

Naer Mataron "Secret Heritage"

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My prophetic eye gives away to my glorious limpid past
Helping it to emerge from the ruins
Of alien influence and of the christian culture

I visit a christian church
Which is built on ancient ruins
The dark and narrow cryptic exert a strong influence
over me
Inside the crypt I kneel in front of the derelict altar
And I swear to built a temple for Zeus

I leave the city, I escape the capital's foggy gravecloth
The terrible schemes of the wild pursuit of profit
We, the limpid, must leave those places which bustle
with life
We must seek for isolated ones, never been handled
by humans
I order to raise the magic arrows of nature

I desire the enlightened, Armanistic salvation, the
wisdom and the law
Cause the heaven's commandments came from
darkness
And god blesses the light?
The astric seasons being influenced by the cosmic
liquid

Carry great weight in human cases
The adventures of modern times and the disaster of
war
Lead us in the revelations of cosmic winds
Before the appearance of the astral spring

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