

Guilty Of Dispersal

Gorod

I'm walking alone
Along the endless corridor
Hesitant, doubtful, threatened
It's like jumping off the edge of a precipice
Not knowing what comes next
Undecided?
Yes, I am. Is it natural?
I should have been purified
I'm getting carried away
My heart is thumping
I can no longer believe in it
My eyes are wide open
Swollen, restless, with the current sight
Devotion
Each human being carries the yoke
Of strenuous labour.
Adam is guiding me, he is my cult
Every morning he breathes life into me
What does it all mean?
I forgot what all this means
Do we live so as to work?
Nothing matters now
My mind is peaceful when Adam speaks
Past ghosts and grievances are being dispelled
What's the point of persevering?
Is there any meaning left in what I'm doing?
What am I if I stop being myself?
By whom was I dispossessed?
I'm walking alone no more
The corridor has come to an end
I've been shackled
I'm waiting for my time to come
OM's legions must give their verdict: Guilty of dispersal