

Dirty White Wings

The Nomad

My childhood was a monument of hypocrisy
I was growing fed with my ancestors' God
I used to fall a sleep with a sing of cross
Which I never understood

My eyes shined
A light of the stars
Desires penetrated
The walls of bodies

I look in the sky at assure of the expanse
I deep inside
Where is the paradise?
My life isn't laughter
My way isn't path
Battered down by you

White wings are flapping without any hope
The sad tears are flowing
as blood from unwanted wound
Words are empty
when wind has already blown them away
And you are still killing in the name of fate

Distant flame warms me strongly
A glow of its words inside me
I flow a border of its truth
I pace a path of my desires

I'm rocking by the wind
Filled up with anger
And spot the time with serenity

My life is hell of your paradise
Thy words are the false drowned in a mud
Thy curse is life a step forward

My eyes shined
A light of the stars
Desires penetrated
The walls of bodies