

Fire's circle dance\* in seven rays

By seven rays, touched, in seven parts / Burned the sign, deep into his body.  
A strong will with a stone-like body / Holy devil, speaking in whispers.  
With black skin, and red and white / And all and none.

Quiet mountain spring, slowly flowing – murmurs and silence / Blindly passing through the tunnel...  
Through mist and unearthly fumes...  
Among specters, on the road lads! On twenty and one rough paths  
Towards twenty and one guardians / Large, tall, faceless and with shining eyes  
Lords and gods reigning over the abyssal worlds / And for us, parents and siblings,  
Guides and beloved spirits - friends and allies.

Listen to them and become lost / And don't fear Death!  
And you if loose yourself / You'll distinguish yourself!  
Listen to them and get lost / And don't fear Death!  
And you if loose yourself / You'll find yourself!

Sevenfold way with poison and torment / With wine and sweet caress.  
With your feet deeply rooted into nothingness, firmly step through the spheres,  
Through the void, and beyond, on the shores of the sea without beginning.

And from silence sounds emerge! Many, loud and fast ... thunder, drums, whistles!  
Come with us, join our game, jump over the embers, fly and play the flute!  
At the Fire's circle dance, at the Gate of Hell / No grumbles, swiftly dance!

---

\* In Romanian, *hora*, related to the Greek χορεία.