

Dark Quarterer

"Angels Of Mire"

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The idol eyes of stone
you see are cold and old
have no expression no
don't scare anyone
now the wood of the cross is splintering
in this time old man's mind don't teach anymore
the child disowns his blood
this wind is corroding even the hardest rock
and it will sweep the sand away
The mire of the bog is sticking on your tired arms
the putrid air doesn't let your breath is deep
your eyes see far
remains of life ill and feeble
skeletons of trees are keepers of nothing
remains of nature that's already dead
The night of thoughts will be so long
will be so dark
don't try to find in the air the flight of doves or
vultures
set your teeth and go on! go! go! don't yield to fate
bite your lips and stand up don't stop don't surrender
you too
not now that you feel you are so near
so near the light of the life
You know the way will be so difficult to find
every temptation to turn back so difficult to beat
don't get it wrong
you can't lose yourself
you are the fire against the ice
you are the day against the night
Somewhere someone is feeling your deeper thoughts
your bodies are vibrating
a thousand souls are one soul
angels of mire try to clean your wings
you, angels of mire try at least once to fly
and forever that wind will be ruled by you

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