

A chill in the air
Atmospheric matrix sweeping on bohemian campgrounds
When the voices of violins carry the entranced
wanderers in a ring of firelight
Creating strange sorrowful dancing shadowy shapes blessed by

The scent of exotic incenses and spices
A nomad ritual of mourning for dryads and their sylvan kind
Torn from the earth by the fangs

...and as the roaring fire melts away the sadness
The cards of fate are cast to the west
In a last hope for these green lives
Torn from the earth by the fangs
A curse upon the emperors and their mighty delusions
May the polluted wind rightfully melt the wheels of gold;
infect once and for all their corrupted shells
...and let them choke

These gypsy souls sang an ultimate cry
For the pain, for the suffering
Cause by clone-minded leprechauns
Purse-driven greedy assassins

These gypsy souls sang an ultimate time
For the pain, for the suffering
A feast of atrocity offered by so called nobles
...but now comes the Djinn, make a wish...

The sour taste of blackened horizons
Compel free spirits to achieve mutations
In the name of the Rooted Ones, united in silence
Let ancient ways of respect restore the rightful balance
Transmute these ashes into fabulous landscape
Water to wine is nothing...creators

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