

# Heiden, Proxima Centauri

(lyric: kverd)

Zven prach nebeskch cest se s nem bud.  
Teskliv pta kik vt m probuzen.  
Po magickm snu jsou ran chladn a zem stud.  
Vytren paprsky svtla ze spr okouzlen,  
jsem sm...

Kotyz - voln v dusotu kopyt,  
Kotyz - ve vtru zn...

Obraz ped oima jasn mi zvolna miz.  
Miz v edi mlh, v oparu zapomn.  
K by del byl ten sen, chci zkrotit touhu ryz,  
nebo chtl bych do dna vypt pohr nevdn.

(English)

A swirl of dust on celestial roads awakes with the morning.  
Wistful bird's screaming welcomes my awaking.  
Mornings are chilly and the ground is cold after a magic dream.  
Interrupted by rays of light from the clutches of enchantment,  
I am alone..

Kotyz - calling in the pounding of hooves,  
Kotyz - sounds in the wind...

A bright image before my eyes slowly disappears.  
It disappears in a greyness of haze, in the mist of oblivion.  
If only the dream can be longer, I want to contain pure craving,  
or I would like to drink the knowledge cup.