

Where the clouds are like the birds and the mountains are high  
Two millennium long lives and old human tribe.  
No one of tribal folk wished to go down the road  
And all the new things that were brought were an awful load.  
They had a leader and severe laws  
Which everyone obeyed with horror.  
The nature gave them many gods  
And all of them brought only sorrow.  
For many years rained sacred paradise  
And generation changed the generation  
But once in mountains a stranger rised  
As beautiful mysterious creation.  
He told them if they leave their duty  
They would discover just another world  
Where passion rains with the help of beauty  
Where there is no killing pain and cold.  
He also added to that people main  
That Gods are the phantoms that don't exist  
And all the scenes of nature he could explain  
And they would find there no mist.  
But one who opened his heart,  
Tried making good for poor folk  
He only planted hateful dark  
In souls by his amazing talk.  
Who wants to leave his home of pains  
And break all household in cruel way  
To watch the dance of wind in plains  
It's better to take stranger far away.  
What happened to him only age knows  
He fell beneath the sky and holy ground  
But when the Moon is full the ghost shows  
Disturbing peace it wanders all around.

He was, he is, he will be mighty  
The genius is a danger to the rest  
Impossible to live with this society  
And loneliness for genius is best.  
They are the children of awful nightmares,  
Their blood is poison that kills all the fairs  
Wise is who lives under transparent wall

In the bright castle which is hated by all