

Thalarion, Where The Sloes Mature

(A brief commentary of Juraj Grezdo & Nela Horvathova: "The sloes are a symbol of bitter")

A narrow path full of thorns.
Carefully you lift your legs tired.
So as not to be wounded.
Green sky above your pensive head.
It seems that perhaps it will rain.
The sun vanished long ago.
The end is not yet in sight.
And you stray over and over again.

Diamond swords in the crowns of trees.
Glittering with their magnificent blades.
They are falling down to your feet.
A path covered with poisoned fruit.
They are sour like all your life.
This way could be perilous.

Where the sloes mature.
A sad bequest awaits you.
Where the sour sloes mature.
Your will is dying in you.

Contours of hills in the distance.
You are waving to them with a scarf.
You have trod on the bad luck.
A warm fluid will feed the ground.
It will be drinking, so dry and thirsty.
A potion that can donate a life.

Where the sloes mature.
A sad bequest awaits you.
Where the sour sloes mature.
Your will is dying in you.

Just a red stream of your blood.
Flows into the deepness of the chasm.
Just a red stream of your blood.
Feeds the dry and thirsty ground.

Where the sloes mature.
A sad bequest awaits you.
Where the sour sloes mature.
Your will is dying in you.