

## Burn Into Your Hell

The Nomad

Under the azure of mountains blundering eyes  
Beyond the heads of inclining clouds  
Striking in wall words pressed with a prayer

Pale messiah spoke: I'm The King  
glorify my name In your songs  
I'm the only Son of that Father

Streams as acrid as wine are flowing  
pain, despair and fear  
Thoughts as black as symbol are getting lost -  
desire, freedom & miracle  
Hands and words with bitterness are pressing -  
to their master foots

Don't cry when your foots are in thorns  
I'm yet merciful and paradise is real for you

Streams groove the furrows wounded because of cry  
Scalded by lust priests limp  
Children are gathered in one basked like fish

When I'm hungry bring me your food  
To my priests' ears  
When your hearts are in pain  
Present my altar with humility

Effeminate and faded already for ages  
Rotten and old like the world at your gates  
Dim and lost in verses of his own strophes

Father, aren't you in my voice?  
Power, aren't you in my hands?  
Father, Father - heavenly  
Where is your merciful dog?

Was to suffer given to you?  
Will to suffer given to you?  
In the name of skeleton and your God

Bum in your hell  
Fry in your pitch  
Dead is your God  
Dead and dumb  
He rotted long time ago!!!