

# My True Home

The Nomad

My true home

Through the wasteland  
Wickedness and solitude I flee  
Through the rotten prophecies I flee  
To my murky home I flee  
To chilly walls and broken roots

I turn around chasing the illusion  
I turn around to provoke you , to save a kiss at least ....

In the filthy lantern light my chains flashed  
My fetters tightened close with your flames approach

Today, tomorrow or yesterday  
I will be waiting here , flourishing  
I'm here for further I can go no more  
Here with the cross covered  
With the burden captured I sleep  
Sleep on a cold tomb , by the gods  
People and dead metaphors

From the fear I flee to the fear  
My crafty demon cut the umbilical cord  
Through the world cemetery I flee  
Through the people junk-yard I flee

Old skeletons , cold roots , I found the reflections  
Empty lakes , I love on the bottom  
It's a dream so old , an eternal sound  
Down the well lives the world  
Through the glass you touch the years