

Thalarion, Almost Forgotten Empire

(A brief commentary of Juraj Grezdo & Nela Horvathova: "The song that celebrates care

There they lived fortunate and alone.
Beyond the stonewalls of merciless time.
They drank the water from the fount of wisdom.
And felt the whiff of the ancient spirits.

The wind was rustling among the time-honoured oaks.
Whispering the sacrosanct song of their lives.
Prophecy of a distant future so unimaginable.
Hovered over their breezy head, their breezy head.

So there they lived fortunate and alone.
Under the triumphs of endless night.
That gave them sensation of beautiful fear.
A fear that never passed away.

Ancient Slavic rite to the glory of Perun.

And on every night during the glamorous time.
They lit the stars that have already burnt out.
Lanterns of ages lost in the darkness.
Mirrors of time broken to pieces.

So there they lived fortunate and alone.
Under the triumphs of endless night.
That gave them sensation of beautiful fear.
A fear that never passed away.