

Insurrection

The Nomad

Hungry eyes like a wind
Reproduction blows off naked fields slightly
Frozen mouths like a whirl
Gusty dance of angry speeches
Satiated areas of lit groans
Mourning flags
The grape picking is coming
There is cool rainy dusk
Lumped desires are biting
Dragged bodies of the torture are stinking
It's time to flog the enlightened renovation
Graves of battles and bows Ravens of whispers and dying
Ad infinitum I'm hitting the name
The anger has forgotten about the tornado on dry sands
Oh, skies of power
Oh, horizon of phantoms
Oh, you trampling my hope
Oh, you keeping silent in a tree Hungry senses - the velvet
The fortress choir pulsates
Heart of love is like lakes
The power is flowing in
Echoes are loaded in cannons of freedom
Lines of unhappiness are in attributes of conquerors
Scandals dug in childhood up
Salutes oversounded because of dirties
"My friend demon has given wings to me.
Like a sage with his wisdom he has calculated the bloody trait
of human applauses"