

Deceased under the Splendour of Stars

Panychida

They are running in the night, one is black and one shines white.

Horses... carrying two young, yet innocent lives.

Èech! Meduna! He is the man and she follows gods!
Child of fortune, born in the name of forgotten runes.

Heavy and rusty run under bright cold shining stars
wedding with no sun, in the night silence rules to us.

Moon is whispering: „Tonight they will die!“
... frozen orb of hidden wishes!
Throned by Perun and ruled by Chors' might
he is the guide of hidden treasures.

THRONE BY PERUN AND RULED BY CHORS' MIGHT!

They are looking too far, cannot see death close to icy river
masked in the black - Morana! For living the god to shiver...

She is sent by rule of ancient times
quest is set to take them away!
To the green land, land of living gods
to the place where justice will be said.

Cold air brings call of pain, fallen bodies are lying down to sleep now.
Somewhere in fatherland... they know, tonight they will die...

Standing in front of the gate... they suddenly don't feel cold.
Set in the fear, their hearts like the thunder will pound...

Hand in hand enter to eternal dwell
peace over the land hides the voice, dancing in mourning chests
...

THRONE BY PERUN AND RULED BY CHORS' MIGHT!