

Panychida – Paganized (2007)



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Total time: 38:15

Recorded, mixed and mastered in Hellsound Studio, 2006. Released by Folter Records, 2007.

Lyrics by G.H.M., music by Panychida.

Final Donation to the Oath

Frosty morning in cold darkness
on sorrow mountain it's drowning
somewhere in deep your fear awaits
ancient borders are down-falling.

Kneeling to pray the God of the Sun
bloody hands are shivering
painful mist is poisoning your heart
shackles are changing into sharp knife.

Icy wind is blowing hard
through the landscape of your mind
calling you to cry and repent
taking away the truth of the past.

Arteries, sheltered in red fire
sacred edge will open way
closed eyelids in dreams of death
fortune holds silver blade of sentence.

Your last journey leads to stars
your soul's waiting for long way
in the middle of the wastelands
life is flowing like sand...

Show the will to live, concede the will to breathe!!

Memories of the pain...
Inflame lava bright as stars...

Defence...gloominess...sand...despair
Failure...madness...night...blades
Fatality...desert...sweat...blood
Suffering...fall...screaming...dust
Defence...gloominess...sand...despair
Failure...madness...night...blades
Fatality...desert...sweat...blood
Suffering...fall...screaming...dust

Building the pyre of the wood,
swallowing bitter tears of the sorrow
celebrating rite described in ancient rule
this night pharos shines for his soul.

Raging flames embracing figure in leather
history is fading up in the smoke
take a last look to his gone brother
oath of the eternal revenge he spoke...

Dream about the Roaring Sky

Sky is roaring... mountain breeze,
mighty calling... superb freeze...

Dreamlike sentence, come from shade...
see abhorrence, fade to black...

So... let it be your time to die,
killing spree from roaring sky!

Where your body would like rest,
find your bloody, open chest...

Blind bleeding purity,
clouds flying above me,
cold shine of hidden stars,
is changing the water to the ice...

Looking down, from darkened sky,
looking up, wolves would cry...

Mirror bright, and shining stars,
limbonic fight, giant dies..

Journey's end, is coming forth,
final torment, leads to north...

Destiny's words: "Here you lay,
leave your sword, and rest in prey..."

Blind bleeding purity,
clouds flying above me,
cold shine of hidden stars,
is changing the water to ice...

When the Drums of War Will Sound

Soul that's kneeling on icy ground,
where the air meets the scent of steel.
She's guessing where's the hidden bound,
between her death and skill to feel.

Force of raiders is coming forth,
hear the massive blast of hoofs
search battlefield in the way of ancient lore
one half to the wood and the rest to the grassland.

For now – Hit the drums of war!

Deadly wind whispers in your brain,
space around is still virgin and the calm.
Now look into the eyes of tyrant
we'll be save when the sun will touch the horizon.

Last crimson ray will cut the grass
and it will dissapear to nothing in the forest.
Last image transforms into killing desire,
remains just the only wish – to stay alive!!

Crush! Blasting wings of light and dark!
Living ones are shivering in the horror.
Man by man is...entering the Charon's bark,
in death all serviced by bone sailor...!

In the land of endless dusk,
sea is red and sky still flaming,
there is no believe and there's no trust,
Rest In Peace, you dead but standing...

She Was the Water

Falling over rocks, sounds between the stones...
hungry power, smoothes the bottom of the rivers bed
opens arms, embrace young headwaters
//: there is not such power ://3x on lone blue planet.

Artery of the life, thirsty for the speed
running down the mountains,
from the deep of the rock
fills up the soil, bones of the earth
about the ancient times, silently she spoke.

Those, who can resist, are allowed to drink... on their
kneels...

You, who can resist, it's allowed to drink... on your
kneels...

Shiny lawn in the forrest deep as the sea
sun is reflecting, peace rules this place.
Woodland creatures,
will-o'-the wispes and the nymphs
in stilly flow they are coming, preparing the bath...

Ethereal bodies, vested into flowers,
flaming through the life in the restless dream
from the spiders' webs they are collecting the dew
they are preparing the gathering, awaiting the dark.

While the man is standing, dazed in restless dream
woundable creature, dressed into sky of the day
silently he's shivering, not because of the fear
his nomadic soul desires for the wilderness.

Pain, doom, wide pale sky and sprying river
bank of the stream hails the return of the spring
queen of waters uncloaks cold blue skin
with the purling heals your life
... SHE WAS THE WATER.

Beneath the Gate of Sempiternal Bliss

Morana, guide of all...
guide of all the gone ones...
One step closer to the bloody-fall
she every new day stands.

Enchantress! As rising,
in the grey fog of the bones,
cast ancient spell of foreverness
wields key in palm, turnkey princess!

Čech, Meduna:

„We can see.. dreamlike land
of our forefather's dreams!
We can smell flowering meadows,
sound of the purling creeks!“

Morana:

„Follow my steps,
Watch my fleshless lips
Listen to my words,
fly in my deadly wind...“

„Insecurity, dying hope...
dark eternity, there we stop.

*//: Land in the paradise gate,
this is my hand, holding your fate.“ :// 2x*

Čech, Meduna:

There are no clouds,
beneath the ever-blue sky..
Eternal land shining bow,
is smoothing the skin of the ground.

