

# The Blade Of Inquisition

The Nomad

Under the big blade of black inquisition  
I dragged a witch and a pile of other cares  
I dragged a shrew dirty and wild  
I mocked blaming her by the end of lash  
It lasted as if two centuries  
Thy sick ancestors' anguishes,  
however carnal like me

Hungry is this child with little eyes  
Lean and in without material hands  
Wouldn't I take it cover, feed and be with it?  
I can't answer myself, the bell is ringing now  
In pews the same ones saw it,  
it little, crying one - take

Under the naked blade of thousandth inquisition  
I dragged a witch - old like leprosy  
I dragged her by hair tearing a pavement

Old was a man I will tell you  
He was sitting at a wall covered as in frost  
He was groaning in front of us begging mercy  
He lost his legs fighting for country  
His family died because that's the fate  
I wanted to feed him when strange chance  
My own grandma kicked his into the corner  
That bell sounded. What to do?  
I'm going, There is a nice front

Old was a man  
Ha was sitting at a wall  
He was groaning in front of us  
He lost his legs  
I wanted to feed him  
My own grandma kicked his  
That belt sounded. What to do?  
I'm going, there is a nice front

Under the living blade of my inquisition  
I'm dragging that witch  
I don't know no more from where  
She's unusual clear not to recognize.  
This sudden change could astonish  
No, I don't believe,  
the witchcrafts are getting me wrong  
I was in pew, church pool  
I twisted my hands with the hope  
And what she? And where is she?  
Under the living light there wind blew into her  
This old witch is indeed me

You are too high to see how low you are