

Mythopoeia

"Oldmen Of Desert"

Visit "[Oldmen Of Desert](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ravens are circling in middle of head
Stones of desert are crushing a solitude
Old stem is oscillating in distance
Blowing traces is derecting at a place
Blowing wind is changing face of the days
White river rests in silence
Stones belong to tumulus of tommorows
Hiding place of meditation is dilating the swell
Visions of wise ones are drowning tears
Falling dew in the hairs of oldmen
Reminders of life are circling in middle
Light of fires on the way of hearing
Touches are streaming from the interior of cavities
Gods is opening brow of dawn
Roar is dying down in the echo of horns
Palms are puting together by desire of flaming

Visit [Mythopoeia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.