

Return From The Other Side

Cales

Whether sun shines or coldness reigns, whether it's day or night
Keeping vigilance, here, high at the hillside
With brothers at my side, thirsty for bloodshed, guarding each move
until we spot the first signal, beasts will rage with hunger

Behold the hospitable country, flourishing with healthy life
Taste the flavour of the fields of my home surrounded by wild plantscape
Get drunk with the beauty in all forms
Barefaced they would sell, steal and destroy these riches

Dare not to enter, you wasteful one, not knowing the wisdom of the white wolf
Bodies of men of your race will be buried by slaves,
deep into the ground where dry heath grows

Kind to kind, the will of the man born to fight Saturated with hatred and wrath - the creator of a perfect plan of ruse and damage
Cursed be, who stray from the path, set by the gods of our race

Alas, to the deceitful and cowardly dogs
Their torsos will be stuck live on the stakes
On display to all - for warning and for amusement
Heads cut off, on the ground for the most insane murderers of my tribe to tread upon
Young bastards and whores will finish in the fangs of bears' paws

One or a dozen, always heading towards any prevalence
.. and if I fall, in the first line or at the end
I will take off to the sky like a hawk
Whose spirit will always be bound with this country

There, where the seed of fear has been sown,
our battlecry will long be heard and no one will dare to enter twice
Many solstices after, when peace takes over,
you can taste the flavour of the fields of your home everyday
Surrounded by wild plantspace, get absorbed by beauty in all forms...
...and when you remember,
I may reappear for a moment, just as fast, as I will get out of your sight