

Thalarion, ... Through The Sleeping Nightland

Come with me, take my hand
Running before the time we shall enter the dreams
Through the neverending walls of sleep
Where the clouds whisper our names

Come with me, touch me
We shall go in the nightfall
So that no light will weaken our eyes
Become my fire in the land of ice
So that no light will weaken our sight
Become my torch in the realm of night

Behold the night sky where midnight stars
Slowly move by the space of the darkness
Read from the stars the course of centuries
And listen to the melodies of the falling stones

Come with me, touch me
We shall go in the nightfall
So that no light will weaken our eyes
Become my fire in the land of ice
So that no light will weaken our sight
Become my torch in the realm of night

Come with me, take my hand
We shall wander through the sleeping nightland
To find the monuments of Slavic arts
And the past heathen times
Follow me into land of our dreams
Where the magic stones determine our destinies
Your hand in mine we shall enter the dreams
Through the mysterious walls of sleep