

Ahriman

"Witchvale"

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[Boszorkányvölgy]

The circle...

Something had arisen from something and was born
Somebody had become from somebody and started to
believe

The circle...

The eternal cycle, secret and frost
They all are living in the vale
Like fear and the song
Nakedness homegiving, eternity bowing over bridges
The hiding power hides behind our blindness
It shall be a feast
When our covered eyes will see again
And sounds of drums will pulse again
But they will die
Unless we get rid of our chained faces

Sometimes the vale will help us to cross

The bridges, our fears
And our bodies will be overwalked by the glorious
sound
Our mother's sound is the silence
And the attention with that

Sometimes the vale will help us to cross the mountains,
our pains

And our bodies will be overwalked by the glorious
sound
Our father's sound is the wrath
And the wisdom with that

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