

## Raised Irony

The Nomad

Land of excellence  
Understanding without care  
Paradise for the earthly life  
Let's be blessed...

Oh, we belong to you, Lord  
Oh, we are at your command  
Oh, insatiable by our death,  
Oh, insatiable by our incompetence

Let's be your eternity  
Our souls necessity

Shell called the skull of worry  
The mind as the power of destroying  
Hermitage of the restraint for the timid  
Unchecked desire for the bold  
Existence full of contradictions  
Crowds of exponents of one's sins  
The huge ear of the god and his tied mouth  
Slanderer sitting in the memory of defeats  
Ego called the whim of the owner  
Meaningless life in the eyes of torturer  
You cut your bodies being afraid of a future  
Suffering is balancing your poverty and meanness

Dressed in feathers of the nobility  
Returning respect for the membership  
Promises, dogma, prophets and stories  
Everyone misses the leader of your unity

Now I know that the Enlightenment preoccupies madmen  
Appointed in law you throw logs under each other's feet  
You are one large bloody herd giving back appearances of worshipping  
For the happiness of the public you put a stab in neighbours' back  
You dig the dead out to be pleased by an illusion of hope.

And where this mast is which holds the sail of pride of living  
and where is the one giving everything back for nothing? Since  
still I can hear your cry, what are these all sacrifices worth?  
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