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Arafel "The Ice"

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"̴͓ëüÃà äëÿÃèÃμñëÃÃÇÿÃîâ êðîâü, Ãî òÿæÃªÃ® Ãióäåò èõ ïîõìåëüÃ¥"

Bonfires glow in the darkness of the rival hosts, The shadows of soldiers waved like ghosts The breath of spring, the weather's kindness Light crunch of melted ice broke the silence Both banks had a foretaste of morning battle Em's, Liv's, Chud's camps was also on the Germans

By force they were baptized from hands of crusaders Enemy coast like a burning ant hill in the night The shine of the northern star which flashes like the eye of the devil

Becomes a sign to start the fight with the force of evil.

At that time a group of fishermen came to Alexander With glistening axes and near by walked a gray-eyed Foreigner with big moustache. Fishermen said they found

Him half-frozen, brought him to their camp and warmed him up.

He ran away from the knights.

"Why did you run from the Germans?" - asks king stranger.

"Wolves are they, not humans" - said the man with a big moustache.

"Let me fight with you against knights" - asked the stranger -

"To pay for my insults".

Alexander nods assent.

"Cross yourself". Moustache-man crossed himself three times from left

Shoulder to right.

"He crosses himself not by our way" - noticed the fisherman.

"Never mind. If only he fights by our way, but God is one and the truth is one!"

"Great, you stay and fight with us", said Alexander "Thanks, I'll do my best to get a good name" - answers the stranger

Look, what is that twinkle on the other side of the lake, it's a signal, isn't it?
That's right, the ice is floating!

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Rise of the sun, thunder of horse's hoofs, heralding the start of battle.

Through morning haze, Knight's armor blazes, Exhale drunken mist in Russian troopers heads. The ranks of mounted Livons with giant pikes in iron hands

The pig's snout sticks in the human swamp,
Snow and blood mix in to one
Forces of good hold the onset of the wedge
Cries of dying men and horses reached the skies
The Germans were trapped, no way to run,
The Russian pincers are shut, the way to the crusader's victory was cut

New Russian hosts from left and right strike the wedge. Encircled knights fall in to dread and lose their courage

They start to retreat, but the lake can't bear the weight of the knights

The lakes waters will be red tonight

The lakes waters will be red tonight

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