

My Key

The Nomad

Mind above all and I can't see any gods here
Nothing but devilish mutter of nature
Mind is first, whirling above dwarfs-
I open my soul filled with keys-
Open your mind filled with pearls
Swollen bones and healthy turbines of intestines
They push the blood into the eyes of lust fulfilments
Mind above the world and no god was here
Nothing but old rags and fairy-
tales knocked in children's dreams
Mind is a life on the throne of adored body
He's a sparking star, defiled by christian slavery
Tight mouths send the spells, open they roar with grom of moments
Fulfilled with lust I'm raising
On wind I'm dancing with him
In the dark forest I chase my thoughts
Once I got lost here, oh, those bloody days
And I remember your lips, now I became him

"And I cry from happiness and I howl like a pup
and I whimper like a butchered animal.
My name is freedom!!!
Even in an atheistic call"