

Ancestral Skies of Gold

Stribog

There was a time
When men were proud
There was an age
When these lands were pure divine
There was a place
Where pagan temples stood
There was a pride
The one youll never know

The flickering flames
Of fathers burn silent
In the mystic woods
Of old

Howl of the nightwolf
Echoes through the mountains
In the shadow of the oaken pride
Our pagan might
Still burns strong

Far up in the skies
Falcon proudly flies
Angry winter winds
Carrying its cries
Far beneath the clouds
Wolven rage is born
Angry winter winds
Carrying their cries

As the weight of this age is upon me
I mourn for the world that will never be again
Thousand year old visions haunt me
Of green fields I will never see
Beneath our ancestral skies of gold

Reclaim our pagan spirit
Reclaim our pagan pride
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