

Heiden, Putov

(lyric: kverd)

Let'm due nap zem asy zjizvenou,
let'm due ve spchu, ne oi doleprocitnou.
Stkej due po kapkach do o smutku plnch,
stkej v proudech do ke, kdetmav rostou trny.

Marn oi vzhl k nebi blankytu,
marn slan rosa zkrp zem.
Srdce thne k dol, ni touhu po citu,
ern povoz bloud lidskm snem.

Pi m due emoce v symbolech oghamovch.
Brouzdej due v hodinch ernch kdel vran.
Odnese due tlo m do jinich svt - snovch.
Naskrz tly bez dechu, do vech svta stran.

(English)

Fly my soul through the time scarred land,
fly my soul in a hurry, before my eyes awake "underneath".
Pour my soul down drop by drop into eyes full of sorrow,
pour down into bushes in torrents, where dark thorns grow.

In vein eyes look up to the azure sky,
in vein the salty dew sprinkles the ground.
The heart draws to the underneath, it destroys a cravingg for feelings,
a black wagon rambles about in the human dream.

Write my soul emotions in ogham symbols.
Roam my soul in hour of black crow's wings.
Soul, carry my body into another worlds - dreamlike ones.
Through bodies without breath, in all the cardinal points.