

Veles, My Pagan Fatherland (Evil Power's Night)

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When the trees become black, the time comes
The red blaze appears in the sky
holding the clouds of hatred.
When the forest becomes black
The time of transformation comes!

Our souls evil and cruel, depraved they call:
Oh, how much I'd like to fight!
Oh, how much I'd to see the blood of my enemies
on my father's ground.

The vengeance will be done
We can't go away now.
Oh, my brother wolf is calling me
in the blackness of the forest.
Oh, the moon is crying,
his silver tears falling on my me
create the silver armour.

Father moon's shined blinded my enemies
When the trees become black,
I am ready to fight!