

## Thalarion

# "As The Memories Of Slavs Awake"

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Each time when I walk alone  
Each time when I wander along  
Along the valley of the forest deep  
I can feel presence of the sleeping ones, not dead yet  
Dreaming their ancient dreams  
As they lay hidden in solitude

In honour and pride, at the midnight ride  
Every day and night, with every minute spent  
Multifaced deities reveal from beyond the mist  
The mist I have pictured within my mind  
As the memories of Slavs awake....  
Gathered under Carpathians  
We are the rocks of pagan age

Hearken and remember:  
SWARASIZ - Elder and the Highest of Lutic tribe  
Remember SVENTEVITH, and hearken to his horn  
Remember RUGIEVITH, creature of seven faces  
Remember TRIGLAV, the Omnipotent three-headed one  
Hearken to PERUN's voice of power  
Remember TURUPIT, remember PIZAMAR  
Hearken to the Omniscient ones  
Remember STRIBOG, who rides the mighty winds  
Hearken to TJARNAGLOFI, the elements of darker side  
Remember SIMARGL, forever veiled in mystery  
Remember RADEGAST, remember GEROVITH  
Hearken to the Ones whose eyes are ominous

Remember all those names  
Covered by the dust of centuries  
Hearken to inner voice of universal memory  
And remember: the heathen age belongs to us!

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