

Amon Din, Grasping At Shadows

The flash of light from the depths of the mind
Brought to an end my earthly existence
(So as the) spirits of time haunting the body
My soul is drifting through chambers of past
The thoughts as floods a taking control
View of our culture washed in our tears
Our fathers hearts prepared to avenge
Orthodox lands washed in their blood
Devoted to God, so blessed by his hand
Constant I was and constant I am.
The fatherland mourned. In shallow graves
buried (are) the enemies with honour and pride
on the beginning so as on to the end.
The emotions drained are coming to life.
Now I'm aware of my shapeless form
and so I'm floating.
Grasping at shadows!
Oh my God... what an empyrean event!
The troops are gathering for attack
They're gathering for one last stand
One last stand in God's will
Tame people once
put together eagles and steel
Their courage combined
With the hatred of their enemies
Hear the words... centuries...
"The swords of Dach, the Axes of Japodh
the legions of Rome, the hordes of Tatar
the malicious knights by the flaming seas
spill blood across these ancient fields
we managed to survive."
Infinity in one hand, the visions in other
The rush of pain brought to me the choice
so if I had strength to look forward
I would have seen my people marching on
In the heavenly paths of the ancient ones
I am touching my climax and abyss
Along my glittering points of infinity
For my hope and our name