

Fireworks

"Land Of The Dacians"

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It pulses, it breaths, it moves...
It watches at you and searches for you...
It whispers at your ears... And makes you dream...
And you can hear it's heart-beat...
It's alive!

I'm the root... The root of Carpathia
I'm the root... The root of Madness
I'm the ink to write your Necronomicon
I'm the prayer... to enslave your demons
I'm the blood that makes you free
I'm the root... the root... the root...

AT NORTH
ZUMUORSOBET, NOIJM, ZAVAXO!
AT EAST
QUEAHIJ, ABAWO, NOQUETONAIJI!
AT SOUTH
OSAIJ, WURAM, THEFOTOSON!
AT WEST
ZIJORONAIFWETHO, MUGELTHOR, MULGETHOR-YZX!

It tells, it speaks, it rises the damnation
Listen to it's stories:
They can be short of neverending,

Always new and always old,
Always the same and always different
Close your eyes, close your mouth...
Also in silence and in blindness you will find it in
You
It's in you... it's in you... it's in you...

And so, in it's many forms and groups such as prose
and
Poetry
Story or comments,
We are devoted to it..
To the pleasure of the sound it produces
To it's existance that describes a moment
What beats, breathes, moves, we watch...

I'm the root... The root of Carpathia
I'm the root... The root of Madness
I'm the ink to write your Necronomicon
I'm the blood that makes you free
I'm the root... the root... the root...

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