

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!!!