

# Apraxia, Pagan

We bow to you first, Rod, and sing your great glory.  
We praise you, the father of all human generations, mighty Svarog.  
You are eternal and never freezing source, and he,  
who drinks your water, lives until getting on your eternal meadows.  
We sing you song, Sviatovid, cause you're the light,  
which we seen the world through.  
You hold the sun and stars strongly, and give us Yav,  
and save us from Nav. We bow to you, Perun - The Thunderer,  
that you don't cease to turn life whell and lead us by the way of truth  
to the battle and funeral feast above those, who had given their lives  
for faith and truth and go to the eternal life, to Perun's regiment.  
Glory to you, honour and judge of warriorsm  
that you shoot on our enemies and save us from their arrows.  
Glory to you, goldenhaired, gracious, truthful...