

Remember With Pride

Stribog

Voice reaching from the sea of storm
Sound of the ancients
Crushing the shores of stone
Carried by the raging waves

Voices of the past
Whisper of an ancient secret
And at the grasp of the mountain side they reside
Exhalting these glorious mountains

As aeons pass by
As your blood lies dishonoured
We shall remain as the silent reminders
Winds of Frost, Winds of Ice
Remember us with pride!

Through the vast lands of Blue
Their voices thunder;
"We are creators of worlds!"

Idols of stone watch you from the shores
Their names now lay forgotten
Tainted and destroyed...
As the ancient rage is born
The strength of winds reforged