Morana:

„Ssss....come and watch, step by step,
respect predominant sacred peace...
beware the effect of the evil stain..
‘Pageant of gods’ soon you will see..

Upon the hill in the heaven stand,
feel free to cognize heathenish calm...
this is the rule and you've been sent
to the home of your ancestral elders!“

Running out of rules

Come wind, by my side.
My sin... why I ride ?

We're running over hills,
storming through deep woods,
we're using ancient skills...

...running out of rules!

Searching nature round... were looking down the hill,
Watching rays of light, a triumph of the will.

Grey skin of the land...
cold wind, flying sand...

Howling hordes of wolves
chilling waves of light,
it's the calm before the fight!

Searching nature round... we're looking down the hill,
watching rays of light, a triumph of the will!

Pageant of the eternal ones

Sun is rising up on the sky,
rays of light are rushing to the earth...
so...smell the wind, follow eagles and fly,
so...feel the spring from south to north!

Where the grass grows overhead,
please let me rest of bloody world...
let me forget souls who are dead,
far into the lake I am throwing my sword!!

Of the wood...they made chairs and tables!
Oaken wood...where gods seat from times
immemorial!
Of the wood...they made chairs and tables!
Oaken wood...it bled due to their wide sharpen axes...

Sound of the laugh rings in the air,
Clash of cups brings taste of the mead.
Thundering spree of the eternal ones,
Blowing the fear away from their sons.

Vesna calls wind, incoming and clear,
Veles drives the cattle of best drove,
Morana shines of blackest fear
Mighty Perun sees all with joy!

Ref:

To live same as their loyal, and mortal believers,
this has forever been superb pride of our gods.
To fight with ones who dwell in the sewers,
Gods bring the law to the world through acts and
words!

Sun is rising up on the sky,
rays of light are rushing to the earth...
so...smell the wind, follow eagles and fly,
so...smell blooms from south to north!

Of the wood...they made chairs and tables!
In the Woods...where gods seat from times
immemorial!
Of the wood...they made chairs and tables!
Oaken wood...it bled of their wide sharpen axes...

Ref:

To live same as their loyal, and mortal believers,
This has forever been superb pride of our gods.
To fight with ones who dwell in the sewers,
Gods bring the law to the world, through their acts
and words!
So...hold up your pint of mead and drink it to the
health of all the world,
Wish peacefull rest to the brave ones who died before
decades,So...think about your dreams and let your
wings to warm in cold,
let them unfold wide, over your inner lands.

Dark grey cloud...get near the place,
dream away the dream, invisible grace...

Dračí úsvit

Tam kdesi daleko, měsíc tam svítí,
ráno chystá se zem na nový den.
Otevři křídla, rozleť se s draky,
probud' spící odkazy tisíců jmen!

Oheň a mráz žilami prýští,
substance jediného zahřmění v bouři...
Šupiny rudé potem se blyští,
přožitá minulost ztrácí se v kouři...!

Elite Unit

Angels of war are by my side,
I see only red...
As flying through the eternal night,
guessing if I'm dead?

Dark and cold is space around me,
is it devil's touch?
Unseen fingers turn my body,
my inner shield's been cut!

This is my deal, to serve since I've lost the crown...
that's what I did, many lifes to rule them cruel...
Chains on my arms, heavy, foul and rusty steel,
there is no way to hide, before so distressing feel...

Weariness is only my sense...
when the hell is gone.
Emptiness has conquered my mind,
instead of heart frozen stone.

I close my palm round shivering staff,
light is nearly shed...
Looking round through clouds of madness,
guessin' if I am not dead?

Clangour voice of sharpened weapons,
anthem of the swords...
Choral sound of hard-bitten throats
battering ram... to... break through walls!!!

Elite escort of on the way through wood,
survivors of world war!
Destined too soon to be adult,
practised warriors... lost lads are now coming home!

This is my deal, to serve since I've lost the crown...
that's what I did, many lifes to rule them cruel...

Chains on my arms, heavy, foul and rusty steel,
there is no way to hide, before so distressing feel?

Deceased under the Splendour of Stars

They are riding the night, one is black and other
shines white,
Horses, who are carrying two young, yet innocent
lives.

Čech! Meduna! He is the man and she follows gods,
children of fortune, born in the name of forgotten
runes.

Heavy and rusty run under bright cold shining stars,
wedding with no sun, in the night silence rules to us...

Moon is whispering: „Tonight they will die!“
... frozen orb of hidden wishes!
Throned by Perun and ruled by Chors's might,
he is the guide of hidden treasures.

Throned by Perun and ruled by Chors's might!

They are looking too far, but can't see death, by the
icy river,
masked in the black – Morana! For living ones she is
god to shiver..

She's been sent by order of ancient times,
Quest's been set to take them away..
To the green land, land of living gods,
to the place where no one knows pain.

Cold air brings call of pain, fallen bodies are falling
down to snow...
somewhere in fatherland... they know, tonight they
will die...

Standing in front of the gate..they at once don't feel
cold.

Set in the fear, their hearts like the thunder...the
thunder will pound....

Hand in hand enter to eternal dwell,
peace over the land hides the voice, dancing in
mourning chests...