

Rooster "Then"

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[The tale about destiny]

In depths of mysterious moors,
Where rags of fog were wed with rain
Dazing smell of mysterious herbs
Tickle the wistful nares.
It hide's deep there...

Then I've set out to the very center
Inward the world of Talmalion
Difficult way stayed in for me
I became the pilgrim of Eons.

Lonely and lonely
I've wondered and sought,
Forgotten by all, but strong
Relentlessly I've headed to the end
To the home of all mystic ages.

The storytellers from the depth of unknown come,
Their flutes and pipes made of human bones sounds,
Ballads of blood and Death enchant me,
In their claws drifting me further and further,
With no chance to return and I hear,
I hear a calling of graves.

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