

# Grebenshikov Boris, Wolves And Ravens

It might be God or just whatever, but this night smells of incense  
The tall wood all around, mosses on the knoll  
Perhaps this is a blessing or an ambush on our sense  
A good feeling to the touch, but such a chill through the soul  
There they go with their icons, with their icons so unknown  
Their path is lit by holy light from the water so deep  
I don't remember how we got up, how we walked out of the room  
I just remember how warm it is that we seek  
Look at that Cathedral with its darkness under dome  
All eyes have searched there and all have seen but naught  
I would like to place a candle  
But they're sold right out of candles  
I'd light some liquor in my hand, but where can it be got?  
And the snows lie all around on all four sides of us  
Barefoot through the snow: no problem if your soul is pure  
We would have disappeared for good  
But for the wolves and the ravens  
They asked us where we're going, to that start so warm for sure ?  
Gilded all the crosses and stuck them in whenever  
The one cross truly given was traded for some wine  
And hungover in the morning, went for water to the river  
And there instead of water it's the Mongol Post we found.  
We had wanted to give a sign so joyous to the angels  
But lost them from our sight erasing tracks of where we were  
Everyone would go out now and follow their signals  
If it were not for the light of that star so pure  
What can we do now, how to sing if not for the hand so pure  
And if we do not sing we will burn up all alone  
But if I sing only a part the Orliki will come to me  
Along the murky water with their eyes as white as a stone  
Let them come all the same, I'm such a black bird myself  
There's nowhere left to run, a meter - then the ice for sure  
I'll cover you, you'll cover me, oh wolves and ravens  
So that somebody at least will make it to that start so pure  
So what do we care now, if there's darkness under dome  
So what do we care now, if we cannot see but naught  
And what do we care now if there're sold right out of candles  
Because if there is no fire, we know where it can be sought  
And maybe it is true that there's no path but his travelled one  
There may be no hands for miracles, but those so clean and sure  
Yet all the same we warmed only by the wolves and ravens  
And they blessed us all the way to that star so pure