

Delight

"Great Words On The Altars"

Visit "[Great Words On The Altars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Of those who fed people on the great words no one
survived

The words are only left

Yesterday I thought the echoes of these words

Are music inside

Today I really don't know who I really am

I thought that the sedition was my vocation

I've started to search for relief

For safety of indifference

Today I really don't know who I really am

I hide in twilight of the grey cities

Drunk with my bitterness

With the remains of my strength

I'm trying to detain those dying great words

I thought that the echoes of these words

Which are the music of mind

Were sounded inside

The beast has opened its eyes

Great words for those called for dreams!

An animal doesn't think about eternity

While struggling for existence

From the ashes of those who fed people on great
words

We build the altars

Of those who fed people on great words

Only these words survived

Of those who fed people on great words

Only small people are left

From the ashes of those who fed people on great
words

We build the altars

I thought I was from those who fed people on great
words

Nevertheless we are their nourishment!

Visit [Delight](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
