



Song for Pachamama
(Translated by VOLNA)

I'll soar like wind, a breath so light,
Above the pain, beyond the night.
I'll cross the threshold of the years,
Step past the ages, past the tears,
And rise again—Isis reborn—
From starry dusk to sacred morn.

I'll touch the Earth like sun's warm ray,
Embrace her soul in soft array—
The weary soil, the wounded land,
Freed from the dark's relentless hand.
I'll burn the trap of storm and cloud,
And wrap her in love's glowing shroud.

Into the womb of Mother Earth,
I'll enter as a song of birth,
To bloom in joy through root and stone—
A pulse the stars have always known.
Celestial sisters, far and wide,
Shall dance with grace and cosmic pride,
To break the chains, dissolve all fears,
And wash away the bitter years.

Like ocean wave, I'll crash and glide,
Sweep through the veil we kept inside.
The seagulls will the message send—
Across the worlds, to every end.
Freed slaves from shattered ships will rise,
And cleanse their wounds beneath the skies,
Adorned in robes of dazzling white—
Their hearts alight, their eyes alight.

Like lightning's strike, I'll slash the thread
That stitched the lie we once called "death."
Within all hearts, in every land,
A godlike human now shall stand.
And Earth, rejoicing in her flame,
Shall call him gently by his name.

I'll soar again like breath of breeze,
Above old wounds, above the seas.
I'll cross the ages with no fear,
Step past all time that held me here—
And once again, from stars above,
Return as Isis crowned with love.