

Heiden, Ka

(lyric: Einskaldir)

Vrcholky kopc jsou pikryty mlhou,
Opar se lask s nimi s oividnou nhou.
Slunce je uvzno za hradbami mrak,
Vidm mrtv stny jak vystupuj z vrak...
Z vrak co lod'mi byly, kdy pluli po ece ivota,
Jej tok je pomjiv a kad lod'nakonec ztroskot.

Veletok ivota protkn je proudy,
Nesou ns ke slv, vrhnou do zhouby.
Dl to se ivota vetena,
M nit je krtk a v pli je strena.

as mj se nyn naplni,
sm stojm ve tm na pustm behu.
Tich pevoznk pramici pistavil,
Nastoupm vak rd bych se dal do bhu.
Na tto stran ji pro m nic nen,
Radosti ivota se smrt pominou,
Ticho onoho svta sv zuby cen,
Vzpomnka ne m m tv kamennou...

(English)

The tops of hills are covered with fog,
mist caresses them with obvious tenderness.
The Sun is imprisoned behind the wall of clouds,
I can see the dead shadows as they get out of wrecks...
out of wrecks that used to be ships, when they sailed the river of life,
whose flow is fleeting and ever ship will finally founder.

The flow of life is interwoven with streams,
they carry us towards the glory and throw us to the doom.
The spindles of life are turning on and on,
my thread is short and broken in the middle.

Now, in the fullness of time,
I stand alone in the dark on a bleak riverbank.
A silent ferryman provided a barge,
I get on, however I would like to start running.
There is nothing more for me on this side,
The pleasures of life vanish upon death,
the silence of the world beyond shows its teeth,
memory of me has a stony face....