

Lord Wind, Only Your Spirit Will Return

Wake up
And take your brand
Long on the path through the forest
Wind is spinning the thick mist
Sans stars, sans moon
Only silence everlasting
Wake up
Open your frozen eyes
Behind the brooding mountains at your home
Your well-beloved woman is shedding tears
And lonely warm fire in her eyes
Reflects it self
Wake up
Your children will go out to meet you half-way
Waiting for you
They would carry your shield
And lead your horse by bridle
And your ravishing by mead
Would your close friends with gifts
Endowed and greet them heartily
Wake up
Who will carry your brand soaked in blood
Who will wash your wounds
Who will warm your frozen hands up
Your mouth in wry
Gasthly grimace enfurled
Wake up
And even if you are fay, be fierce for death
Dont let her to devour your flesh
Spirits for ancestor gathered a far from here
Like a murky cloud of fowls
Wind is pulling them about
lashing them
It is time for wind... for wind...