

Sonata of the Chosen Ones

Root

Sentimental tones sound along the Universum
Flying per neverending void
Contractile impulsion of dead souls
Carries away beauteous melody of tommorow.

No more are alive the ones who sent them
There's no one to listen
So they fly alone and clang and clang
Grow strong and swell by their beauty.

Maybe once they will reach where they should
Maybe they will be heard by someone
And will amaze with their harmony
Their perfection of the Universum laces.

I believe they will gain the ear
That the Chosen Ones will get the mystique of tones
And once, once they will catch them
And send them further on their journey
Through INFINITY.

DAEMON: ...We spread our formulae, that He tought us, all aroun
d the Earth and there was no choice but to wait. All has its ti
me, all has its Order. Ever we have known this. Only human forg
ot about it.