

Thalarion, Cold Waters Of Turbulent Torrents

(A brief commentary of Juraj Grezdo: "I describe the beauty and majesty of the Slovak mountains")

I arose ... I materialized.
From cold waters of turbulent torrents.
In a rain of eternal drops.
Through the mist and haze.
Into the new dimension.

Black forest is the where I was born.
In the sign of an ancient kind.
My life seems to be so empty, forlorn.
And beguiling visions I cannot bind.

Ancient Slavic rite of the vernal equinox.

Narcotic smell of the native ground.
Spreads through the valley never found.
Whispering moon in the blackened sky.
Embracing my soul with the silverblack dawn.

Above the horizons.
The pagan winds of eternal winter blow.
Under the highest mountain.
Where the bones of my ancestors rest.
Under the blanket of freezing snow.
Where evil sunbeams do not shine.
I burn the ancient bones.
I blow their ancient dust.
With a squall in my hands.
I am a new disciple of a rain eternal.
With a squall in my hands.
I am a new follower of Perun's voice of power.