

## **Tvangeste**

# **"Birth Of The Hero"**

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The spirit of Prussia will burn in hearts  
Until the holy flame of Perkuno is burning  
In the heart of sacred woods  
Invisible for eyes of simple mortals

The thunder announces the birth of the hero  
In nightly silence of the sleeping earth  
And the lightning's brightening the baby's face  
And his first cry that breaks the darkness.

And fierce wind echoes the baby's cry  
And thrills the sky, anticipating the events  
Tears off the leaves from ancient trees,  
Rejoices the great omen.

The new-born mind as blank paper,  
Clean, empty and light like the calm surface of water,  
As the grown sprout tears the air apart,  
Gathers dust of life on the fresh leaves.  
And with the long root absorbing dirt  
From all that are going to rotten near  
The sprout is hardening, it doesn't want to,  
But it will wither like those near that couldn't leave.

Born to be Defender of Native Land  
Born to be rain, giving life  
Born to be free as a proud bird  
Flying in the sky  
Born to be stronger than the sword and the storm  
Born to be the river's flow  
Born to be boiling wolf's blood  
To be Flame of Hope  
Born to be himself amongst the lost souls

The black hands of storm-clouds are clenching the sun  
The wind is bringing anxiety, thrilling the ear.  
Beyond the dark horizon the seed of war is ripening  
Bringing the smell of death.  
The warrior will fight for his people,  
For the rivers and forests of grey gods,  
For the holy flame of Perkuno

The sunlight is fading...  
The day is dying away scratching the sky with it's last  
rays  
The last quiet day before the war  
The last calm before the storm  
The ground is trembling already  
And Prussia stands still awaiting

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