

Sunchariot

"...of Those, Whose Walls Return To Life After The Long Oblivions"

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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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