

Korozy, Tsar Samuil's Endless Night

That was the last night of the battle to death
There among corpses and terrible moaning
Samuil's standing at the abandoned and boundless
field

His black hair flowing, his head held up in proud
Wrapped up by the dark, bent over his crown
Lost down in his thoughts of dismal

Distant shout in the dark woke up pains in his soul
Torn out messenger, pale like the Death
Was riding up his way bringing sad message along to
him

"They're coming back, my great master,
All twelve regiments captured, crippled and blinded
Each hundred off warriors handed by one-eyed mate
To lead them the way";

And the courage died frozen in his heart of stone
Standing up, from the hill Samuil
Saw the dungeon inside
With strong hand and roaring voice
Let this oath to pass with the wind

"Oh! Mother of misery
Your tears seeded on the ground
To grow up and raise from dead
The greatest Bulgarian sons";

The forest was his eternal home
The immortal sky was a shelter
The wind was his closest ally
The darkness, his guardian Angel