unleashing my fear

The centuries bring the twilight, secret doctrines fade, new thoughts giving birth to newcomers to this land.
(Fool who calls the old names, who the forgotten wants to awake
)

I call you through the ages, I cry in vain, the laughter sounds, the old words grow pale
(Made of gold, born to forsee)

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