Ancient Rites, Season's Change (Solstice)

Torches to guide the way
To walk the misty paths
The forest seems like a shelter
On this cold winter night

A huge fire is reflecting shadows
Of youth and old age
As the open place is reached
And the elderly take their seats

This is the night of the season's change
And a new fire shall be lit
A silent moment to remember the deceased
(The way our ancestors did)

Season's change
Season's change

Traditional music containing the soul of a people
On this cold winter night
Again a circle completed and rituals more ancient
As if the son of God never arrived

Memories subconsciously always present
Vague visions of past centuries

This is the night! When season's change
This is the night! When season's change

The trees seem to whisper their names
The wind is full of a thousand voices
As if summoned from the past
Though no words are needed
A tribe will never die!

Memories subconsciously always present
Vague visions of past centuries
Appearing in the mind
Images of times we may have never lived
Yet oh so present, so divine!

This is the night when season's change