

Mythopoeia

"Dawn Of Sunflower"

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Pekelna vasen neprojde zrcadlem

Ohen, Ohen, Ohen

Mysteries of hiding-places, brisk sacrament
Deep knowledge, presence of myths

Vapours of redolent cloudlets from vessel are
divesting
Swallowing stream is dissolving the flow
Plundering stop is sifting the corn of life
Knowledge disclaimed sight of cosmic rainbow
Without waterside is solitude of fruit of sight
Lost thoughts of open emptinesses
For love are cutted off the eye-lids of Gods
Fruits of elements feel their beat
Pebbles of colours repose on bottom of streams
Watching gate is dawning to men
Tender mystery, to give birth and die into rose

Cross of world eat sacrifices of the strokes
Runner will wound his soles on notions
Cramps of inbornations fly away through the spiral and
back
Flowers are symbol of the following

Tajemno skrytych mist posvatnosti,
Hluboka moudrost zvecnych mytu,
Pro lasku jsou uriznuta vicka Bohum
A kvety jsou symbolem pristiho.
Nezne tajemstvi dava zrozeni a smrt v ruzi,
Pekelna vasen neprojde zrcadlem...

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