

## Wisdom

### Ethereal Pandemonium

The Mother of all knowledge, the book of my disguise,  
Whence doeth come the storm that I can't see?  
A dusk-flame reborn whom whirlwinds obey  
Just thousand more years elements decay  
And whither then it pass' crestfallen poetry?

Of earth and oceans, sky and lightning, we are born  
All four quite distant, still the mixis of the apeyron,  
Self-battled odyssey, the spiral to the core  
Of the thought that no human ever thought before...

The maze with thousand spotlights, heroic is the one  
To walk is straight as the mountain path alone,  
Pass the shapes, lost in circles run  
Searching not for the moon nor sun,  
They seek the words to describe, the wisdom's sacred spawn.

Of earth and oceans, sky and lightning, we are born  
All four quite distant, still the mixis of the apeyron,  
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Of the thought that no human ever thought before...

Ever thought before,  
Spiral to the core,  
Settling the score,  
Spiral to the core.

Pozrime si do oči. Sme Hyperborejci - vieme az prilis dobre, ak  
o zijeme bokom.

"Ani po susi, ani po vode nenajdes cesty k Hyperborejcom": to v  
edel onas uz Pindaros.

Mimo sever, mimo lad, mimo smrť - nas zivot, nase sťastie...

Objavili sme sťastie, pozname cestu, nasli sme vychodisko zcely  
ch tisicroči labyrintu.

Kto inak ho nasiel?

Moderny človek snad? - "Neviem odkiaľ kam, som vsetkym, čo nevi  
e, odkiaľ kam" - vzdycha moderny človek... Touto modernosťou sm  
e stonali, zhnitym mierom, zbabelym kompromisom, vsetkou cnostn  
ou nečistotou moderneho Ano a Nie.

Tato tolerancia alargeur srdca, ktora vsetko "odpusťa", pretoze  
vsetko "chape", to pre nas scirocco.

Radsej vlade ziť, nez medzi modernymi cnosťami a inymi juznymi  
vetrami!

Formula nasho sťastia: jasne Ano, Nie, priama linia, cieľ...

We chase the raindrops by the chalices of wine,  
Cockroaches in the dirt is what we call goodwill divine,  
Confused and mislead, the pathfinders of destiny,

On the ladders to the higher principles...