

Raging Arsenal Of Waves

The Nomad

The anger of sea, when the nature calls the heart
The anger of fire, when the mind is full of gratitude
The judgement to the fool and the whip to the slaves
The arsenal of mud to the blind
The war of lies to the hypocrites
I call the time a dimension of the deep sea
Blow of fire is the deputy of separated children
Dawn of monuments rises between the death and the fault
Oh, hug me, distant is your voice
Oh, tear me apart, near is your whisper
Narcotic eyes, rapturous revenges
Fire rolls the blizzard of waves
The veil of wind, when the blood wanders through the body
The velocity of sun, when bones are topped by a spell
The pulse of the running wisdom
The furious goatish bastards flounder into the hell
Boughs entangled in the union are drinking new era drops
Dreams of earth names
And speak with the voice of stars
And dance with the blackness of colours