

## 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