

Tvangeste "Thinking"

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I heard a leaves whisper
In the cold autumn forest
When we were standing near
The bonfire and we were

Crossing our swords
Over its flame
I heard a peals of thunder
In the evening twilights
I saw a dying sun
Changing by Silver moonlight...
(repeat)
For Dying!
For Crying!
For Native Land!
For Profaned Fate!

Damned cross like a black shadow
Has come to my Land
All under this shadow get lying or dead
But better die with proudly holding up head

Than live kneeling with the mask of hypocrisy...

I heard a peals of thunder
In the evening twilights
I saw a dying sun
Changing by the Silver moonlight
Wind brought to my earring
Wolf's wailing lone and yearning

It was early in the morning
When I was sitting by purling stream
And I was thinking...of my nation
Suddenly I heard the summon
"Time, Brothers! It's our time!"
We were straddling on horses
And we were to take
Our swears into Reality....

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