

## 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