

Skyforger "Son Of The Mare"

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On a mountain top
By a clear wellspring
Laima weaves fate
Plaiting the thread
A golden spinning-wheel runs under her feet

Who will live and who will die
Where joy will be heard and where tears will be she'd
One thread is long, the other is short
As she decides, so shall she weave

A cuckoo calls from a tree
Behind the window a young lady is weeping:
- "If only Laima would give me a son I would nurse and
fondle him as best as I could!"

Don't cry young lady - Laima already knows
She weaves fate, plaiting the thread
For soon there will be time for a hero to come
For a hero to come and start his story

In your dream you will see what must be done
Catch a pike-fish, gut it and boil it
She who will eat that pike
Will soon become pregnant

Half man, half beast - the mare will bear a son
Like flint, like steel - undefeatable!

But everything will happen as Laima has decreed
There will be three who eat that pike
A son born from a lady, another from a maidservant
But loudest cried third one in the white mare's stable

Half man, half beast - the mare will bear a son
Like flint, like steel - undefeatable!

They will become like brothers
But one will be above them all
Not by years, but by days he will grow
Kurbads - son of the mare he will be called

No work will be too hard for him
On the third year they send him to hunt
On the seventh he boldly lifts his sword
He will roll boulders like they were peas
He's Kurbads - son of the mare

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