

## Turisas "Prologue For R.r.r"

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As you sit in your quiet home, surrounded by peace,  
comfort and civilization  
Do you, listener, remember those memories  
Grand and tearful, which still, after hundreds of years,  
remain now radiant with the brightness of sunlight, and  
now darkening, like indelible bloodstains  
The variegated pages of history.  
Can your thoughts, torpid with repose, transport  
themselves back to the horrors and joys of the past  
Not straying indifferently from one thing to another  
which excites your curiosity, but taking a warm and  
vital interest, as if you yourself stood in the midst of  
those struggles, now long since fought out

Bled in them, conquered or fell in them, and felt your  
heart beat with hope or apprehension according as  
fortune smiled or betrayed  
Standing on the heights of history, looking far around  
the wild arena of human destiny, can you transfer  
yourself into the well of the past? A life physically  
buried and decayed, but spiritually inmost, which  
constitutes the essence and substance of history  
Did you ever see history portrayed as an old man with a  
wise brow and pulse-less heart, waging all things in the  
balance of reason? Is not rather the genius of history  
like an eternal, imploring maiden, full of fire, with a  
burning heart and flaming soul, humanly warm and  
humanly beautiful?  
Therefore, if you have the capacity to suffer or rejoice  
with the generation that had been  
To hate with them, to love with them, to be transported  
to admire, to despise, to curse as they have done - in a  
word: to live among them with your whole heart and not  
alone with your cold, reflecting judgement  
Then follow me. I will lead you down into the well. My  
hand is weak and my sketch humble, but your heart will  
guide you better than I.  
Upon that I rely and begin

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