Do you know the Aged Man

of whom no one knows from whence he came?

His house lies on the edge

of a solitary cliff.

Glow of death and pallid light

illuminate the dark of night

gleaming out the windows

of the Aged Man's abode.

If you batter at his door

say farewell to our world.

For everyone who entered,

never walked back on the road

from the Aged Man's abode.

Notorious, of wide-spread fame

yet no one knows him by his name

the Aged Man in his abode

on a solitary cliff.

Ghastly voices speak of pains

the blood is freezing in your veins.

Silent cries and wailing howls

are fading in the night.

If you batter at his door

say farewell to our world

For everyone who entered

never walked back on the road

from the Aged Man's abode.

Sometimes, when the moon is bright

you see him in the countryside,

accompanied by loneliness

abandoning his works.

If you then stroll in gloomy nights

and peer in cold and hollow eyes,

you've run across a wooden doll

carved by the Aged Man.

If you batter at his door

say farewell to our world

For everyone who entered

never walked back on the road

from the Aged Man's abode.

Слыхали ль вы про Старика?  
Явился он издалека  
И на утёсе дом воздвиг  
Средь одиноких скал.  
Мерцает мёртвый бледный свет,  
Пронзая мрачной ночи след -  
Струясь сквозь створки окон  
Поместья Старика.  
Коль стукнешь, странник, в дверь едва  –   
Дороги нет назад:  
Прощайся с миром навсегда,  
Лишь ступит раз нога  
В жилище Старика.  
  
Печальной славой окружён,  
Хоть неизвестно, кто же он –   
Старик в своей обители  
Средь одиноких скал,  
Где в стоне ветра слышишь боль,  
Где замерзает в жилах кровь,  
Где растворяются в ночи  
Стенания и вой.  
Коль стукнешь, странник, в дверь едва  –   
Дороги нет назад:  
Прощайся с миром навсегда,  
Лишь ступит раз нога  
В жилище Старика.  
  
В полях под полною луной  
Заметишь ты его, порой:  
Влекомый одиночеством,  
Сокрывшим труд его.  
И если ночью на пути   
Пустой холодный взгляд пронзит,  
То знай: ты куклу повстречал,  
Что вырезал Старик.  
Коль стукнешь, странник, в дверь едва  –   
Дороги нет назад:  
Прощайся с миром навсегда,  
Лишь ступит раз нога  
В жилище Старика.

Hundred men, they were,

As they set out to fight

For their country's banner in distant, foreign lands.

He bid her farewell,

A love still young and green,

She thought she'd soon be in his arms again.

He told her:

"Await my safe return.

Trust in this

last promise and stand firm

Once moonlight

shines red onto the seas

We shall return in victory."

They marched off,

blue banners in the sky,

And teardrops

were running from her eyes,

Yet she thought:

"If only I believe,

Time will bring him safely back to me."

When the red moon casts its light,

His ghost travels through the night,

Through the forests on wind's wings

Until he reaches the old hill.

There she kneels before his grave,

Where their love had once been born,

And he caresses her face,

Yet she feels not his embrace.

Dark and red, glows the winter sky,

Two souls divided by the threads of time.

Days turned into weeks.

Moon for moon passed by.

Yet no word from the battlefields arrived.

Months turned into years;

Peace now ruled the lands;

Empty graves were dug under the sky.

But never did she doubt

his last oath:

Each night she stepped out

into the cold;

She walked through the forest,

climbed the hill,

Where she had once sworn her

love for him.

And always, when summer

bid goodbye

And moonlight blood-red

fell from the sky,

His ghost raised

from dust-forgotten bones,

Searching for

what he had lost too soon.

When the red moon casts its light,

His ghost travels through the night,

Through the forests on wind's wings

Until he reaches the old hill.

There she kneels before his grave,

Where their love had once been born,

And he caresses her face,

Yet she feels not his embrace.

Dark and red, glows the winter sky,

Two souls divided by the threads of time.

Decades had gone by,

Her hair ashen and thin;

Realms had fallen, war and dead forgotten.

When she walked the streets,

They said that she was damned,

A victim to a past long gone and rotten.

Yet still, she did not care for their words.

When night came,

she prayed for his return.

Each fall when

cold winds haunted the lands,

She hoped to once again

hold his hand.

And as her last sunset

drew close by,

She lingered forgotten

in the night.

The moon's light shines bright

upon her face—

She's waiting as her life

fades away.

When the red moon casts its light,

His ghost travels through the night,

Through the forests on wind's wings

Until he reaches the old hill.

There she kneels before his grave,

Where their love had once been born,

And as she closes her eyes,

A ray of light breaks through the sky,

And her skin turns into dust

As her soul breaks from its shell

And she joins him in the sky:

Two shapes now freed from grief and time.

Then the winds take them away

Through the woods, it's trees asway,

And she takes him by his hand.

At last, in peace, they find their end!

Dark and red, glows the winter sky,

Two souls divided by the threads of time.

Dark and red, glowed the winter sky,

Two souls united by the threads of time.