

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