

Orson

"As The Wolves Goin' Hunt"

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Where the sun
Setting in a stratos clouds?
Where the sea
Resting to the unknown shores?
Strong waves? running by the will of wind
Endless waves, up to blending of sky and sea

Handful of ground
Taken from my Motherland
So stern so cold
As all the her sons
Here the rocks
Where I've walk in childhood
But the waves
Calls me follow them in path

Blood of snows
Melting under warm spring sun
Gave to drink
To the ocean under my keel
Blood of men
Spilled by our swords
Fade away
Taken as gift by grateful sea

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