

Korozy

"Khan Asparough"

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It is year in 681.
The mist so thick had scattered away
Hazy sunset enlightened majestic silhouette
Dark - red shadow set people's soul on fire
He was their trusted Leader
His armour still flashing out the silver moonlight
In the Night of the choice

Picked up in his heart all courage and pain
Of Protobulgarian warriors fallen
Waving the powerful sword in his iron hand
If you can hear and feel all this,
Then you will see his sword stabbed in the mud
And his roar splitting the ground
"May this be Bulgaria!
With its glory, may glory all the tribe,
When it suffers, may we all suffer!
Now's time to fight out our land
And coming through thousands of battle
Will end up in his great cause!"

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