

## **Hermetic Vastness "Blood Soaked Flautist"**

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Thunders are like voices of gods in wrath  
Lightning mould the silhouette of wet flautist  
The flute confuses the sad melody of rain.  
The muddy way guides the step thru the forest  
Rays mould the dark silhouette near mountain  
Wind and cutting rain can't blow the flame of candle  
Procession of singer old women singin' unknown verses

Frogs speak in their amphibious idiom salutin' all the pilgrims.  
On the muddy way only pass those that speak strange languages  
Everybody waves interfered for their own spirits  
To the guardian spectrus; the messenger from unknown space  
Lands where none have stepped before are waiting for you

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