

## Goresleeps "Nameless City"

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Stones... Grey stones under a baking sun...  
Silent witnesses of passed away days.  
Fine sand falling through my fingers,  
Like drops of the hot dry tears...  
Drowsy silence and only sorrowful  
Wind, singing it's songs...  
Just the rustling of sand, it's quiet whisper  
Low voice of old the Past.

Half-demolished and hid, almost covered with sand.  
And it's name there is not in no most ancient lore.  
Nowhere time is mentioned up, when it was full of life.  
When it's powerful walls rose in bottomless skies.

I feel the curse, excessive burden,  
Which bear these ruins, I feel the fear  
Given by it off, repeling me  
Away, impressing me by darksome augury.

Here congealed the Past is proceed from each stone  
From whatever I'm touch, experiencing awe  
Like in endless sleep I'm strolling in the same  
Place, where city was rose with it's forgotten name.

Stones, grey stones under a baking sun...  
Mysteries, which they to keep  
Will die with them and let know nothing  
'Bout their visions in mortal sleep...  
I think, in idle world people forgot their Gods  
Sacred altars were profaned...  
No, they couldn't die, Gods are immortal  
They fell asleep till date...

As if in magic haze, I sea a river named Age  
And implacable waves of oblivion are running  
Over shores of Life where's a man like a grain  
In unstead world with it's endless ways.

I see rejected Gods, I feel their curse  
Ancient as earth itself the city had lost  
Like both the Sun and the Wind destroying the Stones  
Exactly time erasing the Memory.

Half-demolished and hid almost covered with sand  
And it's name there is not in no most ancient lore  
Like in endless sleep I'm strolling in the same  
Place where city was rose with it's forgotten name  
Forever...

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