

Radigost, The Cry of Desolated Souls

Through the dark forests and mysterious swamps
I hear the cry of desolated souls scattered in the cold night sky,
went astray and dissolved in the spectral starlight.
Traveling above the mirror lakes and moonlit plains,
I can understand the eternity
and the harmony of the being shattering by you,
who are the deaf and blinded seed of ancient vices.
Hear our cry and follow the winds that will take you
to our pagan bonfires flaming in the name of our Mother
and exalting us to the majestic and cold night skies.
As the midnight is coming, pouring in the illusive twilight,
wolves will announce the reign of the night with their moonlight anthem
and all the birds and the beasts will become our brothers.
And under this mourning moon you will recognize and feel the sorrows
of our slavonic souls drowned in the soft fog of our dreams.
I'm walking in the night and grief chains my heart
when the autumn forest loses its leaves.
Tears of lost ages wash our souls and the Earth becomes black.