

A silent lake under eagle's wings
Reflecting sky and mountains high
Its waters hide some mystery
A plate of stone discovered trace
Leads back to unknown days

See a witness in every pile of stones
Every place where they are standing in circles
Silent witness to the past, to times of old belief
When spirits reigned in the mountains alone

Still so many secrets
And so many tales untold remain

Their life so different to ours
Though the place we live is the same
So close to natural powers
A land that no one could tame

Where the sacred spring creates a place benign
You feel fine, perceiving the ghosts of the old days

Knowing the threats in a world of regrets
By the soothing of spirits they try
Keep the white death away saving harvest and hay
Let the tempest of demons pass by