

## Silent That Picture

The Nomad

All stars have calmed down  
The great storm has gone  
Now the dusk has come .  
And first beam of light  
How very eternal

Oh word - sounding with glory  
Oh might - of eternal truth

You are the lord  
The lord of this world  
Thy name is damned  
For ages till the end

Obliterated labor of the creator  
Means to me not so much as you

Awful odor of souls  
Rubbed after time of his words  
Fire burnt the sin  
And you among frost of waves

Come to me - on thorns and mud  
Come to me - on blind paths  
Come to me - on false words

In my heart there already aren't thorns  
Troublesome their cloud  
Echoed  
Growing to tone

Past between the times  
Invites the sudden creature  
Melodies of my dreams