

Wayfarer's Awakening

Panychida

I've been walking the lands following my steps on its steep winding path

I've been sailing the seas, the oceans, a stranger appearing at night

Some greeted me honestly, some of them banished me with their frowning eyes

A guest of the kings, a fellow of beggars, venerating the early morning light

I've seen silver stars in the cold desert nights

I catch sight of sunset beyond the northern circle

Stories of man about struggles of life, shedding bitter tears or sowing joyful smiles

Shining in moonlight, the memories of old

Sharing the wisdom, silent words of war

I've met tribes, their women with children, their men in arms fighting to raise their honor

Wandering man collecting names, forgetting faces, vanishing in haze

Through water, through fire for the wisdom of old, the sincere, the liar will never be told

There is a story behind each man, the clash and fight for their rights and their land

Never to learn to sense the unity between the man and the Earth

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Back home to lay the body to rest, to free the mind from the struggle ... welcome the end ...