

Identity With Personification

The Nomad

Keep whipping me, you scantily dressed creation.
Wake me up with the sepulchral groan
poison me with a thought unknown
you have pile of spells and you are the coating of my body
you have everything what I want, I am indelible now
a creaking rain dragged my frozen limbs
the swarm of sparks flowed, pricking me
sunk eyes creating the new model
the blood pressure is taking away my voice, so...

I am looking now at the scene of silence with eyes of the creature - oh I feel so wild
I would give a lot in order to touch, to curb your intentional dreams.
Now my power is like wings of the escape.
Still with my torment, love of lasting.
I am opening robes of the nothingness and I am setting my nostrils into one's animal nature
oh, I feel so wild...

Warm me, seduce me, feed my lewd eyes
one more time I am raising pearls' evil. Yeah come on, I am longing
yeah do it and crawl, crawl and wriggle like a snake
I love to suffer from delight, you already know that
From a look at your body even a god would cry out of jealousy
I am dancing before you my Lady and I am inviting you to my large bed again.
I am building the palace for you, the empty throne of imagination.
I am bending before you
I am leaving yearnings, I am leaving the misanthropy, so...
look at my confusion, look at my desire.
I want you so give me us now
give me yourself and let us finish this heartless courtship effort

Let my wings of the knowledge become my power.
Let torment and impatience's flame surrender
I am opening the robes of the infinity and smelting ornaments of the power
oh I feel so good

Keep whipping me, my scantily dressed Lady
wake me up again with voice from the spirit world.
You have spells on my tongue of truths.
You are a robe of my body of laws.
Endlessly I want you to last...

I can't fall asleep, still thinking about you, Muse, walking without legs, speaking without lips