

Lugubrum, Sose Gilimida Sin

Ben zi bena
Counting roots and worms
The sound of slowly rusting metal
The whisper of the rocks
Yesterday seems thousand of years ago

Bluod zi bluoda
Chants of an old woman in white
This leg won't come off
Winds blow above my head
Seasons change
Though I do not notice
At night I hear the Hares dance
Though I can but imagine the moon

Lid zi geliden
I can still hear the footsteps
Of those who placed the rocks
I can still see the sword
That entered my head
But I can't remember the pain
I can still see the stars
I count them: one for every day
Fortunately, there are plenty

Sose gilimida sin
I keep my sword sharp
For I will have need for it again...