

Love Equals Death

"Sown"

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Perhaps it was a stellar dust that has brought a seed,
Perhaps it was the highest force, that nobody dares to
give it a name.

Magic mystery of the unknown incites a longing for a
return and a search again,
It brings a languor for the rituals of naturism and the
questions.

Just the questions...

Long time ago....such old times...the sowing in the cruel
fields has begun,

The beast has arrived to share a bed with the mass.
A source shot up and offered its clearness to a new
race.

A wood opened its embrace and welcomed the
children of the unknown,

The plains and the mountains had a shiver in a murmur
And they have let the flames lick their backs.

The Earth moved. The first tears filled the oceans....

...or maybe it was the other way?

And then you could hear the distant voices talking for
the first time

....the sowing has been done.

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