

My True Home

The Nomad

My true home

Through the wasteland
Wickedness and solitude I flee
Through the rotten prophecies I flee
To my murky home I flee
To chilly walls and broken roots

I turn around chasing the illusion
I turn around to provoke you , to save a kiss at least ...

In the filthy lantern light my chains flashed
My fetters tightened close with your flames approach

Today, tomorrow or yesterday
I will be waiting here , flourishing
I'm here for further I can go no more
Here with the cross covered
With the burden captured I sleep
Sleep on a cold tomb , by the gods
People and dead metaphors

From the fear I flee to the fear
My crafty demon cut the umbilical cord
Through the world cemetery I flee
Through the people junk-yard I flee

Old skeletons , cold roots , I found the reflections
Empty lakes , I love on the bottom
It's a dream so old , an eternal sound
Down the well lives the world
Through the glass you touch the years