

Heiden, Lid Severu

(lyric: kverd)

Mocn hlava draka pdi z,
skrže posledn paprsky soumraku.
Noc si vezme rysy z naich tv,
nad hlavou ze „zimnho zrzaku“;
Posvtnou lod pes prokletou eku,
tak ke osudu pochourn hlas.
Zazvon hrana starmu vku,
korunu moci tak unchvtit snz.

Ve spirlich asu,
jsme zakleti v led.
Tak jako den kon,
ns odvrhl svt.

Kolobh nonch dob je ji konen,
pod ledem ke zdol hrz vku.
Dobe ukryta paprskm slunenm,

vyhasla nm srdce, my zprotni dechu.
Vak cosi pec t, co ned nm jt.
Za stnou ze skla, nebe se mn.
Nedchat, nectit, peci vak t.
Obloha skryje dar bojkho snn.

(English)

A mighty dragon's head shines on bow,
through the last rays of dusk.
Night will take features from our faces,
the shine of "winter miracle" over our head.
On board of a sacred ship sailing cursed river,
thus spoke a gloomy voice of fate.
The bell tolls for old ages,
now it is easier to assume power.

In whorl of time,
we are turned into ice by a spell.
As the day ends,
we are spurned by the world.

The seasons cycle is drawing to its end,
skin under ice will overcome barrier of time.
Well hidden from solar rays,
our hearts are dead, we are free from breath.
But still there is something that weighs heav on, that do not allow us to go.
Behind the wall of glass, the sky has changed.
Not to breath, not to feel, yet still to live.
The sky will hide the gift of bohemian dreaming.