

Radigost, Spirit of the Past

Oblivion and melancholy cover my way.
Night opens the door in the cobweb of time.
My spirit is free and I'm going away
by the path of the past, to the world of my prime.
Lucifer, come to me, help me, my new father.
I'm dying in the gloom of ages, in the chains of mother Earth.
Hear my voice in the rustle of leaves,
my ancient song in the howl of wolves.
This forest is the cemetery of pagan souls
and only the moon will remember our tears.
I'll flap my wings and fly towards the moon wrapped in the clouds.
I am lonely raven of your ancient dreams,
I am your fear and your broken hope.