

## Sunchariot

# "Of Those, Whose Walls Return to Life After the Long Oblivio"

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O the ones, who have fallen apart  
Take away omnipresent blood  
All the suffer, that I forced to see  
You will never stir the pity of me  
...stir the pity of me

I became something strange in this world  
And it kills me  
But I still remember the times  
When you didn't own them

I will close the whole the world  
in the prisons with tall towers  
They will throw me into dungeons  
of their dead WALLS!!!

They will become my thoughts  
About the days, weaved from the thousand hands

United they mean as long  
as living moans are HEARD!!!  
...as living moans are heard

They will become my thoughts  
About the days, weaved from the thousand hands  
Gather them!!!

The dullness of the mind pouring down from  
the damp holes of commonness of those  
Whose walls return to life after the long oblivions  
Here are the hopes  
Sonn they also will revive... may be...  
But raising, glance over all the fascination  
of your nonentity.

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