

Wishing The Renaissance

Oblomov

I was not born for suffering and hatred,
no need to kneel before the cross
I shift aside the curtain from human disgust,
my voice will reach distant skies

I see possibility of magic and grace of colours - before me,
fully supernatural
I see theater - so ingenious, so wonderful,
and a man stands there in the center of it all

They turn upside down denominations of healthy ones,
lies are for them truth - weakness rules
On the false ground - they are born from tears of Christ
Noble morality makes them pain in their brains

I want to see whole universe - so deep, and shining stars,
Walk through nature, feel the life in my veins
I would like to explore new spaces, my heart is longing for,
Deprive of chains, sit on the throne of Golden Age

They created poverty and introduced sins for the weak ones,
to enlarge theirselves in their poor faith
Cross as a sign for the most vicious conspiracy,
I'll make you see all that evil

Triumph of beauty, victory of grace
Rays of the Sun light up the gallery
Pleasure of senses in embrace of flowers
Beatrice stands by my side
Garden is open, let enter my friend
Sail round all knowing - fill the blank
You are their enemy, you soil their white dress
Antique spirit - honour and pride

Roman's bells chime fast, inquisition on the march
Broken harmony, unleashed hell, withering blossoms, dying hope
Fallen noblesness, in a dark abyss, perversion rules the world
I know it, I see, fortune and power, nothing else, nothing more
distorted memories, so far to the destination,
all is just an evil dream of the god's creation