

Moonlight attracts the beast
Closer to the edge he aims
And the stones are slipping over his legs
The abyss takes the power away.

Old beast is far from the light
Getting deeper in the dark,
Feeling breath of the death
The heart is smoothly sinking.

Memories crossing his mind:
Mother-wolf seeks for the power,
The wood is the source of knowledge,
And the night is concentration of power.

Proud leader is on the throne
Powerful glimpse of severe eyes
Attracting by ancient wisdom.

Only stone knows the secret
Of eternity and keeps the power of Earth
Through severeness of life bringing on
Through the bowels saving the soul.