

Flames Of Tomorrow

The Nomad

I no longer exist, when I reborn in flames
I am covered by my own charm of life
With your will, processions of absolute power stand
Your knowledge with no weight unrestrained
When with entire effort I lift just the spark
from the bottom of my crumbled grains of blood, so...
Raise me and point me

I no longer exist, disappeared in flames
You won't see me at the bottom, 'cause I soar like a fire
And your pattern only is like a split for me
And only slow time cracks old rocks
And only chronic non-existence of esoteric love, so...
Set me free and free me!

I no longer exist, faded out in flames
and only your blow changes my composition
The sick won't touch me anymore, 'cause I hurt like a truth
This precise time still cracks the rocks
This bloody stigmata is now strange to me, so...
Raise me and change me!
Destroy me and create me!

Where, my child, the outlet of the stream takes place, there an
unrestricted thirst for revenge always appears.
The sneer and the blasphemy sometimes are like the battering ram
breaking barriers making us uncomfortable.
And sometimes is like deeper breath from heels of aiming.