

The Orchards

Rome

In the blue dawns of summer
We revoked silence and its claws
On the day they swore not to betray their men

In the blue dawns of summer
Black writing on wet walls
Lets us float in a stupor of blood

Bewegung entsteht durch haltung

So we are left to wander
Through hollow ropes of sand
We who came here for gold
We who brought the sword

Wine milk and secret wars
Into the orchards we slide
A call to worship a blind king reborn

Bewegung entsteht durch haltung

Through streets and fields
Crowded with lovers
Again
In tombs, in forrests
Again