

Time is cruel, it goes by slowly
We are dying slowly in the sweet inactivity
Unworthy of death's attention
- the only real otherness
Rubbing against the aspects of life
Leaving deathlike smell of millenium behind
On skeletons of empty existence

Pious crowd of twelve trumps,
Unsated of blood,
Deceived of prophet's lies,
Faithing vainly against time
Executes reverencing insane deeds
To regain lost hours
Soaked in blood of time
To glory of dead force.

Trailers of unstraight thoughts
Leave for their immemorial hunts,
Go through the dreams
Don't know the limits of time.
Millenium like warriors
Tread across the universe
Leaving persistent trace of passage
And announcing arrival.