

Stone of olden ages in the eye's pupil of sculptor of
perfectness
Spectre of creation hangs above him, soaking into
himself
Everything was here before and everything was somewhere
written
Stories with faded face of truth are becoming
legends...

Small demon of tumult slowly caught his breath
And showed me the depths of abyss of doubt and
disbelief
Closed windows are silent challenge to open them agape
Light will fill the depths of fear of our
unconsciousness

Vault of heaven in gleaming night
Principle of creation is falling on us
We snatch the Muse in clear desire
To become prime movers of conception

She's in springs of irascible thoughts
When dusk is nesting in ruins of walls
Assaults memoried souls, resides in recluse's heart
And hidden truth impels us to action

Everyday I discover something new and it multiplies my
desire for knowledge
Each gulp urges bigger hunger - infinite choice of
chances
...while exhausted mind wanders on mosaic of ideas
Muses always uncover to chosen one only a few pieces of
stones

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The one who held inside indestructable energy
Knows that time ruins only mortal beauty