

## **Amon Din**

# **"Grasping At Shadows"**

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The flash of light from the depths of the mind  
Brought to an end my earthly existence  
(So as the) spirits of time haunting the body  
My soul is drifting through chambers of past  
The thoughts as floods a taking control  
View of our culture washed in our tears  
Our fathers hearts prepared to avenge  
Orthodox lands washed in their blood

Devoted to God, so blessed by his hand  
Constant I was and constant I am.  
The fatherland mourned. In shallow graves  
Buried (are) the enemies with honour and pride  
On the beginning so as on to the end.  
The emotions drained are coming to life.  
Now I'm aware of my shapeless form  
And so I'm floating.

Grasping at shadows!

Oh my God... what an empyrean event!  
The troops are gathering for attack  
They're gathering for one last stand  
One last stand in God's will  
Tame people once  
Put together eagles and steel  
Their courage combined  
With the hatred of their enemies  
Hear the words... centuries...  
"The swords of Dach, the Axes of Japodh  
The legions of Rome, the hordes of Tatar  
The malicious knights by the flaming seas  
Spill blood across these ancient fields  
We managed to survive."

Infinity in one hand, the visions in other  
The rush of pain brought to me the choice  
So if I had strength to look forward  
I would have seen my people marching on  
In the heavenly paths of the ancient ones  
I am touching my climax and abyss  
Along my glittering points of infinity

For my hope and our name

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