

Sacrament of Buyan

Khors

Waves are breaking on the rocks
The moonlight is scattered on the water
Night has fallen on the old island
Wrapping the splinter of earth with darkness

The ancient land remembers
Reflections of great battles
The eternal land still keeps
Secrets and ashes of the ancient

Flares of lightnings, peals of thunder,
Abate over wood, letting the light through
And the sun, breaking through the embrace of the gloom
Will warm the Earth, bringing life to her